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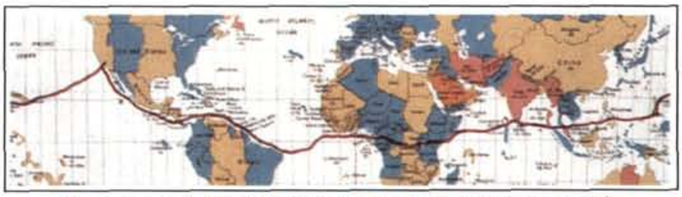

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PREMIERING SEPTEMBER 20TH.

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ITALY	Sept. 27-Oct. 3
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ISRAEL	Oct. 25-31
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

Bouncers—A play by John Godber. Preview Wednesday, Sept. 16. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 17, at 6:45. (Minetta Lane Theatre, *18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth* Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Mondays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 11; and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Broadway Bound—A touching and unexpectedly serious study of a family—presumably the playwright's—as it begins to fall apart in Brooklyn in the nineteen-forties. Neil Simon retains his accustomed skill at comedy but has wisely suppressed his weakness for surefire gags. Gene Saks directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/15/86.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Sept. 24, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Dreamgirls—A revival of Michael Bennett's 1981 musical. Tom Eyen wrote the book and lyrics, and Henry Krieger wrote the music. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Driving Miss Daisy—Alfred Uhry's play is more a sentimental than a dramatic occasion, which tells, in a series of brief scenes, of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. What gives the evening distinction is Ron Lagomarsino's direction. (4/27/87) (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Fences—August Wilson's play about a black garbageman, formerly a baseball player of professional calibre, is as powerful as, and even richer than, his "Ma Rainey's Black Bottom." The triumphant performance, with James Earl Jones in the leading role, supported by Mary Alice, Courtney B. Vance, Frankie R. Faison, Ray Aranha, Charles Brown, and Karima Miller, was directed by Lloyd Richards. (4/6/87) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Happy Days—An unsatisfactory production of Beckett's play. Caveat emptor. (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Jackie Mason's "The World According to Me!"—Jackie Mason's material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 23-24, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting **give my regards to broadway,** a musical loosely adapted by Raymond Allen, Jerry Gotham, and Todd Ellison from George M. Cohan's "Little Johnny Jones." (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Les Misérables—Colm Wilkinson is a strong Jean Valjean and Terrence Mann is his strong pursuer Javert in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, which comes to us from France by way of England. The real standouts of the production, however, are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. But even these, remarkable though they are, are not sustaining enough for the three and a half hours that the show runs. (3/23/87) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Moms—A celebration of the great black comedienne Moms Mabley, as impersonated by Clarice Taylor. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—A revival of Trevor Rhone's 1985 farce **two can play,** with Hazel Medina and Sullivan H. Walker. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2; Saturdays at 3; and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Nerd—This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. It tells the story of an idiotic young man who almost becomes the permanent house guest of an inoffensive architect. Robert Joy gives a first-rate comic performance in the title role. (4/6/87) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Psycho Beach Party—This romp through early-sixties beach-blanket movies, written by Charles Busch—and significantly funnier than Mr. Busch's earlier work—uses the conventions of drag comedy to lampoon the mores and assumptions of heterosexual behavior. The production—which stars Mr. Busch as a Gidget-like figure with a Marnie-like problem—is directed by Kenneth Elliott and includes a dance number that may single-handedly bring back the limbo. (8/10/87) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sherlock's Last Case—A relentlessly jokey entry in the Baker Street files that is more tiresome than funny. Frank Langella is Holmes, Donal Donnelly is Watson. (8/31/87) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Starlight Express—A bore on roller skates. (3/30/87) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Steel Magnolias—The setting of this first play

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The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and publisher; Jonathan E. Newhouse, executive vice-president; Rebecca Wesson Darwin, vice-president and associate publisher; Sam R. Spoto, vice-president; Stuart H. Jason, vice-president and treasurer; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Lynn W. Guthrie, advertising director; Frank Mustacato, circulation director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, GA 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, FL 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, FL 33629. Vol. LXIII, No. 31, September 21, 1987. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.
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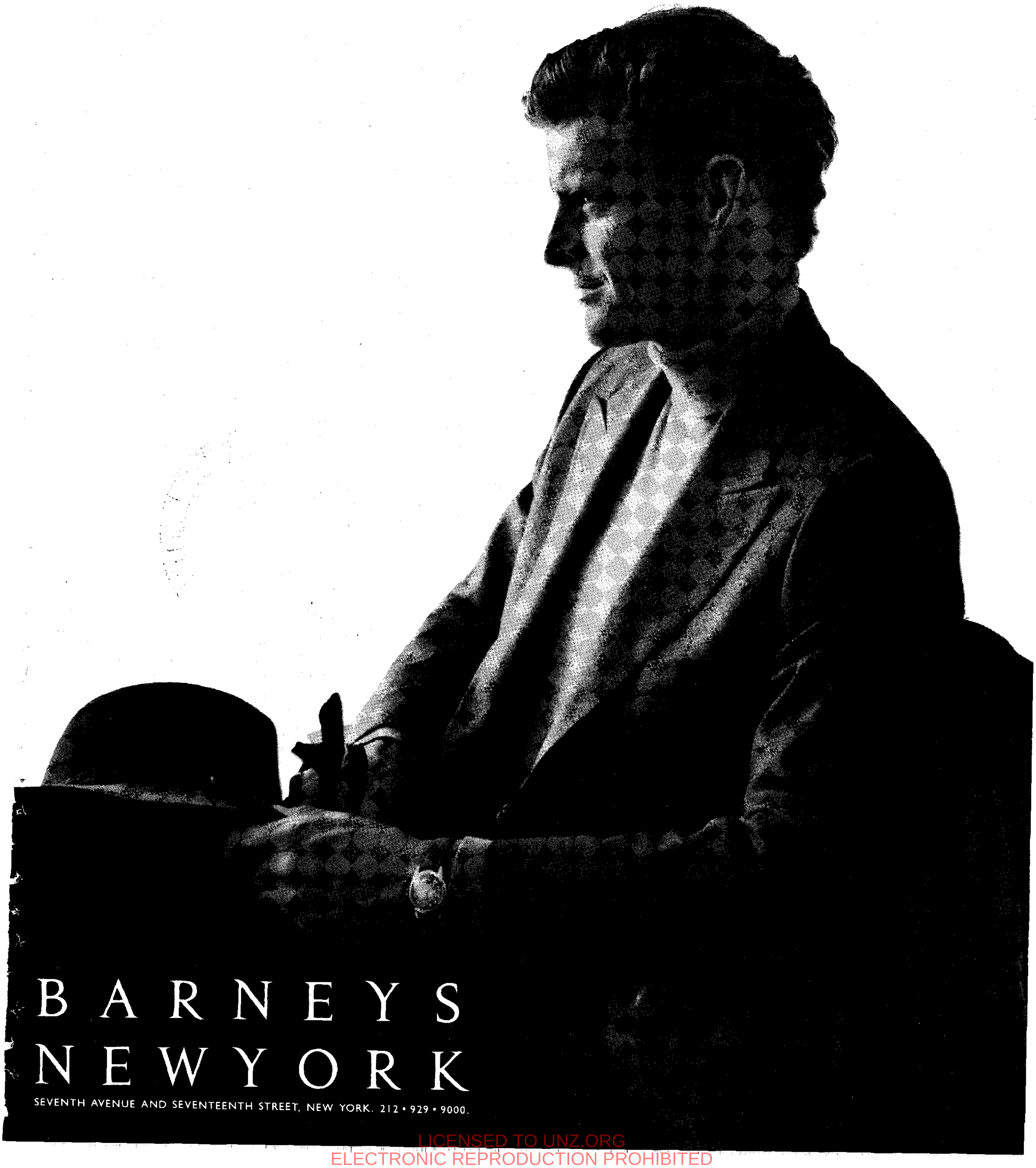

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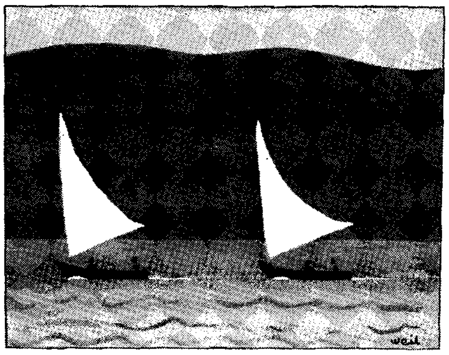
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by Robert Harling is a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and much of the content is the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. A rather pathetic story is told as well. The performances are good, especially those of Betsy Aidem, Rosemary Prinz, and Kate Wilkinson. The impressive setting was designed by Edward T. Gianfrancesco; Pamela Berlin directed. (8/17/87) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Talk Radio—A strong and funny play by Eric Bogosian, with Larry Pine as the scornful host of a phone-in radio talk show. (6/8/87) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BIG RIVER:** A musical version of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." Twain's great novel has been respectfully dealt with in a book by William Hauptman, with music and lyrics by Roger Miller. The set designer, Heidi Landesman, has somehow managed to put the Mississippi River onstage. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 20.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery and costumes by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **COASTAL DISTURBANCES:** Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Carole Rothman was the director. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,400 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Ossie Davis and Jack Klugman. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** A fifty-year-old British musical, starring Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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20	21	22	23	24	25	26

DANCE

Trisha Brown Company—Wednesday, Sept. 16, and Friday, Sept. 18, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 20, at 3: "Lateral Pass," "Opal Loop," "Newark," and excerpts from "Carmen." . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 17, and Saturday, Sept. 19, at 8: "Group Primary Accumulation," "Glacial Decoy," "Set and Reset," and excerpts from "Carmen." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Peridance—Wednesday, Sept. 16, at 7:30: "Autumn," three premières—"Saudades," "Valses Poeticos," and "Beneath the Yellowing Tree"—and the American première of "The Last Curtain." . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 17, at 7:30: "Autumn," "Valses Poeticos," "Saudades," "Beneath the Yellowing Tree," and "Bolero." . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 18, at 8: "Magnificat," "Valses Poeticos," "Beneath the Yellowing Tree," and "The Last Curtain." . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 19, at 8: "Magnificat," "Saudades," "Beneath the Yellowing Tree," and "The Last Curtain." . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 20, at 3: "Autumn," "Valses Poeticos," "Beneath the Yellowing Tree," and "Bolero." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. For information about tickets, call 505-0886.)

Ekathrina Sobechanskaya and Her Original Trockadero Gloxinia Ballet Company—Presenting "Roses and Butterflies," "Les Bijoux," "An Olde Russian Fairytale," and other ballets. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 17-20, at 7:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute changes; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the lobby, people come and go talking of the Forty-fourth Street Chowder and Marching Club (which used to meet here) and of the Thanatopsis Club (which also used to meet here) and of Montgomery, Plant & Stritch, who are singing here, in the candlelit mead hall called the Oak Room. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant gussied up with nautical décor. **LODI CARR** sings Friday and Saturday, Sept. 18-19, and on the following weekend, Sept. 25-26, the father-and-son guitar team of **BUCKY** and **JOHN PIZZARELLI** will be aboard. Other groups can be heard during the rest of the week. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, in the heart of the fur and fashion-student districts. At six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays, **ARTHUR SIEGEL** sings songs for which there are no videos—"Diga Diga Doo" and "Doin' the New Low-Down," from "Blackbirds of 1928," the title song from the 1938 movie "Cowboy from Brooklyn," several numbers about spinach. Mr. Siegel, who accompanies himself on piano, is a friendly, modest, un-show-bizzy performer—a good guide to the ancient and obscure. Singer and comedienne Marilyn Sokol goes to work at nine through Saturday, Sept. 19. **LONETTE MC KEE,** who played Billie Holiday in the Off Broadway show "Lady Day at Emerson's Bar & Grill" and a Holiday-like character in the movie "Round Midnight," sings at nine starting Tuesday, Sept. 22.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A bemirrored jazz club with a spectacular piece of neon art on the back wall (the Manhattan skyline and attendant celestial bodies) and with bright clusters of musicians on the dais. **PHYLLIS HYMAN** sings here through Saturday, Sept. 19; the tenor-sax-and-vocal team of **HOUSTON PERSON** and **ETTA JONES** stops by on Sunday, Sept. 20; and starting Tuesday, Sept. 22, **BOBBY MC FERRIN,** a funny, magical, child's dream of a jazz singer, joins forces with guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD** and drummer **JACK DE JOHNETTE.** Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Rock, folk, jazz, comedy, and combinations thereof in a blue pillared room that seats four hundred. **UNCLE BONSAI** is a Seattle-based vocal trio—two sopranos (Arni Adler and Ashley Kristen) flanking a countertenor (Andrew Ratshin, who also plays guitar and writes most of the music)—whose repertoire includes a funny, gibing song called "Boys Want Sex in the Morning," a funnier song called "Don't Put It in Your Mouth" (a list of things mothers like to say), and a doo-wop version of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Uncle Bonsai performs on Saturday, Sept. 19. The rest of the lineup: Wednesdays, Sept. 16 and 23, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Sunday, Sept. 20, Texas-born rocker **MASON RUFFNER;** Monday, Sept. 21, Blasters guitarist **DAVE ALVIN;** Tuesday, Sept. 22, country singer **NANCI GRIFFITH** and **NEW GRASS REVIVAL;** and Thursday and Friday, Sept. 24-25, Norwegian tenor man **JAN GARBAREK'S** band. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A real New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, Type A conversationalists, and some very good pianists (who play the very beautiful concert grand that Paul Desmond bequeathed to the proprietor) and bassists. **BOB DOROUGH,** a bop-rooted pianist and twangy-voiced country-hip singer, works with his longtime sidekick, bassist **BILL TAKAS,** through Saturday, Sept. 19; trumpeter **DANNY MOORE** and pianist **HAROLD MABERN** collaborate on Sunday, Sept. 20; and on Monday, Sept. 21, Mr. Mabern and bassist **JAMIL NASSER** take charge. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—It's so nice in here—silken woodwork and long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. **FREDDY COLE,** a singer-pianist whose repertoire includes a number called "I'm Not My Brother, I'm Me" (he's Nat's brother), performs through Sunday, Sept. 20. Mondays are reserved for **BUCKY** and **JOHN PIZZARELLI.** Music from nine every night except Monday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

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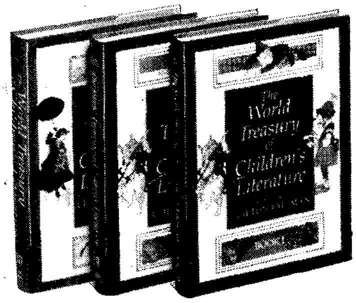

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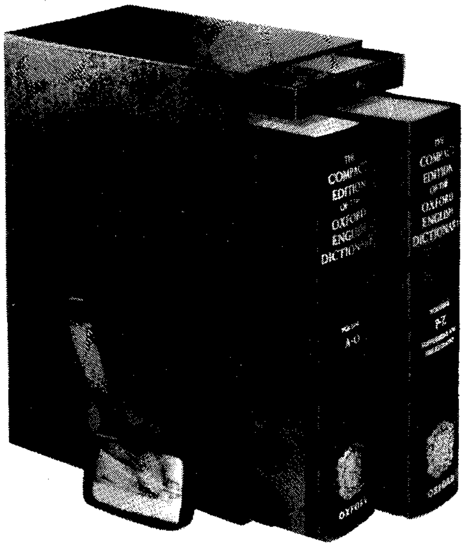

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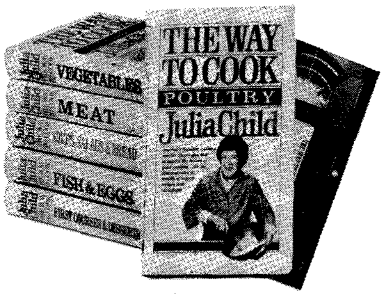

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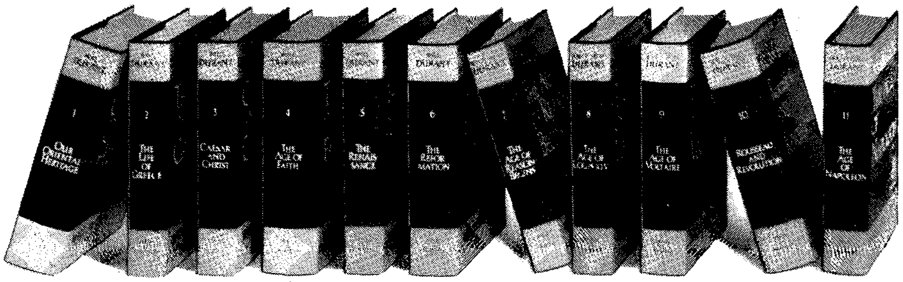

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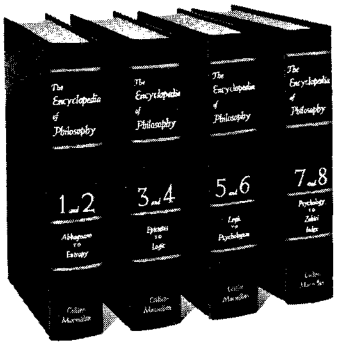

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1600)—**BOBBY SHORT**, a prince among café singers, returns to the little principality known as the Café Carlyle on Tuesday, Sept. 22. Bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT** accompany him. Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, Ludwig Bemelmans' long-eared critters gambol on the walls, and **BARBARA CARROLL** sings and plays the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A belowstairs, velvet-and-mirror-walled, mostly mainstream-jazz room. Pianist Marc Cohen's trio is here Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 16-17; on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 18-19, guitarist **LENI STERN'S** band trades sets with a group led by guitarist **CHUCK LOEB** and singer Carmen Cuesta; guitarist **RORY STUART** brings in his quartet on Sunday, Sept. 20; and on Tuesday, Sept. 22, bassist **RON CARTER** moves in with his quintet. Mondays are in the hands of venerable picker **LES PAUL**. Music nightly from eight, except Mondays, when sets begin at nine. Dining.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—A cathedral-size bar and restaurant. Pianists practice their art in a little grove of palms, a half mile or so from the bar. Bring your binoculars. **HAL SCHAEFER** is on duty through Saturday, Sept. 19; **HILTON RUIZ** presides starting Tuesday, Sept. 22. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, dark corner bar that has the cobbled-together look—and safe-from-the-ruckus-of-the-world feeling—of a kids' clubhouse. Wednesdays through Saturdays, Alicia Sherman sings with support from pianist Peter Madsen and bassist Kiyoto Fujiwara; Sundays and Mondays belong to singer Stan Edwards' trio; and Tuesdays are claimed by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** threesome. Music from about ten.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant, low-key bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. The piano-bass teams: **ROGER KELLAWAY** and **SANTI DEBRIANO** through Saturday, Sept. 19, and **VLADIMIR SHAFRANOV** and Mr. Debriano starting Tuesday, Sept. 22. Harry Connick, Jr., is at the keyboard Sundays and Mondays. Music from about nine-thirty.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—The dense, solemn air that usually hangs about downtown new-music spaces isn't a feature of this mini-loft, a former Avon-cosmetics office, run by three friendly young guys from Wisconsin. The musicians (free-jazz people, antic folk-rockers, unclassifiables), the cook (one of the proprietors and a guitarist in a rock band called Swamp Thing), and the audiences all seem positively relaxed. Wednesday, Sept. 16, **BILL FRISELL** at nine and **VERNON REID** at eleven; Friday, Sept. 18, the folk-rock band **SALEM 66**; Sunday, Sept. 20, **JOHN ZORN**; Monday, Sept. 21, at ten, saxophonist **JAMEEL MOONDOC'S** quartet; Wednesday, Sept. 23, singer **CASSANDRA WILSON** at nine and Vernon Reid at eleven; and Saturday, Sept. 26, guitarists **ARTO LINDSAY** and **KELVYN BELL**, bassist **MELVIN GIBBS**, and drummer **DOUGIE BOWNE**. Music after nine.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Scary-movie buffs like the epic-size iguana on the roof; Texans like the reminders of home; and musicians like the Texans, the New Yorkers, and the other visitors from this planet who regularly fill the joint up. Wednesday, Sept. 16, folk and blues people **ERIC ANDERSEN**, **JOHN HAMMOND**, and Josh White, Jr.; Thursday, Sept. 17, the Jell-O Boys and others; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 18-19, Evan Johns & the H-Bombs, with Barrence Whitfield on Friday and Spencer Davis on Saturday; Sunday, Sept. 20, at eight, pianist **AHMAD JAMAL** and guitarist **STANLEY JORDAN** (whose two-handed tapping technique makes a kind of keyboard out of his fingerboard); and Monday, Sept. 21, bluesmen **SON SEALS** and **LAZY LESTER**. Music after nine.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**MEL TORMÉ** is saluting the recently departed eminences Buddy Rich and Fred Astaire. Mr. Tormé, a drummer as well as a light-footed singer, performs Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Mondays after nine-thirty, Woody Allen usually turns up with his clarinet to play some blues and spirituals with the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra. Dining. Closed Sundays.

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MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Trio-size helpings of jazz, Latin jazz, and rhythm and blues in a spiffy upper West Side café. Dominican pianist **MICHEL CAMILO'S** threesome works out Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 17-19. Music from about ten until two.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll of the Present Moment—and, occasionally, of the Classical Era (the fifties), the Romantic Era (the sixties), and the OPEC Era (the seventies)—in a big, fancy thirties-era ballroom. Wednesday, Sept. 16, Tao Jones, Traci Blue, and Caught in the Act; Thursday, Sept. 17, the **RADIATORS**; Friday, Sept. 18, the Silencers; Saturday, Sept. 19, the Hoodoo Gurus; Thursday, Sept. 24, the Hooters; and Saturday, Sept. 26, the **DEL FUEGOS**. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

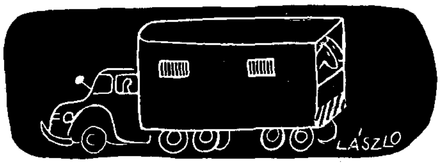
SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Tropical-forest décor (including a larger-than-life parrot suspended above the bandstand) and head-swirling music from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and the U.S.A. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 16-17, Nigerian pop star **KING SUNNY ADÉ**, whose juju music is all polyrhythmic sweetness and light; Friday, Sept. 18, the Chilean folk-rock band Los Jaivas; Saturday, Sept. 19, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND**; Tuesday, Sept. 22, **SISTER CAROL**, who sang the sublime reggae version of "Wild Thing" at the end of the movie "Something Wild;" Wednesday, Sept. 23, reggae singer Sugar Minott; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 25-26, Argentinian tenor saxophonist **GATO BARBIERI**. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled night club, crowded with serious jazz fans from Japan, France, Germany, Denmark, Greenwich Village, and other countries. **MC COY TYNER**, a thundering, incantatory pianist, pours it on, with assistance from bassist **AVERY SHARPE** and drummer **LOUIS HAYES**, every night but Monday, when **GIL EVANS'** electrified orchestra blasts off. Music from ten. Dining.

SWEETWATERS, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—A sleek, multitiered jazz and soul room. A white grand piano illuminates the bandstand. The dashing and theatrical **OSCAR BROWN, JR.**, sings through Saturday, Sept. 19. Music from nine. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A simple, no-frills blues and rock club attached to an Irish pub. The schedule, in part: Thursday, Sept. 17, Binky Philips; Friday, Sept. 18, piano thumper **PINETOP PERKINS**, a longtime Muddy Waters sideman; Sunday, Sept. 20, the **SURREAL MC COYS** (a local country band) and the Ned Sublette band; Tuesday, Sept. 22, the Maudlins (a country trio that features Mose Allison's daughter, Amy), Bonnie & the Lads, and Lisa Lowell; Thursday, Sept. 24, Of a Mesh and others; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 25-26, pro crooner **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE**. Music after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Peppy salsa bands play for their excitable fans in the gym-size downstairs room on Mondays after nine-thirty. On Sept. 21, pianist **PAPO LUCCA'S LA SONORA PONCEÑA** (founded thirty-three years ago by the leader's father) will share the stage with a new outfit called Los Hermanos Moreno and with the young New Orleans trumpeter **TERENCE BLANCHARD**, the guest jazz soloist. Fridays have been set aside for **THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS**, two medium-sized, college-educated rock vaudevillians whose short, snappy songs tend to have long, waggish titles ("I Will Date the Girl from Venus for Science," "Youth Culture Killed My Dog," "Nothing's Gonna Change My Clothes"). Shows at nine and midnight. . . . ¶ In the Terrace Bar, you can keep an eye on Village street life and listen to the piano-bass team of **KENNY BARRON** and **LARRY RIDLEY** every night but Monday. On Tuesdays, they trade sets with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio. Music from about ten.



VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now in its second half century, this establishment has been described by Max Gordon, the wise, elfin, cigar-smoking proprietor, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Former Jazz Messengers **BOBBY WATSON** (alto saxophone) and **CURTIS LUNDY** (bass) co-pilot a quintet through Sunday, Sept. 20, and on Tuesday, Sept. 22, vibraharpist **MILT JACKSON** descends the stairs with his quartet. Mondays remain the property of the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA**. Music after ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines and jukebox is a room full of jazz. **LITTLE JIMMY SCOTT**, the fervent, high-voiced ballad singer who was with Lionel Hampton's band in the late forties and early fifties, sings here Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 17-20; pianist **JOHN HICKS** brings in his group for five nights beginning Wednesday, Sept. 23. Mondays are comedy nights. Shows from nine. Dining.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A bright, spacious bar and restaurant with an in-between room from which music issues, putting an end to some discussions and inspiring others. **JANE JARVIS**, a pianist who served as the Shea Stadium organist back in the days when dirges were usually in order, will work with bassist **MILT HINTON** on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 16-17, with **FRANK TATE** on Friday *and Saturday, Sept. 18-19, and with the* buzzing, humming **MAJOR HOLLEY** starting Monday, Sept. 21. **GENE BERTONCINI** and **MICHAEL MOORE** play glistening guitar-bass duets on Sundays. Music from eight weeknights, and from seven on Sundays.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

FRANK SINATRA—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. 563-8300. Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 16-19, at 8.

GRATEFUL DEAD—Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Wednesday, Sept. 16, and Friday through Sunday, Sept. 18-20, at 7:30.

CROWDED HOUSE—With Paul Kelly & the Messengers. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Wednesday, Sept. 16, at 8.)

LARRY CARLTON AND THE YELLOWJACKETS—Beacon Theatre. Thursday, Sept. 17, at 8.

GERSHWIN SONGS—With Arthur Siegel and Judy Niemack. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Friday, Sept. 18, at 8.)

FRANKIE VALLI & THE FOUR SEASONS AND THE FOUR TOPS—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 18-19, at 8.

JAY HOGGARD QUARTET—Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 18-19, at 8 and 10. Tickets at the door on the evenings of the concerts.

SANDRA BERNHARD—Dance Theatre Workshop, 218 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 21-22, at 8.

DIONNE WARWICK AND BURT BACHARACH—Radio City Music Hall. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 24-26, at 8.

WARREN ZEVON—With X. (Beacon Theatre. Friday, Sept. 25, at 9.)

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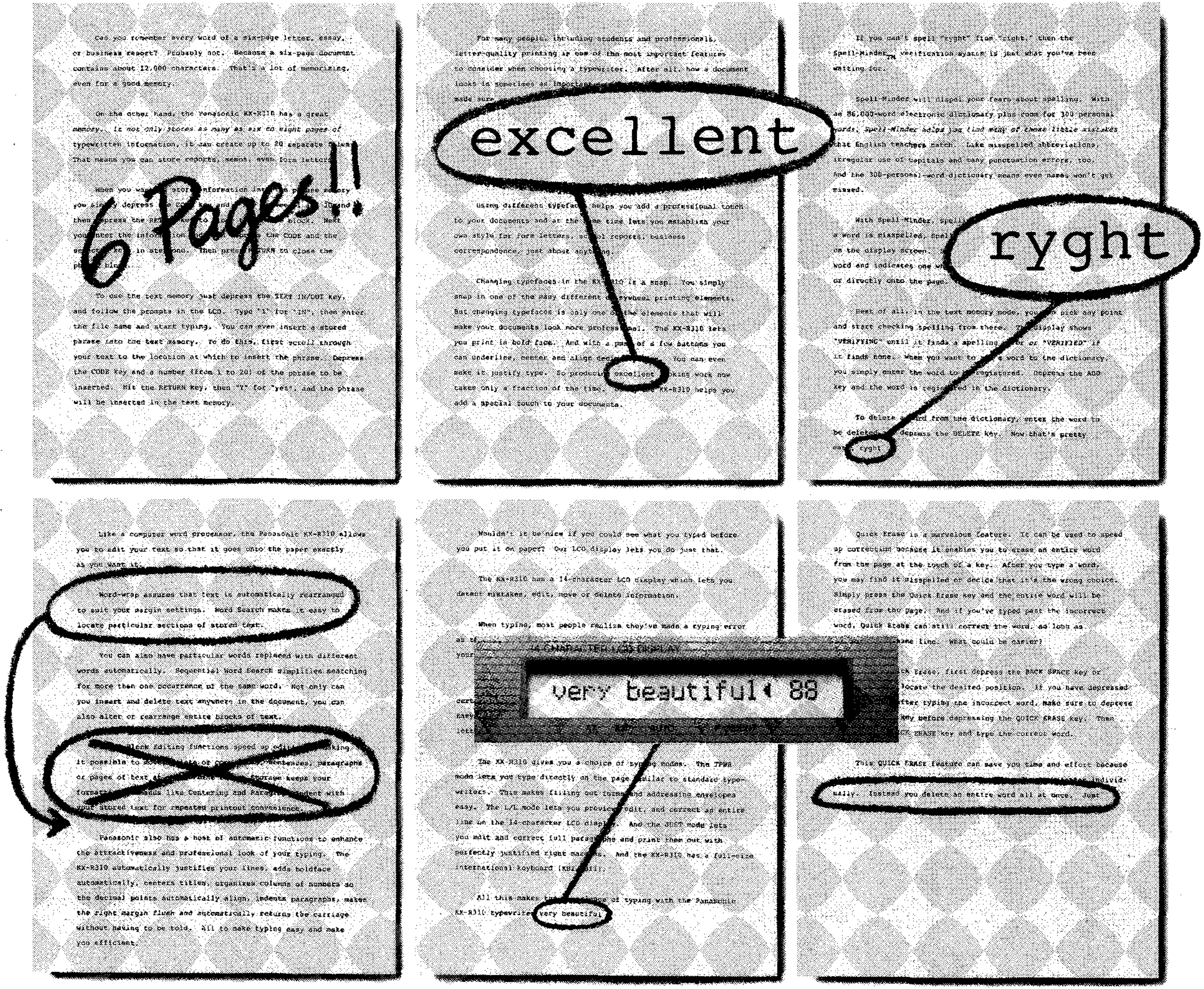
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When you want to store information into the phrase memory you simply depress the CODE key and [illegible] 1 to 20 and then depress the RETURN key to [illegible] block. Next you enter the information and [illegible] the CODE and the select[illegible] key in step one. Then press RETURN to close the phrase block.

To use the text memory just depress the TEXT IN/OUT key, and follow the prompts in the LCD. Type "I" for "IN", then enter the file name and start typing. You can even insert a stored phrase into the text memory. To do this, first scroll through your text to the location at which to insert the phrase. Depress the CODE key and a number (from 1 to 20) of the phrase to be inserted. Hit the RETURN key, then "Y" for "yes", and the phrase will be inserted in the text memory.

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Using different typefaces helps you add a professional touch to your documents and at the same time lets you establish your own style for form letters, school reports, business correspondence, just about anything.

Changing typefaces in the KX-R310 is a snap. You simply snap in one of the many different daisywheel printing elements. But changing typefaces is only one of the elements that will make your documents look more professional. The KX-R310 lets you print in **bold face**. And with a push of a few buttons you can underline, center and align deci[illegible]. You can even make it justify type. So producing excellent looking work now takes only a fraction of the time. [illegible] the KX-R310 helps you add a special touch to your documents.

Spell-Minder

If you can't spell "ryght" from "right," then the Spell-Minder™ verification system is just what you've been waiting for.

Spell-Minder will dispel your fears about spelling. With an 86,000-word electronic dictionary plus room for 300 personal words, *Spell-Minder helps you find many of those little mistakes* that English teachers catch. Like misspelled abbreviations, irregular use of capitals and many punctuation errors, too. And the 300-personal-word dictionary means even names won't get missed.

With Spell-Minder, spelli[illegible] a word is misspelled, Spel[illegible] on the display screen. [illegible] word and indicates one wh[illegible] or directly onto the page. [illegible]

Best of all, in the text memory mode, you can pick any point and start checking spelling from there. The display shows "VERIFYING" until it finds a spelling error or "VERIFIED" if it finds none. When you want to add a word to the dictionary, you simply enter the word to be registered. Depress the ADD key and the word is registered in the dictionary.

To delete a word from the dictionary, enter the word to be deleted and depress the DELETE key. Now that's pretty easy. ryght

Word Processing Functions

Like a computer word processor, the Panasonic KX-R310 allows you to edit your text so that it goes onto the paper exactly as you want it.

Word-wrap assures that text is automatically rearranged to suit your margin settings. Word Search makes it easy to locate particular sections of stored text.

You can also have particular words replaced with different words automatically. Sequential Word Search simplifies searching for more than one occurrence of the same word. Not only can you insert and delete text anywhere in the document, you can also alter or rearrange entire blocks of text.

~~Block Editing functions speed up edit[illegible]making it possible to [illegible] or [illegible] sentences, paragraphs or pages of text at [illegible] Storage keeps your format[illegible] commands like Centering and Parag[illegible] Indent with your stored text for repeated printout convenience.~~

Panasonic also has a host of automatic functions to enhance the attractiveness and professional look of your typing. The KX-R310 automatically justifies your lines, adds boldface automatically, centers titles, organizes columns of numbers so the decimal points automatically align, indents paragraphs, makes the right margin flush and automatically returns the carriage without having to be told. All to make typing easy and make you efficient.

14-Character Display with Character Count

Wouldn't it be nice if you could see what you typed before you put it on paper? Our LCD display lets you do just that.

The KX-R310 has a 14-character LCD display which lets you detect mistakes, edit, move or delete information.

When typing, most people realize they've made a typing error as [illegible] your [illegible] cert[illegible] easy[illegible] lett[illegible]

The KX-R310 gives you a choice of typing modes. The TPWR mode lets you type directly on the page similar to standard typewriters. This makes filling out forms and addressing envelopes easy. The L/L mode lets you preview, edit, and correct an entire line on the 14-character LCD display. And the JUST mode lets you edit and correct full paragraphs and print them out with perfectly justified right margins. And the KX-R310 has a full-size international keyboard (KBI-BII).

All this makes [illegible] choice of typing with the Panasonic KX-R310 typewriter very beautiful.

One-Line Correction

Quick Erase is a marvelous feature. It can be used to speed up correction because it enables you to erase an entire word from the page at the touch of a key. After you type a word, you may find it misspelled or decide that it's the wrong choice. Simply press the Quick Erase key and the entire word will be erased from the page. And if you've typed past the incorrect word, Quick Erase can still correct the word, as long as [illegible] same line. What could be easier?

[illegible]ck Erase, first depress the BACK SPACE key or [illegible] locate the desired position. If you have depressed [illegible] after typing the incorrect word, make sure to depress [illegible] key before depressing the QUICK ERASE key. Then [illegible]CK ERASE key and type the correct word.

This QUICK ERASE feature can save you time and effort because [illegible] individually. Instead you delete an entire word all at once. Just

If you've read the six pages, you already know all the Panasonic KX-R310 can do. If you haven't, we'll sum it up for you.

Let's start with its memory. Can you memorize every word of a six-page document? Probably not. For the KX-R310, it's a piece of cake.

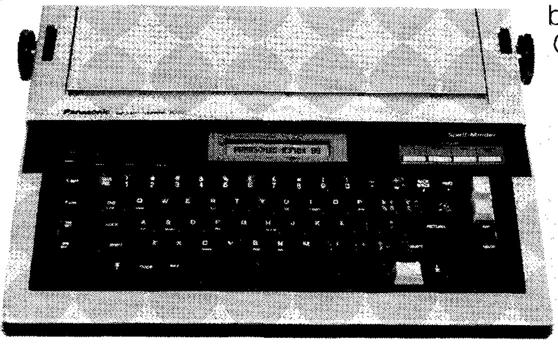
So is producing letter-quality documents. Because the KX-R310 uses a daisywheel printing element. That means you get outstanding quality as well as a choice of optional typefaces.

And if you think the KX-R310 also knows when you've made a spelling error, you're correct. The Spell-Minder™ is a spelling verification system that knows the correct spelling of over 86,000 words. There's even enough memory to store 300 personal words.

The Panasonic KX-R310 also functions like a word processor with Block Move, Delete/Copy, Word Search and more.

It's also easy to keep tabs on what you've typed because the 14-character display spells it out for you beautifully. There's also one-touch Quick Erase as well as one-line correction.

The Panasonic KX-R310. Now that you know everything it can do, you can start filling up your own pages.



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Pharoah Sanders, Reggie Workman, Rashied Ali, a sixteen-piece string ensemble conducted by Butch Morris, and others. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Saturday, Sept. 26, at 8.)

Amina Claudine Myers Trio—With David Peaston and Hamiet Bluiett. (Greenwich House. Saturday, Sept. 26, at 8 and 10. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concerts.)

Jackie Mason—Two benefit performances. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Monday, Sept. 21, at 8. . . . ¶ Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Sunday, Sept. 27, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Graham Campbell—Abstract paintings and large drawings. Through Oct. 8. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

Petah Coyne—The artist has spent the past two months filling the Sculpture Center's gallery space with large clumps of hay, roots, tree stumps, and branches—all put together with tar, mud, and resin. Through Oct. 3. (167 E. 69th St.)

Richard Erdman—New marble and stone sculptures. Through Oct. 2. (Weintraub, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Susan Roth / Ralph Albert Blakelock (1847-1919)—New abstract paintings. Through Oct. 12. / More than forty landscape paintings. Through Oct. 31. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Ethel Schwabacher (1903-1984)—Abstract Expressionist paintings and works on paper from the fifties. Through Oct. 7. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Honoré Sharrer—Paintings of figures cast in slightly surreal situations. Through Oct. 3. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Vladimir Zakrzewski—Paintings and drawings that combine geometry and Expressionism. Through Oct. 10. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Group Show—Works by fourteen artists, including Willem de Kooning, Dorothea Rockburne, Joan Mitchell, and Walter De Maria, constitute the Fourcade Gallery's final exhibition, which is dedicated to the memory of its founder, Xavier Fourcade. Through Oct. 17. (36 E. 75th St.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Frederick Brown—Large portraits of artists (Picasso, Rembrandt, Willem de Kooning) and musicians (Billie Holiday, Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington), plus other paintings. Through Oct. 10. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Friedel Dzubas / Michael Steiner—Large-scale abstract monotypes. Through Oct. 10. / Angular steel sculptures painted black. Through Oct. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jedd Garet—New abstract paintings. Through Oct. 24. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Dan Graham—A twenty-foot-long, eight-foot-high arch faced with two-way mirrors. The work was conceived as an outdoor project and is shown with sod and vines. Through Oct. 3. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Alexandre Hogue / Janet Monafo—Recent works on paper and paintings of the Southwest. / Pastels of still-life subjects. Through Saturday, Sept. 26. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Roberto Juarez / Daniel Mahoney—Vaguely recognizable flowers or branches are seen in otherwise abstract paintings. / Abstract paintings. Through Oct. 3. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Doris Lee (1905-83) / **Ben Shahn** (1898-1969)—Genre paintings. / Eight pochoir prints based on his series of paintings called "The Dreyfus Affair." Through Sept. 30. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

George Luks (1867-1933)—Paintings and drawings by a realist. Through Oct. 10. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Isabel McIlvain—Cast-bronze figures and wall reliefs. Through Oct. 14. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

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Avner Moriah / Bruce Cohen—Contemporary Israel is the subject of these new paintings. / Paintings of interiors with still-lifes. Through Oct. 3. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Philip Mullen—Architectural interiors loosely painted in transparent colors. Through Oct. 3. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Howard Newman—Recent bronze figures, plus paintings on Masonite done as studies for them. Through Oct. 3. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Irving Petlin—Paintings. Through Oct. 10. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

Joe Shannon—Paintings. Through Oct. 3. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Jim Touchton—Vibrant land- and seascapes. Through Oct. 7. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

William Tucker—New bronzes. Through Oct. 3. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Marlene Tseng Yu / Richard Segalman—Large paintings on paper combining abstraction with landscape elements. / Pastels. Through Oct. 8. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **blum helman**, 20 W. 57th St.: New sculptures by Joel Fisher, Mel Kendrick, and Robert Lobe. Through Oct. 3. . . . **borgenicht**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Forty or so pastel drawings in a show comparing works by contemporary artists using the medium (Janet Fish, Warren Brandt, Wolf Kahn) with works by some of their well-known predecessors (Picasso, Degas, Milton Avery). Through Oct. 2. . . . **holly solomon**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Work from the early seventies by American artists, among them Richard Tuttle, Tina Girouard, William Wegman, and Dennis Oppenheim. Through Saturday, Sept. 26. (Open Mondays.) . . . **washburn**, 41 E. 57th St.: Bill Jensen, Alan Cote, Ronald Bladen, Norman Bluhm, and Ilya Bolotowsky are each represented by a large- and a small-scale work. Through Saturday, Sept. 26.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Dina Gustin Baker—Recent abstract paintings. Through Oct. 3. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Marc Blane—A large steel-and-concrete sculpture reminiscent of playground equipment, along with several smaller versions of the piece. Through Oct. 3. (Allen, in a new location at 560 Broadway.)

Seymour Boardman and Elaine Kurtz—Abstract Expressionist paintings from the seventies. Through Oct. 10. (Shapolsky, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Roger Brown—New paintings, including one entitled "Homesick-Proof Space Station." Through Oct. 10. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Ken Greenleaf—Abstract welded-steel sculptures. Through Oct. 3. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

Peter Hutchinson—Among several sculptures is a large floor piece in which wood planters filled with rocks and shrubs spell out the word "Transformation." Through Oct. 3. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.) . . . ¶ American Fine Arts, 511 E. 6th St., near Avenue A, is exhibiting another of the artist's conceptual sculptures. Through Oct. 4. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Diane Karol / Carol Parlato—Five triptychs made of shaped canvases with bright-colored Expressionist brushwork. / Trapezoid-shaped paintings, some having small balls and tubes attached to the canvases, and a large freestanding screenlike construction. Through Saturday, Sept. 26. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Komar & Melamid—New works. Through Oct. 10. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Sherrie Levine—Recent paintings and earlier photographic works. Through Oct. 10. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Jay Milder—Paintings from his 1966 series "Messiah on the IND and Other Biblical Tales." Through Oct. 17. (Green, 152 Wooster St.)

Peter Plagens—New abstract paintings and works on paper. Through Oct. 7. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Nancy Shaver—Assemblages. Through Oct. 10. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Pam Steele—Mixed-metal wall constructions that have been treated with acid to create various patinas. Through Saturday, Sept. 26. (Littlejohn-Smith, 133 Greene St.)

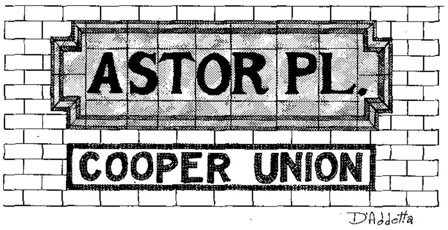
Robert Yarber—Paintings using the same figures as in his past work, floating and falling through city scenes, but a different palette. Through Oct. 3. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Art Against AIDS—Works by Keith Sonnier, Robert Smithson, Joseph Kosuth, and others, selected by Klaus Kertess to represent the efforts of the more than six hundred artists and seventy-two galleries supporting AIDS research. Through Oct. 3. (Dia Art Foundation, 77 Wooster St.)

Group Shows—At the **brandt**, 568 Broadway: Collaborators Clegg & Guttmann, Art and Language, and Gilbert and George, among others, in an exhibit put together by Saul Ostrow. Through Oct. 17. . . . **condeso-lawler**, 76 Greene St.: Abstract paintings by Peter Pinchbeck, Edwin Ruda, and Richard Pugliese. Through Saturday, Sept. 26. . . . **cowles**, 420 West Broadway: Ceramic sculptures by Betty Woodman, Andrew Lord, Ron Nagle, Ken Price, and Peter Voulkos, and a group of abstract versions of Japanese teapots by Jeff Perrone. Through Oct. 3. . . . **the drawing center**, 35 Wooster St.: Works on paper or of paper by seven emerging artists. Through Oct. 3. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **49th parallel**, 420 West Broadway: Works made with such materials as artificial wood veneer and sign paint, or using such techniques as airbrushing and billboard-scale photography, by, among others, Vikky Alexander and Jack Goldstein. Through Saturday, Sept. 26. . . . **germans van eck**, 420 West Broadway: Assemblages by John M. Armleder, Mark di Suvero, Robert Rauschenberg, and others. Through Oct. 10. . . . **gladstone**, 99 Greene St.: Wall constructions by Imi Knoebel, an installation by Barry Le Va, and a sculpture by Bruce Nauman. Through Oct. 10. . . . **m-13**, 72 Greene St.: Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs in a show titled "Lust." Robert Beauchamp, Nancy Grossman, Lucas Samaras, and Robert Mapplethorpe are among the twenty-one artists. Through Saturday, Sept. 26. . . . **soho 20**, at 469 Broome St.: Paintings and sculptures that incorporate the color red, by fourteen gallery members, including Penny Kaplan, Shirley Gorelick, Catherine Allen, and Molly Mason. Through Oct. 3. (Opens at noon.) . . . **stux**, 155 Spring St.: Paintings, photographs, and sculptures by John Dogg, Fariba Hajamadi, Annette Lemieux, and others, and an installation by Jim Isermann. Through Oct. 9. . . . **walls**, a new gallery at 137 Greene St.: Five painters and two sculptors who have grown away from minimalism (Katherine Porter, Joan Snyder, Donald Judd among them) are each represented by one piece from the early seventies and one from the past two years. Through Oct. 3. (Opens at 1 on Sundays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Ralph Bakshi—Abstract mixed-medium paint-



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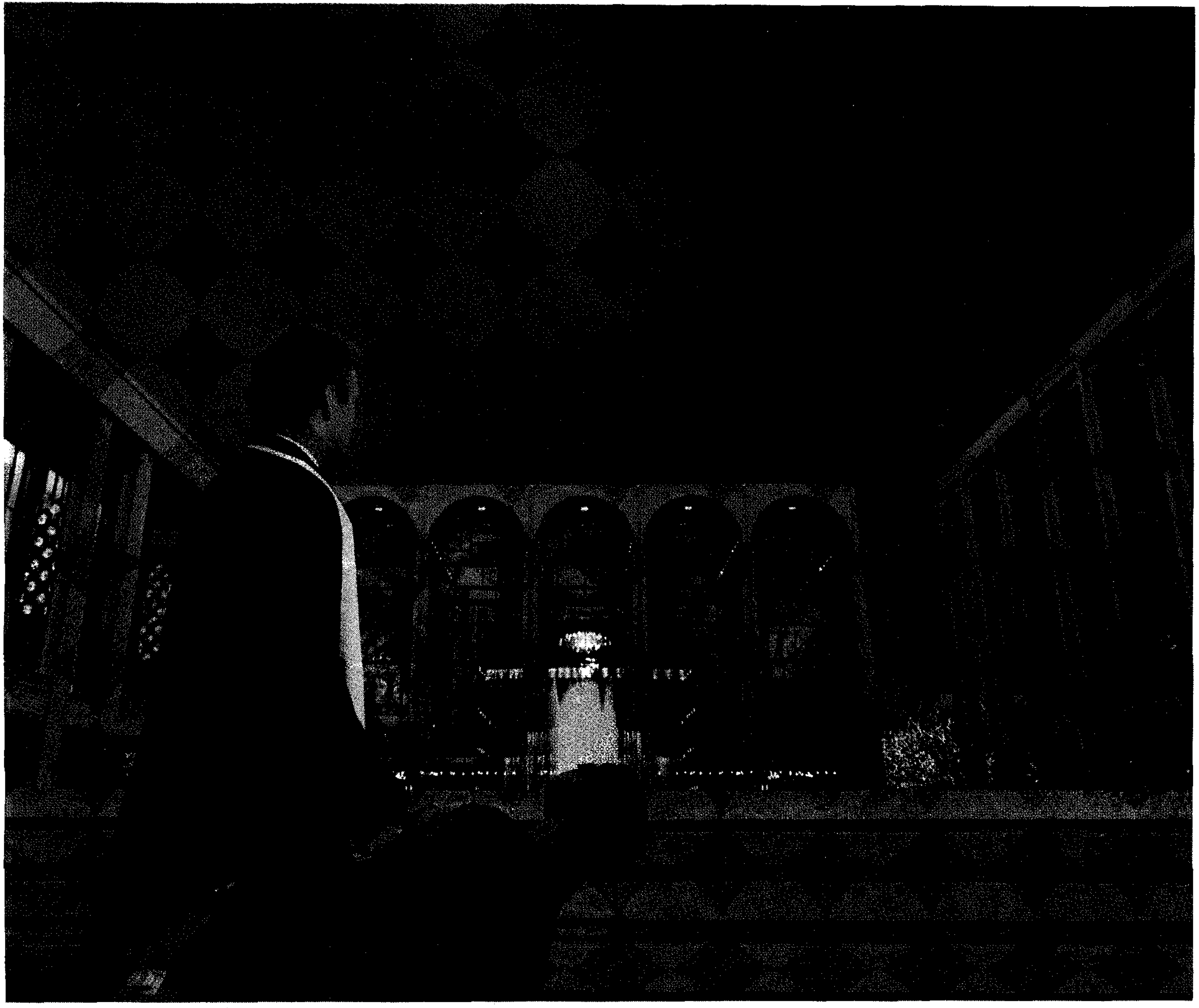

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ings and portraits on paper by an artist known for his animated films. Through Oct. 11. (Dash, a new gallery at 632 E. 11th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Luis Frangello—New paintings. Through Sept. 27. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Group Shows—At the **grey art gallery,** New York University, 33 Washington Pl.: "Morality Tales: History Painting in the 1980s," a show of large-scale dramatic works by thirteen artists, among them Sue Coe, Joanne Tod, Leon Golub, and Mark Tansey. Through Oct. 24. (Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; and Saturdays, 1 to 5.) . . . **international with monument,** 111 E. 7th St.: One large-scale work apiece by Vito Acconci, Joseph Kosuth, and Annette Lemieux. Through Oct. 4. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Sculpture—Pieces by five contemporary Japanese artists. Through Oct. 3. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Peter Campus—In the front room of the Paula Cooper Gallery are four photographic projections of isolated stones, and in the back room are black-and-white photographs of stones in their natural habitats. Through Oct. 3. (155 Wooster St.)

Henri Cartier-Bresson—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of his early prints. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . ¶ Herstand, 24 W. 57th St., is exhibiting paintings and drawings. Through Oct. 17.

Ralph Gibson / Elliot Schwartz—Prints from the past thirty years. Through Oct. 25. / Photographs of sculpture and machine fragments, death masks, and shrunken heads. Through Nov. 15. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.) . . . ¶ The Castelli Gallery, 420 West Broadway, is also showing work by Mr. Gibson. Through Saturday, Sept. 26.

David Robbins—A two-gallery exhibit of new works. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays. Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ 303 Gallery, 513 E. 6th St., near Avenue A. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays. Through Oct. 11.)

Victor Schrager—Monochromatic photographs attached to colored Formica that has been cut into shapes of consumer goods. Through Oct. 10. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Cindy Sherman—The Whitney Museum has a ten-year survey of her photographs. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Jean-Luc Vilmouth—An installation titled "Vues d'une Chaise," quite literally consisting of photographs taken through the slats of chair backs; the chairs are there to give evidence. Through Oct. 3. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Edward Weston (1889-1958)—Approximately a hundred and twenty prints will be at the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A retrospective show of works by American photographer Edward Weston which also includes personal letters, memorabilia, and portraits of the artist. Through Oct. 31. . . . ¶ A group of twenty gold and silver objects that were produced by Tiffany & Co. in the last forty years of the nineteenth century, when Edward C. Moore was the chief designer. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Photographs from the early thirties by Henri Cartier-Bresson, whose work at that time pioneered the use of 35-mm. film for still photography. Through Nov. 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of works by Jan Dibbets, a Dutch contemporary known for his abstract compositions combining photographs and drawing. Through Nov. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A large-scale exhibition of high-spirited sculptural tableaux by Red Grooms, including "City of Chicago," "Ruckus Manhattan," and "Ruckus Rodeo." Also, paintings, drawings, and prints. Through Oct. 18. . . . ¶ A show of Cindy Sherman's photographs dating from 1977 to the present. Through Oct. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Fifty-eight sculptures by Auguste Rodin, the gifts of Iris and B. Gerald Cantor, will go on permanent display beginning Friday, Sept. 18. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—A two-part exhibit of ceramics, with pieces by winners of the twenty-seventh national ceramics competition and by artists who influenced them, such as Mary Frank, Peter Voulkos, and Robert Arneson. Through Oct. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of decorative arts centering on the Parisian entrepreneur and Art Nouveau booster Siegfried Bing (1838-1905). The objects on display—painted porcelains by Edouard Vuillard, wall coverings by William Morris, prints by Edvard Munch—were among those seen in Bing's shop and workshop at 22 Rue de Provence. Through Oct. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—The Dreyfus Affair is the subject of an exhibit of about six hundred items—including paintings, sculptures, posters, books, letters, and films—which documents (a) the French political and cultural climate of the period, (b) the role of the press in dividing public opinion and exploiting the issues for financial gain, and (c) the heated positions of artists and writers, from pro-Dreyfus Pissarro and, of course, Zola, to anti-Dreyfus Cézanne and Degas. (Open daily except Fridays, Saturdays, and Thursday, Sept. 24. Hours: *Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon* to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Anne Burgess

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of eighteenth-century drawings of Florence and other areas of Tuscany by Giuseppe Zocchi. Through Sept. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—A large show of drawings by the conceptual sculptor Bruce Nauman which were executed in the past twenty years. Through Nov. 8. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

The New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A short course on the Constitution, conveyed through the delegates' preliminary drafts (with handwritten revisions), essays, and correspondence; the first newspaper printing of the document; and so forth. In addition, portraits of our early leaders painted by Peale, Trumbull, Stuart, and others. Starts Thursday, Sept. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Joel Reynolds and Maurya Wickstrom (performance), Friday and Saturday, Sept. 18-19, at 8:30.

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—John Jesurun's theatre-video production "Shatterhand Massacree–Riderless Horse." Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 16-18, at 8:30, and Saturday, Sept. 19, at 8:30 and 10:30. . . . ¶ Six different programs of new music from Japan: Tuesday through Saturday, Sept. 22-26, at 8:30, and Sunday, Sept. 27, an afternoon concert at 3 and an evening concert at 8:30. Most of the performers are from Japan; at the Sunday concerts they will be joined by Fred Frith, Arto Lindsay, John Zorn, Christian Marclay, Ned Rothenberg, and Robert Previte.

Note—The Duck's Breath Mystery Theatre will present "Table for One," a musical cabaret, at the Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St., opening Wednesday, Sept. 16, and running through Sunday, Sept. 27. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8; daytime performances Sundays at 3. For information about tickets, call 924-0077. . . . ¶ Kei Takei and her contemporary dance company, Moving Earth, will present excerpts from "Light" at P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 1-718 784-2084. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 19-20, from 2 to 8 (continuously).

MUSIC

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Saturday, April 16—Monday, Sept. 21, at 7: "Otello," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Jean Kraft, Placido Domingo, and Silvano Carroli; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 22, at 8: "Manon," with Catherine Malfitano, Vinson Cole, Gino Quilico, and Richard Van Allan; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 23, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Jessye Norman, Kathleen Battle, Tatiana Troyanos, and Paul Frey; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 24, at 8:30: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Sona Ghazarian, Carlo Bergonzi, Brian Schexnayder, and Enrico Fissore; Ralf Weikert. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 25, at 8: "Otello," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Jean Kraft, Placido Domingo, and Silvano Carroli; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 26, at 2: "Manon," with Catherine Malfitano, Vinson Cole, Gino Quilico, and Richard Van Allan; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 26, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Jessye Norman, Kathleen Battle, Tatiana Troyanos, and Paul Frey; James Levine. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday evening, Sept. 16: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Edith Davis, Gail Dobish, Jane Bunnell, Stanley

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Wexler, and William Parcher; conducted by Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 18: "Turandot," with Linda Kelm, Maria Spacagna, Jon Fredric West, and Mark S. Doss; Elio Boncompagni. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 19: "La Rondine," with Leigh Munro, Claudette Peterson, Jon Garrison, and Stanley Wexler; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 19: "La Traviata," with Gianna Rolandi, Mark Beudert, and Frederick Burchinal; Michael Morgan. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 20: "La Bohème," with Frances Ginsberg, Sheryl Woods, Richard Leech, and Kenneth Shaw; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 20: "Casanova" (in English), with Leigh Munro, Diana Walker, Susanne Marsee, and Timothy Nolen; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 22: "Madame Butterfly," with Elizabeth Holleque, Cynthia Rose, Robert Grayson, and Rodger Hugh Wangerin; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 24: "Turandot," with Linda Kelm, Maria Spacagna, Jon Fredric West, and Mark S. Doss; Elio Boncompagni. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 25: "Casanova" (in English), with Leigh Munro, Diana Walker, Susanne Marsee, and Timothy Nolen; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 26: "La Traviata," with Gianna Rolandi, Mark Beudert, and Frederick Burchinal; Michael Morgan. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 26: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Leigh Munro, Claudette Peterson, Michael Cousins, and Theodore Baerg; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Weeknights at 8; Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, November 15.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—Colin Davis conducting—Thursday, Sept. 17, at 8; Friday, Sept. 18, at 2; and Saturday, Sept. 19, and Tuesday, Sept. 22, at 8: Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," with Anne Sofie Von Otter, mezzo-soprano; Thomas Moser, tenor; Paul Plishka, bass; Terry Cook, bass-baritone; and the New York Choral Artists, directed by Joseph Flummerfelt. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 24, at 8; Friday, Sept. 25, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 26, at 8; and Tuesday, Sept. 29, at 7:30: Works by Vaughan Williams and Sibelius. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

Vienna Philharmonic—Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Sept. 24, at 8: A Mozart-Bernstein-Sibelius program, with Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano. . . . Friday, Sept. 25, at 8: A Mozart-Mahler program, with Peter Schmidl, clarinet. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 26, at 2: A repeat of the Thursday program. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

RECITALS

Kurt Weill Festival—The first three of five concerts, whose programs will include cabaret songs, lieder, chamber music, and choral works. Thursday, Sept. 17, at 8: The American premières of "Bastille Music," an instrumental suite, and "Marie Galante," a musical drama, here in concert version, among other works. With Faith Esham, soprano; William Parker, baritone; William Huckaby, piano; and the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. Directed by David Atherton. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 20, at 8: The world première of "Ofrah's Lieder," among other works. With Beverly Hoch, soprano; John Van Buskirk, piano; Musica Sacra, directed by Richard Westenburg; and the Boys Choir of Harlem. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 26, at 11 P.M.: German musical-theatre star Ute Lemper singing cabaret songs. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719.)

Asia Society Concerts—Thursday, Sept. 17, at 8: The Tibetan Singing Bowl Ensemble, a nine-member American group, in a program that features "Swiftly, How Swiftly . . . ," a piece scored for Tibetan singing bowls, rams' horns, Tibetan human-thighbone trumpet, flute, and drum. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 20, at 8: Ustad Salamat Ali Khan singing traditional songs of Pakistan. (Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. 517-2742.)

Bach at the Cathedral—The first in a series of five concerts. With Lucy Shelton, soprano; Humbert Lucarelli, oboe; Caroline Stoessinger, piano; and Yuval Waldman, conducting and playing the violin. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, Sept. 19, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Richard Goode—Piano. The first in his seven-recital series of all thirty-two Beethoven sonatas. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday, Sept. 20, at 3.)

Jeffrey Siegel—Piano. Playing rhapsodies by Brahms, Liszt, and Gershwin, and providing a commentary on them. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Tuesday, Sept. 22, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—In a concert celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the American Composers Alliance; music by Michelle Ekizian and Louis Karchin. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Tuesday, Sept. 22, at 8.)

Ruth Laredo—Piano. (92nd Street Y, Lexington at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, Sept. 26, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

The New York Baroque Dance Company with Concert Royal—Catherine Turocy and James Richman directing a joint concert of French baroque dance and music. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. 998-5278. Sunday, Sept. 20, at 8.)

Tribute to Glenn Gould—Videotapes of Mr. Gould in conversation and performance. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 26-27, at 1, 3, 6, and 8.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 563-8300, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222, for Shea Stadium 1-718 507-8499, and for Yankee Stadium 293-6000.)

Baseball—**yankees** at *Yankee Stadium:* Vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday, Sept. 16, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Toronto, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 17-18, at 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 19-20, at 1:30. . . . **mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 23-24, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh, Friday, Sept. 25, at 7:35, and Saturday, Sept. 26, at 1:35.

Football—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands—Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, Sunday, Sept. 20, at 4. . . . ¶ Jets vs. New England Patriots, Monday, Sept. 21, at 9.

Hockey—Exhibition games—At **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Rangers, Tuesday, Sept. 22, at 8:05, and Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Sept. 26, at 7:05. . . . **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, Sept. 23, at 7:35. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena:** Devils vs. Hartford Whalers, Thursday, Sept. 24, at 7:45.

Racing—At **belmont:** Daily, except Tuesdays and Sunday, Sept. 20, at 1; through Monday, Oct. 19. Racing begins at 1:30 on Sunday, Sept. 20. The Flower Bowl Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 19; the Marlboro Cup and the Futurity, Sunday, Sept. 20; and the Turf Classic, Saturday, Sept. 26. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights, except Monday, Sept. 21, at 7:30; through Saturday, Dec. 19. The Pegasus Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 19.

ET ALIA

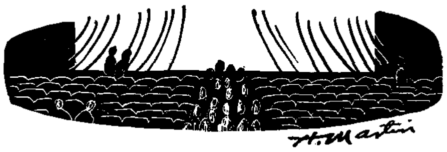
Prose Readings—Toni Morrison reading from her own fiction. (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. Thursday, Sept. 17, at 8. No tickets necessary; seating on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . ¶ Mary McCarthy reading from her recent memoir and other works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Sept. 21, at 8.) . . . ¶ Ann Beattie reading from her own short stories. (Shakespeare & Co., 2259 Broadway, at 81st St. Tuesday, Sept. 22, at 8. For information about free tickets, call 580-7800.)

"New York Is Book Country"—The annual book fair will take place on Fifth Avenue between 48th and 57th Streets on Sunday, Sept. 20, from 11 to 5.

Walking Tours—A four-hour conducted tour of the upper West Side, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Sept. 20, starting at the front of the Dakota, Central Park W. and 72nd St., at 11. (For reservations, call 534-1672, ext. 236.) . . . ¶ The New-York Historical Society is sponsoring a conducted tour of sites in lower Manhattan that would have been familiar to signers of the Constitution. Sunday, Sept. 20, at 2. (For information about tickets, call 873-0125.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 19.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Sept. 17: (Separate admissions) "Será Posible el Sur" (1985; directed by Stefan Paul; an Argentine film, in Spanish); and "Buffet Froid" (1980; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Jean Carmet, Bernard Blier, and Geneviève Page.
From Sept. 18: (Separate admissions) "Buffet Froid;" and "What Have I Done to Deserve This!" (†).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 17: "Full Metal Jacket" (†). From Sept. 18: "The Pick-Up Artist" (James Toback), with Molly Ringwald and Robert Downey.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 17: "The Rosary Murders" (Fred Walton), with Donald Sutherland and Charles Durning. From Sept. 18: "The Principal" (Christopher Cain), with James Belushi, Louis Gossett, Jr., and Rae Dawn Chong.
Theatre 3: "The Lost Boys" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Sept. 24: "No Way Out" (1987 †).
From Sept. 25: "The Princess Bride" (Rob Reiner), with Cary Elwes and Mandy Patinkin.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Stakeout" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "RoboCop" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 17: "The Living Daylights" (John Glen), with Timothy Dalton. From Sept. 18: "Fatal Attraction" (Adrian Lyne), with Michael Douglas and Glenn Close.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 17: "Hamburger Hill" (†). From Sept. 18: "Amazon Women on the Moon."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Sept. 24: "The Big Easy" (†).
From Sept. 25: "The Big Town" (Ben Bolt), with Matt Dillon, Diane Lane, and Tommy Lee Jones.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Sept. 17: "Deadline" (Nathaniel Gutman), with Christopher Walken.
From Sept. 18: "The Fourth Protocol" (John Mackenzie), with Michael Caine and Pierce Brosnan.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Sept. 17: "Maid to Order" (Amy Jones), with Ally Sheedy.
Sept. 18-24: To be announced.
From Sept. 25: "The Big Town" (Ben Bolt), with Matt Dillon, Diane Lane, and Tommy Lee Jones.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Sept. 17: "Hamburger Hill" (†).
From Sept. 18: "The Pick-Up Artist" (James Toback), with Molly Ringwald and Robert Downey.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Sept. 17: "La Bamba" (†).
From Sept. 18: "No Way Out" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 24: "The Big Easy" (†). From Sept. 25: "Best Seller" (John Flynn), with James Woods and Brian Dennehy.
Theatre 2: "A Prayer for the Dying" (Mike Hodges), with Mickey Rourke, Bob Hoskins, and Alan Bates.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "In the Mood" (Phil Alden Robinson), with Patrick Dempsey, Talia Balsam, and Beverly D'Angelo.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 17: "The Fourth Protocol" (John Mackenzie), with Michael Caine and Pierce Brosnan. From Sept. 18: "Orphans" (Alan J. Pakula), with Albert Finney, Matthew Modine, and Kevin Anderson.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Sept. 17: "The Whistle Blower" (†).
From Sept. 18: "Family Business" (Costa-Gavras; in French), with Fanny Ardant and Johnny Hallyday.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Matewan" (John Sayles), with Chris Cooper and James Earl Jones.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 17: "Family Business" (Costa-Gavras; in French), with Fanny Ardant and Johnny Hallyday. From Sept. 18: "Lady Beware" (Karen Arthur), with Diane Lane and Michael Woods.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Dirty Dancing" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 17: "Nadine" (†). From Sept. 18: "The Principal" (Christopher Cain), with James Belushi, Louis Gossett, Jr., and Rae Dawn Chong.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Sept. 24: "Stakeout" (†).
From Sept. 25: "The Pricess Bride" (Rob Reiner), with Cary Elwes and Mandy Patinkin.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 17: "The Living Daylights" (John Glen), with Timothy Dalton. From Sept. 18: "Amazon Women on the Moon."
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 17: "The Rosary Murders" (Fred Walton), with Donald Sutherland and Charles Durning. From Sept. 18: "Tough Guys Don't Dance" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"I've Heard the Mermaids Singing" (Patricia Rozema).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Sept. 17: "No Way Out" (1987 †).
From Sept. 18: "Fatal Attraction" (Adrian Lyne), with Michael Douglas and Glenn Close.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Sept. 17: "Deadline" (Nathaniel Gutman), with Christopher Walken.
From Sept. 18: "Dirty Dancing" (†).

86th Street Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "La Bamba" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Big Easy" (†).

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 17: "Hamburger Hill" (†). From Sept. 18: "No Way Out" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 17: "The Curse" (David Keith), with Wil Wheaton. From Sept. 18: "The Principal" (Christopher Cain), with James Belushi, Louis Gossett, Jr., and Rae Dawn Chong.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 17: "He's My Girl" (Gabrielle Beaumont), with T. K. Carter. From Sept. 18: "Lady Beware" (Karen Arthur), with Diane Lane and Michael Woods.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 17: "Dirty Dancing" (†). From Sept. 18: "The Pick-Up Artist" (James Toback), with Molly Ringwald and Robert Downey.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 22: "Gap-Toothed Women" (directed by Les Blank), a short documentary; and "Miss . . . or Myth?" (1986; Geoffrey Dunn and Mark Schwartz), a documentary. From Sept. 23: "Parting of the Ways" (1985; Jesus Diaz; a Cuban film, in Spanish).
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "The Wolf at the Door" (Henning Carlsen), with Donald Sutherland.
Theatre 2: "Eat the Peach" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The Big Easy" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Fourth Protocol" (John Mackenzie), with Michael Caine and Pierce Brosnan.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Street Trash."

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "La Bamba" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Prayer for the Dying" (Mike Hodges), with Mickey Rourke, Bob Hoskins, and Alan Bates.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Whistle Blower" (†).
Theatre 3: "Withnail and I" (†).
Theatre 4: "Wish You Were Here" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 17: "Maid to Order" (Amy Jones), with Ally Sheedy. From Sept. 18: "Tough Guys Don't Dance" (†).
Theatre 2: "Dirty Dancing" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 17: "Stakeout" (†). Sept. 18-24: "Hotel Colonial." From Sept. 25: "The Big Town" (Ben Bolt), with Matt Dillon, Diane Lane, and Tommy Lee Jones.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Sept. 24: "No Way Out" (1987 †).
From Sept. 25: "The Princess Bride" (Rob Reiner), with Cary Elwes and Mandy Patinkin.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Fourth Protocol" (John Mackenzie), with Michael Caine and Pierce Brosnan.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Dirty Dancing" (†).

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through Sept. 24: "Withnail and I" (†).
From Sept. 25: "The Princess Bride" (Rob Reiner), with Cary Elwes and Mandy Patinkin.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"A Prayer for the Dying" (Mike Hodges), with Mickey Rourke, Bob Hoskins, and Alan Bates.

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"My Life as a Dog" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Sept. 17: "Jean de Florette" (†).
From Sept. 18: "Maurice" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Wolf at the Door" (Henning Carlsen), with Donald Sutherland.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Sept. 17: "No Way Out" (1987 †).
From Sept. 18: "Fatal Attraction" (Adrian Lyne), with Michael Douglas and Glenn Close.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 17: "Living on Tokyo Time" (†). From Sept. 18: "Jean de Florette" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 3: "Wish You Were Here" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Tampopo" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 17: "Coming Up Roses" (Stephen Bayly; in Welsh). From Sept. 18: "The Mozart Brothers" (Suzanne Osten; in Swedish).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 24: "Stakeout" (†). From Sept. 25: "The Princess Bride" (Rob Reiner), with Cary Elwes and Mandy Patinkin.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 17: "Can't Buy Me Love" (Steve Rash). From Sept. 18: "Hey

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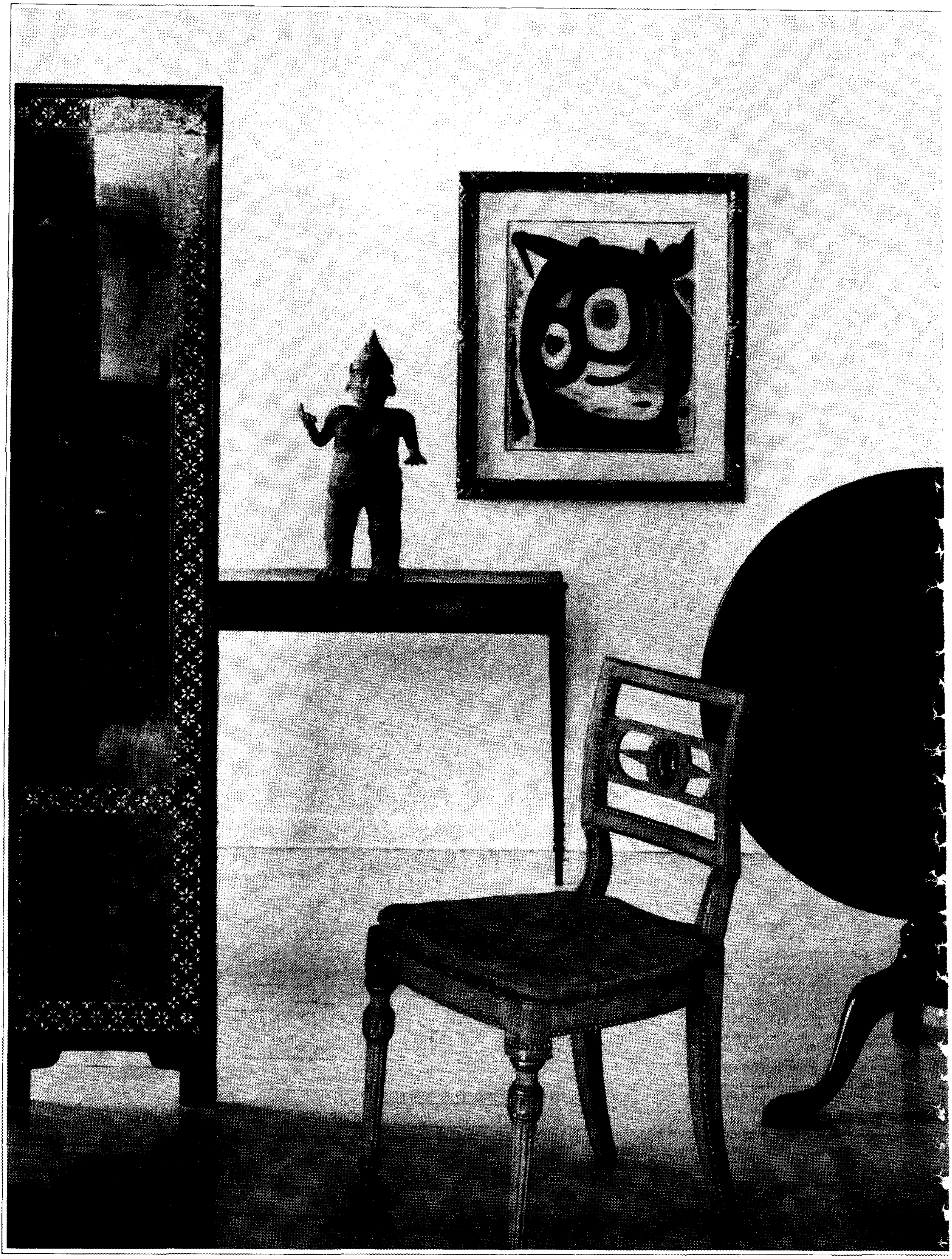

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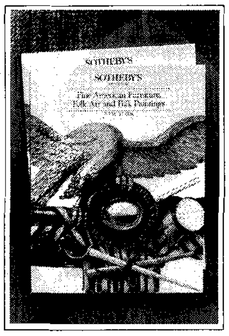

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LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 17: "The Living Daylights" (John Glen), with Timothy Dalton. From Sept. 18: "Amazon Women on the Moon."
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 17: "Hamburger Hill" (†). From Sept. 18: "No Way Out" (†).
Theatre 3: "Dirty Dancing" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 17: "RoboCop" (†). From Sept. 18: "Tough Guys Don't Dance" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Sept. 17: "The Rosary Murders" (Fred Walton), with Donald Sutherland and Charles Durning. From Sept. 18: "The Principal" (Christopher Cain") James Belushi, Louis Gossett, Jr., and Rae Dawn Chong.
Theatre 6: "A Prayer for the Dying" (Mike Hodges), with Mickey Rourke, Bob Hoskins, and Alan Bates.

METRO CINEMA I AND 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 24: "The Big Easy" (†). From Sept. 25: "The Big Town" (Ben Bolt), with Matt Dillon, Diane Lane, and Tommy Lee Jones.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 17: "Stakeout" (†). From Sept. 18: "The Pick-Up Artist" (James Toback), with Molly Ringwald and Robert Downey.

COLUMBIA CINEMA, B'way at 103rd. (866-7500)
Through Sept. 17: "The Whistle Blower" (†).
From Sept. 18: "Lady Beware" (Karen Arthur), with Diane Lane and Michael Woods.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 17: "The Living Daylights" (directed by John Glen), with Timothy Dalton. From Sept. 18: "The Principal" (Christopher Cain), with James Belushi, Louis Gossett, Jr., and Rae Dawn Chong.
Theatre 2: "The Lost Boys" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 17: "Full Metal Jacket" (†). From Sept. 18: "The Pick-Up Artist" (James Toback), with Molly Ringwald and Robert Downey.
Theatre 4: "Disorderlies" (Michael Schultz).
Theatre 5: "The Untouchables" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Curse" (David Keith), with Wil Wheaton.

EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Sept. 24: "The Big Easy" (†).
From Sept. 25: "The Big Town" (Ben Bolt), with Matt Dillon, Diane Lane, and Tommy Lee Jones.

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Stakeout" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 17: "The Rosary Murders" (Fred Walton), with Donald Sutherland and Charles Durning. From Sept. 18: "No Way Out" (1987 †).
Theatre 4: "La Bamba" (†).

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Hamburger Hill" (†).

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Sept. 17: "Penitentiary 3."
From Sept. 18: "Amazon Women on the Moon."

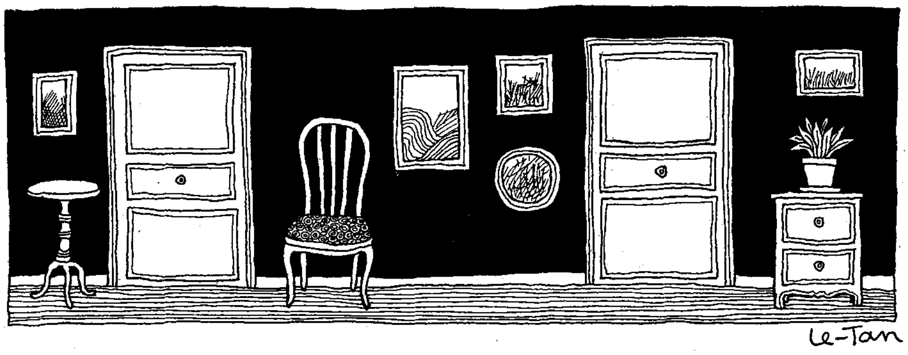
NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Dirty Dancing" (†).
Theatre 2: "RoboCop" (†).

WARNER, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
Through Sept. 17: "House II: The Second Story" (Ethan Wiley).
From Sept. 18: "Hellraiser" (Clive Barker).

REVIVAL HOUSES

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Sept. 17: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; directed by Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson; and "The Last Detail" (1974; Hal Ashby), with Jack Nicholson, Randy Quaid, and Otis Young.
Sept. 18-19: "Aliens" (1986; James Cameron), with Sigourney Weaver; and "The Terminator" (1984; James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Sept. 20: "Andrei Roublev" (1969; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).
Sept. 21-22: "The Buddy Holly Story" (1978; Steve Rash), with Gary Busey; and "Zoot Suit" (1982; Luis Valdez), with Edward James Olmos and Charles Aidman.
Sept. 23-24: "The Trip to Bountiful" (1985; Peter Masterson), with Geraldine Page; and "The Last Picture Show" (1971; Peter Bogdanovich), with Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Cybill Shepherd, Cloris Leachman, and Ben Johnson.
Sept. 25-26: "A Room with a View" (1986; James Ivory), with Helena Bonham-Carter, Julian Sands, Maggie Smith, and Denholm Elliott; and "The Bostonians" (1984; James Ivory), with Christopher Reeve, Vanessa Redgrave, and Madeleine Potter.

FILM FORUM 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Sept. 16: "Devil Girl from Mars" (1956; David MacDonald), with Hazel Court and Hugh McDermott; and "Stranger from Venus" (1954; Burt Balaban), with Helmut Dantine.
Sept. 17: "Le Dernier Combat" (1984; Luc Besson; a French film, without dialogue); and a program of short science-fiction films.
Sept. 18-20: "Alien" (1979; Ridley Scott), with Tom Skerritt, Sigourney Weaver, and Veronica Cartwright; and "Aliens" (1986; James Cameron), with Sigourney Weaver.
Sept. 21: "A Boy and His Dog" (1976; L. Q. Jones), with Don Johnson and Jason Robards; and "Death Race 2000" (1975; Paul Bartel), with David Carradine.
Sept. 22: "I Married a Monster from Outer Space" (1958; Gene Fowler), with Tom Tryon and Gloria Talbott; and "The Colossus of New York" (1958; Eugene Lourie), with John Baragrey, Mala Power, and Otto Kruger.
Sept. 23: "Village of the Damned" (†); and "Children of the Damned" (1964; Anton M. Leader), with Ian Hendry, Alan Badel, and Barbara Ferris.
Sept. 24: "Forbidden Planet" (1956; Fred M. Wilcox), with Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis, and Leslie Nielsen; and "Earth vs. the Flying Saucers" (1956; Fred F. Sears), with Hugh Marlowe, Joan Taylor, and Donald Curtis.
Sept. 25-26: "Cabin in the Sky" (†); and a program of musical short films from the thirties, featuring Bessie Smith, Ethel Waters, and other black female performers.



Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Sept. 16: "The Go-Between" (1971; Joseph Losey), with Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Margaret Leighton, and Michael Redgrave; and "Georgy Girl" (1966; Silvio Narizzano), with Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling.
Sept. 17: "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948; Orson Welles), with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Welles; and "Gilda" (1946; Charles Vidor), with Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, and George Macready.
Sept. 18-19: "The Heartbreak Kid" (1972; Elaine May), with Charles Grodin, Cybill Shepherd, and Jeannie Berlin; and "A New Leaf" (1971; Elaine May), with Walter Matthau, May, William Redfield, and George Rose.
Sept. 20: "The Earrings of Madame de . . ." (1953; Max Ophuls), with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica; and "Letter from an Unknown Woman" (†).
Sept. 21: "Murder in the Cathedral" (1952; George Hoellering), with Father John Groser and Niall Mac Ginnis; and "Ulysses" (†).
Sept. 22: "The Big Clock" (1948; John Farrow), with Ray Milland, Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Sullivan, Elsa Lanchester, and George Macready; and "Leave Her to Heaven" (†).
Sept. 23: "The Night of the Iguana" (†); and "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison" (1957; John Huston), with Deborah Kerr and Robert Mitchum.
Sept. 24: "Twentieth Century" (1934; Howard Hawks), with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes; and "My Man Godfrey" (1936 †).
Sept. 25-26: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (1986; Stephen Frears), with Roshan Seth, Saeed Jaffrey, Gordon Warnecke, and Daniel Day Lewis; and "Letter to Brezhnev" (1986; Chris Bernard).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Sept. 16: "Road House" (1948; Jean Negulesco), with Ida Lupino, Richard Widmark, Cornel Wilde, and Celeste Holm; and "They Drive by Night" (1940; Raoul Walsh), with Ann Sheridan, George Raft, Ida Lupino, and Humphrey Bogart.
Sept. 17: "Affair in Trinidad" (1952; Vincent Sherman), with Rita Hayworth and Glenn Ford; and "Nightfall" (1957; Jacques Tourneur), with Aldo Ray, Brian Keith, and Anne Bancroft.
Sept. 18-19: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932; Ernst Lubitsch), with Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins, and Edward Everett Horton; and "Design for Living" (1933; Ernst Lubitsch), with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Gary Cooper.
Sept. 20: "And Then There Were None" (1945; René Clair), with Barry Fitzgerald, Walter Huston, and Louis Hayward; and "Dead of Night" (1946), a five-part English film about the supernatural.
Sept. 21-22: "L'Avventura" (1959; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti, Gabriele Ferzetti, and Léa Massari; and "L'Amore" (1948; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani.
Sept. 23: "Dodsworth" (1936; William Wyler), with Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton, and Mary Astor; and "The Little Foxes" (1941; William Wyler), with Bette Davis and Herbert Marshall.
Sept. 24: "Angels Over Broadway" (†); and "The Lady in Question" (1940; Charles Vidor), with Rita Hayworth and Brian Aherne.
Sept. 25-26: "Anatomy of a Murder" (1959; Otto Preminger), with James Stewart, Lee Remick, Ben Gazzara, Arthur O'Connell, and George C. Scott; and "Bunny Lake Is Missing" (1965; Otto Preminger), with Laurence Olivier, Carol Lynley, Keir Dullea, and Noël Coward.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)
THEATRE 1: Sept. 17 at 2:30: "Heller in Pink Tights" (1960; directed by George Cukor), with Sophia Loren, Anthony Quinn, Margaret O'Brien, and Steve Forrest. . . . ¶ Sept. 17 at 6: "The Ten Commandments" (1956; Cecil B. De Mille), with Charlton Heston, Yul Brynner, Anne Baxter, Edward G. Robinson, and Yvonne De Carlo. . . . ¶ Sept. 18 at 2:30: "King Creole" (1958; Michael Curtiz), with Elvis Presley, Carolyn Jones, Walter Matthau, and Dolores Hart. . . . ¶ Sept. 18 at 6: "Heller in Pink Tights." . . . ¶ Sept. 19 at 1: "The Ten Commandments." . . . ¶ Sept. 19 at 5: "King Creole." . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 2: "The Savage Innocents" (1960; Nicholas Ray), with Anthony Quinn, Yoko Tani, and Peter O'Toole. . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 5 and Sept. 21 at 2:30: "The Errand Boy" (1961; Jerry Lewis), with Lewis, Brian Donlevy, and Renée Taylor. . . . ¶ Sept. 21 at 6: "The Savage Innocents." . . . ¶ Sept. 22 at 2:30: "The Counterfeit Traitor" (1962; George Seaton), with William Holden, Lilli Palmer, Hugh Griffith, and Eva Dahlbeck. . . . ¶ Sept. 22 at 6 and Sept. 24 at 2:30: "Hell Is for Heroes" (1962; Don Siegel), with Steve McQueen, Bobby Darin, Fess Parker, Harry Guardino, and James Coburn. . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 6: "The Counterfeit Traitor." . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 2:30: "One-Eyed Jacks" (1961; Marlon Brando), with Brando, Karl Malden, Pina Pellicer, Katy Jurado, and Ben Johnson. . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 6 and Sept. 26 at 2: "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance" (1962; John Ford), with James Stewart, John Wayne, Vera Miles, Lee Marvin, and Edmond O'Brien. . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 5: "The Nutty Professor" (1963; Jerry Lewis), with Lewis, Stella Stevens, and Kathleen Freeman.
THEATRE 2: Theatre closed.

New York Film Festival—The first programs in a seventeen-day series of international films—At **ALICE TULLY HALL:** Sept. 25 at 7:30: "Dark Eyes" (Nikita Mikhalkov; Italy). . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL:** Sept. 25 at 9: "Dark Eyes." . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL:** Sept. 26 at noon: "A Taxing Woman" (Juzo Itami; Japan). . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 3: "Diary for My Loved Ones" (Márta Mészáros; Hungary). . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 6: "Radium City" (Carole Langer; United States). . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 9: "Police Story" (Jackie Chan; Hong Kong; dubbed in English). (For tickets, call 362-1911.)

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—Through Sept. 26: "Elvis Presley: The Television Work," a retrospective. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. (288-2742)—Sept. 18 at 3 and 7: "The Householder" (1963; James Ivory), with Shashi Kapoor and Leela Naidu. . . . ¶ Sept. 19 at 7:30: "The Terrorisers" (1987; Edward Yang; in Mandarin, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 3 and 7: "Shakespeare Wallah" (1965; James Ivory), with Felicity Kendal and Shashi Kapoor.

Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. (662-2133)—"The Kid" (1921; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin, Jackie Cooper, and Edna Purviance; and "The Idle Class" (1922; Charlie Chaplin; a short silent film). Original organ score written and played by Lee Erwin. (Sept. 23 at 7 and 9.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

Angels Over Broadway (1940)—Ben Hecht wrote, produced, and, with the famous cinematographer Lee Garmes, directed this nightlife story about a poor clerk (John Qualen) who is going to kill himself if he can't get $3,000, and a drunken playwright (Thomas Mitchell) who takes him in charge. The playwright thinks that since sharp gamblers always let you win at poker before they trim you, the trick is to leave the game early. Rita Hayworth and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., are the young lovers who complicate the playwright's plan. Hecht's characters talk too much, but he was a compulsive gambler himself, and there's a genial, original spirit to this movie. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 24.)

La Bamba—Written and directed by Luis Valdez, this is the life story of the Chicano rock 'n' roller Ritchie Valens (Lou Diamond Phillips), who had three hit records before he died at seventeen in a plane crash, in 1959. Valdez isn't primarily concerned with Ritchie Valens as the bullet of talent he must have been. The film's Ritchie is simply a warm, friendly Latino version of the boy next door. Ritchie Valens' music, as it's performed by the group Los Lobos, with David Hidalgo singing for Phillips, is what carries the movie along, but even with the music and brief appearances by Stephen Lee, Brian Setzer, and Howard Huntsberry, this is a leaden, lachrymose piece of filmmaking. With the fiery, hammy Esai Morales as Ritchie's tormented, bad-boy half brother, Bob; Elizabeth Peña (she has a comic side) as Bob's wife, who keeps looking at him with disgust; Rosana De Soto as the boys' mother; Joe Pantoliano as Bob Keene; and Marshall Crenshaw as Buddy Holly. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/10/87.) (86th Street Twin, Art Greenwich Twin, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Plaza; through Sept. 17.)

The Big Easy—It has an amateurish, fifties-B-movie droopiness. Dennis Quaid plays a vain, irresistible New Orleans police lieutenant, half-Irish, half-Cajun, who is relaxed about accepting free meals and small favors; to him that's friendly, it has nothing to do with crime. Ellen Barkin plays a new assistant district attorney from up North who believes in the letter of the law—you can tell that from her drab tailored suits and her asexual prissiness. The lieutenant goes to work on her immediately in a few fairly explicit devilish-charmer-and-nervous-novice scenes, and her inhibitions melt away. The carnal humor of these moments gives the film a distinctive amiability, but there's too much TV-style drugs and killing, and the director, Jim McBride, has Quaid and Barkin playing too broadly; he also has the camera too close in—the performers stick out of the film frame. With Ned Beatty, John Goodman, Grace Zabriski, Lisa Jane Persky, and the great Charles Ludlam, who thrives on broadness. As a gentleman lawyer of Old Dixie, he rolls his eyes and wraps the picture like a ribbon around his panama hat. The script is by Daniel Petrie, Jr., and Jack Baran. (9/7/87) (86th Street Twin, and Waverly. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, Manhattan Twin, Metro Cinema, and Embassy 1; through Sept. 24.)

Cabin in the Sky (1943)—It's a joyful, stylized treatment of *faux naïf* Negro folklore, with an all-black cast, and it's one of the best musicals ever made in this country. It becomes even better with the years: now it's easier to ignore the weaknesses in the script, because it's so exciting to see legendary artists, such as Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, Louis Armstrong, John W. Bubbles (John William Sublett), and Duke Ellington, as they were in the forties. The script, by Joseph Schrank, is based on the stage musical, with music by Vernon Duke. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. (Film Forum 2; Sept. 25-26.)

Dirty Dancing—Set in a Catskills resort in the summer of 1963, this bright dance musical is about the role that dancing had in the embryonic counterculture. It's also a girl's version of that old phony: the-summer-I-grew-up-and-everything-changed. In the boys' version, the hero typically came down to earth with a jolt. But this is a girl's coming-of-age fantasy: the seventeen-year-old heroine, Baby (Jennifer Grey), ascends to spiritual and sensual perfection. For Baby, a doctor's daughter, the change occurs as the result of self-discovery through dancing and then through her sexual initiation and her full and open commitment to the resort's working-class dance instructor, Johnny (Patrick Swayze). Too many life lessons are learned in this bubble-headed, retro vision of growing up in the sixties, and its wish-fulfillment aspect makes Baby and Johnny and all their dirty-dancing friends pure of heart—it defuses any possible explosiveness in the material. But the director, Emile Ardolino, and the choreographer,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Kenny Ortega, use the dancing to bring out the sensual dreaminess of the songs, and the screenwriter, Eleanor Bergstein, writes light, rumpled dialogue that helps you over the hooey. With Cynthia Rhodes, Jack Weston, Jerry Orbach, Honi Coles, Lonny Price, Kelly Bishop, and Jane Brucker. (8/24/87) (Gemini, 23rd St. West Triplex, 57th St. Playhouse, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and National Twin. . . . ¶ 86th Street East Twin; through Sept. 17. . . . ¶ U. A. East; starting Sept. 18.)

Eat the Peach—Whimsical, with an element of desperation underneath. The setting is an Irish village just a few miles across the border from Northern Ireland. Thrown out of work when the local Japanese computer factory closes down, Vinnie (Stephen Brennan) and his brother-in-law, Arthur (Eamon Morrissey), watch a cassette of Elvis Presley in the 1964 "Roustabout" and see a motorcyclist ride in a carnival Wall of Death—a round, wide, high, barrel-like track where centrifugal force keeps the rider up in the air circling. Soon they're building their own Wall of Death. This engaging, informal movie—it's loose, with a lot of humor—is about the deep-seated eccentricity of a man like Vinnie, who solves only those problems that tease his imagination. Building the Wall keeps his brains and hopes from rotting. The director, Peter Ormrod, and the producer, John Kelleher, wrote the script together; they tell the story (which is based on actual events) as if it were a simple one, taking care to let it expand in our minds. This is not like any other film you've seen; at times you may feel a little tuned out, but then the vision comes together. When Vinnie's little daughter, her face as determined as his, rides her tricycle along the Wall, trying to climb it, there's nothing coy about the kid. And when she wakes up one night and rushes outside, her hair streaming back from her head, she's the soul of Ireland, the way Sara Allgood was when she played in "Juno and the Paycock." With Catherine Byrne as Nora, Niall Toibin as Boots, and Bernadette O'Neill as the blond barmaid. (7/27/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Full Metal Jacket—Stanley Kubrick's Vietnam film stays reasonably close to its source, Gustav Hasford's compressed, white-hot novel "The Short-Timers," yet the novel has an accumulating force of horror and the movie doesn't. The first three-quarters of an hour is basic training in the Marines stripped down to a cartoonish horrorshow; it's military S & M, and the pounding compulsiveness can easily be taken for the work of a master director. After that, the movie becomes dispersed, and you can't get an emotional reading on it. Kubrick probably believes he's numbing us by the power of his vision, but he's actually numbing us by its emptiness. The script is by Kubrick, Michael Herr, and Hasford. Shot in England, with Matthew Modine as Private Joker, who wears a Peace symbol; Vincent D'Onofrio as poor, doughy-faced Pyle; Lee Ermey as the gunnery sergeant; and Arliss Howard, Dorian Harewood, and Adam Baldwin. (7/13/87) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and Criterion Center; through Sept. 17.)

Hamburger Hill—It tells the story of a squad of fourteen American soldiers who, in Vietnam, in 1969, are ordered to take a hill. The men keep going up the hill, and being driven back by enemy fire; when it rains, they slide down the mud while the North Vietnamese throw grenades at them. After ten days they're in control of the hill, but most of the squad have given their lives to it. This film doesn't provide the viewer with the shelter of melodrama. It's a straightforward, unblinking account of the interrelationships of these young men—most of them boys of nineteen. Almost inevitably, the hill comes to represent Vietnam, but it does so without histrionics. Most of the power of this scrupulously honest memorial isn't in the talk; it's in the terror and the foreignness—the far-from-homeness—of the imagery. Directed by John Irvin, the film has great decency; it joins together terror and thoughtfulness. (The script, by Jim Carabatsos, merely touches the appropriate points to achieve a balanced view.) Cinematography by Peter MacDonald; music by Philip Glass; editing by Peter Tanner. (9/7/87) (Loews Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gotham Cinema, Loews Orpheum, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through Sept. 17.)

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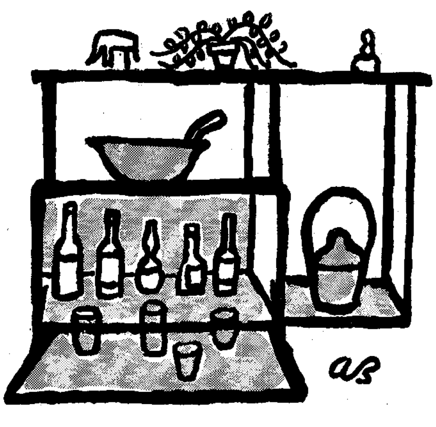
Jean de Florette—The setting is Provence in the early nineteen-twenties. As the hunchback Jean de Florette, an educated, nature-loving city fellow who has learned about farming from books, Gérard Depardieu wears "GOOD MAN" in capital letters across his wide brow; in smaller letters we can read "He has poetry in his soul." Jean has a devoted wife (Elisabeth Depardieu), who used to sing in opera, and a delicate little daughter named Manon. And for slightly over two hours we watch him trudge across the land he has inherited hauling two barrels of water that are fastened across his hump. When there's no rain, his plants shrivel and his rabbits die, and it's agonizing for us, because we know that there's a spring of fresh mountain water on the land. His neighbors—the prosperous, greedy old peasant César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and César's dull-witted nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil)—have hidden the spring under a load of cement, so that Jean will be forced to sell out to them. Adapted from the first volume of Marcel Pagnol's two-part novel "The Water of the Hills," published in 1963 (it was derived from a picture he made in 1952), "Jean de Florette" is to be followed, later this year, by "Manon of the Spring." The director, Claude Berri, who did the adaptation with Gérard Brach, aimed for fidelity to the novel; he has said that it was his task to give the material "a cinematic rhythm," but "there was no need for imagination." That's what *he* thinks. The wide-screen cinematography is by Bruno Nuytten. In French. (7/13/87) (Paris; through Sept. 17. . . . ¶ Lincoln Plaza; starting Sept. 18.)

Leave Her to Heaven (1945)—Gothic psychologizing melodrama, so preposterously full-blown and straight-faced that it's a juicy entertainment. Evil, beautiful Ellen (Gene Tierney) hoards her father's ashes and has a penchant for eliminating people who clutter up her life. There are scenes to cherish: Ellen impassively watching her brother-in-law drown; Ellen flinging herself down a flight of stairs to terminate an annoying pregnancy; Ellen going lickety-split on a charger, tossing her father's remains around the Technicolored New Mexico landscape; Ellen's long-suffering writer husband (Cornel Wilde) remarking, "When I looked at you, exotic words drifted across the mirror of my mind like clouds across the summer sky." John M. Stahl directed. With Jeanne Crain, Vincent Price, Ray Collins, and Gene Lockhart. (Thalia SoHo; Sept. 22.)

Letter from an Unknown Woman (1948)—Joan Fontaine suffers and suffers, but so *exquisitely* in this romantic evocation of late-nineteenth-century Vienna that one doesn't know whether to clobber the poor, wronged creature or to give in and weep. A pianist, Louis Jourdan, seduces the impressionable adolescent Joan and promptly forgets her; years later he meets her again, and, thinking her a fresh conquest, seduces her again. But in the intervening years she has borne him a child and remained hopelessly in love with him. This ironic love story, which is probably the toniest "woman's picture" ever made, is based on Stefan Zweig's "Brief Einer Unbekannten." Directed by Max Ophuls. With Mady Christians. (Thalia SoHo; Sept. 20.)



Living on Tokyo Time—Steven Okazaki's low-budget independent comedy has a fair number of good, knowing jokes about rock 'n' roll around the edges, but its center—a mild anecdote about a marriage of convenience between a girl from Tokyo who wants to stay in San Francisco and a painfully quiet Japanese-American guitarist—is strictly easy-listening. This is a culture-clash movie: Kyoko (Minako Ohashi) isn't very fluent in English, and Ken (Ken Nakagawa) has no Japanese, so they can't communicate. The problem is, they look like they wouldn't know what to say anyway—and that's the movie's problem, too. Okazaki's real interest seems to lie in Ken's basement-band subculture: the world of dim, marginal rock 'n' rollers whose drug of choice, or economic necessity, is junk food, whose T-shirts and posters (Ken's include Patti Smith, Johnny Thunders, and the Velvet Underground) are more expressive than their music.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza; through Sept. 17.)

The Lost Boys—Or, "I Was Almost a Teen-Age Vampire." The only distinction of this brainless horror comedy is that it adds an especially convenient new concept to the lore of vampire movies: the reversible vampire. The hero (Jason Patric) and the heroine (Jami Gertz) are "half-vampires," who drink blood, but only from the bottle; they haven't made their first kills yet. And, according to the new rules, if they can find and destroy the head vampire they'll be normal kids again—completely detoxed. It's a half-movie. The kid cast includes Corey Haim, Corey Feldman, and, as the most ferocious of the adolescent bloodsuckers, Kiefer Sutherland. Adults Dianne Wiest, Edward Herrmann, and Barnard Hughes slum morosely. Directed by Joel Schumacher.—T.R. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and Criterion Center.)

Maurice—With James Wilby, directed by James Ivory. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Paris; starting Sept. 18.)

My Life as a Dog—Lasse Hallström's film is a gentle, episodic narrative of a twelve-year-old boy (Anton Glanzelius) growing up in nineteen-fifties Sweden. Ingemar, a lively but sensitive kid, gets passed around from household to household when his mother becomes seriously ill. At its best, the movie is very shrewd about the ways children protect themselves from disorienting, and even traumatic, experiences. Hallström's naïveté as a director gives many of the dramatic scenes a touching straightforwardness. But that same quality sabotages the comic passages with a tone of heavy, self-satisfied whimsy. With Tomas von Brömssen, Anki Liden, Ingmari Carlsson, and Melinda Kinnaman. Screenplay by Hallström, Reidar Jönsson, Brasse Brännstrom, and Per Berglund, from Jönsson's novel. In Swedish.—T.R. (Quad Cinema, Carnegie Screening Room, and Lincoln Plaza.)

My Man Godfrey (1936)—In this entertaining screwball comedy about the Depression, Carole Lombard is a rich, gorgeous nit who goes to the city dump to find a "forgotten man." The man she finds—a suave, bitter victim of the economic collapse—is played by William Powell. The movie starts out with a promising satiric idea and winds up in box-office romance, but it's likable and well paced even at its silliest. Lombard shrieks happily, and Powell modulates impeccably. With Mischa Auer, Alice Brady, and Franklin Pangborn. Directed by Gregory La Cava, from a screenplay by Eric Hatch and Morrie Ryskind. (Thalia SoHo; Sept 24.)

Nadine—With Kim Basinger, Jeff Bridges, and Rip Torn; directed by Robert Benton. (8/24/87) (Gemini; through Sept. 17.)

The Night of the Iguana (1964)—Richard Burton is the defrocked clergyman working as a tour guide; Ava Gardner is the strumpety widow who operates the run-down Mexican hotel where the action centers; Deborah Kerr is the saintly, middle-aged spinster from

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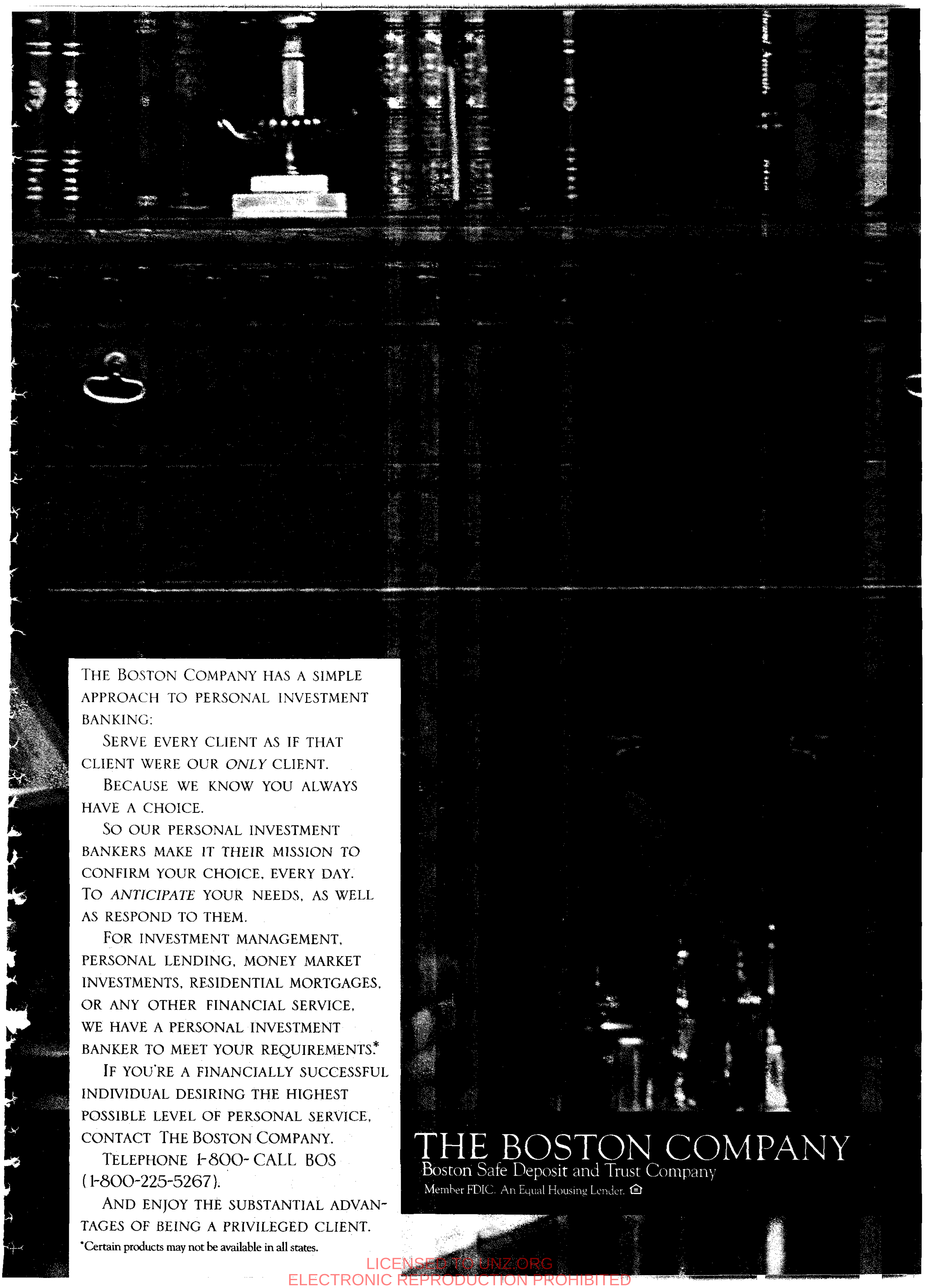

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Nantucket; and Sue Lyon is the teen-ager out to seduce the minister. The director, John Huston, brings some coarse melodramatic vitality to the Tennessee Williams play, but whatever poetry it had seems to have leaked out. And without that the movie is terribly obvious, sentimental, and plain dumb. (Thalia SoHo; Sept. 23.)

No Way Out—This is a film noir without malevolence or mystery. It's a Yuppie thriller: it has no psychological layers. Mostly it involves chasing around the glass offices and corridors of the Pentagon (actually Stage 27 at the old M-G-M studios in Culver City). But many people respond to it with hot, jumpy enthusiasm—especially to the high-level friskiness and the display of thigh in a stretch limo. A reworking of the plot of the Kenneth Fearing novel "The Big Clock," filmed in 1948, with Charles Laughton as a Henry Luce figure, the Robert Garland script features Gene Hackman as an arrogant Secretary of Defense who discovers that his mistress (Sean Young) has a lover—though not who it is—and, in a rage, accidentally kills her. His wormy yes-man aide (Will Patton) dreams up the idea that the lover is an as yet undiscovered—perhaps only hypothetical—Russian agent named Yuri, who can be blamed for the murder. Needing a front man for this coverup, they arrange to have a naval hero (Kevin Costner) put in charge of the search to find the lover and "neutralize" him. This naval hero is, of course, the lover, and the movie, told from his point of view, is about his peril. There's a surprise at the end—a twist that has a logic, if you take the whole movie as a wacko joke on Oliver North as the Manchurian Candidate. But it's a surprise you don't want—a fizzle. The director, Roger Donaldson, whips the action along, with camera angles changing so fast you hardly have time to ask what the chases are for or why the story points don't follow through. He can't do much about Young's archness, though, or her peals of phony laughter; she may look like Kay Kendall, but she acts like a nutbird Ali MacGraw. With Howard Duff, George Dzundza, Iman, and Fred Dalton Thompson. Cinematography by John Alcott; editing by Neil Travis. (9/7/87) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount; through Sept. 17. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and Guild; through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ Plaza, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy; starting Sept. 18.)

RoboCop—In this punk sci-fi revenge fantasy, the near future is played for depravity, for kicks. Set in a Detroit of cloud-topped skyscrapers and a decaying older part of the city where rapists and vandals run wild and every day is open season on cops, the movie is shot in a deliberate sicko-sleazo comic-book style. (Body parts are treated as if they were auto-body parts.) When Murphy (Peter Weller), a young cop employed by the all-powerful conglomerate OCP, is blown apart by a gang of scummy sadists, OCP's scientists use his remains as part of a cyborg—an experimental model for an organic, automated cop that requires food but is virtually indestructible and is programmed to keep order. The Dutch director, Paul Verhoeven, was nastily witty in "The 4th Man," but here, working in English, he doesn't have the timing or the spirit for that. This isn't gallows humor—it's just gallows pulp. As Murphy's woman-cop partner, Nancy Allen has the right soft tones to give the movie a little differentiation; it makes sense that she would get through to RoboCop's human memory. (When he removes his steel hood, his tense, pained face has the imaginative beauty that stirs audiences at classic horror films.) With Kurtwood Smith, Miguel Ferrer, Daniel O'Herlihy, Ronny Cox, and Robert DoQui. Written by Edward Neumeier and Michael Miner. (8/10/87) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and National Twin. . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through Sept. 17.)

Stakeout—Wanting to be loved isn't necessarily the worst thing in an actor: Richard Dreyfuss makes his adorableness amusing here, and gives his most confident star performance to date. He and Emilio Estevez play two Seattle police detectives who are assigned to the night shift on a stakeout, watching the former girlfriend (Madeleine Stowe) of an es*caped convict (Aidan Quinn). The Dreyfuss* character finds himself falling in love with the woman he's spying on, and when he breaks the rules and spends time with her he's aware that his partner, Estevez, is watching him. All this is a jolly setup for amorous farce, and Dreyfuss has a Chaplinesque glee in some of the scenes; he's fun to watch. The director, John Badham, does his most entertaining work in years, but you feel the pressure of engineering underneath. For all the nippiness in the dialogue (the script is by Jim Kouf), and the comic interplay of the actors, the picture doesn't leave you with anything. Aidan Quinn, who first appears heavily bearded, has a dashing, bulging-blue-eyed scariness. (Shot in and around Vancouver.) (8/24/87) (Bay Cinema, and Embassy. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex, and Metro Cinema; through Sept. 17. . . . ¶ Beekman, and Embassy 72nd St.; through Sept. 24.)

Tampopo—Written and directed by Juzo Itami, this understated farce has its own brand of dippy enchantment. It's about noodles, pleasure, and the movies. The title, which is Japanese for "dandelion," is the name of a fortyish widow (Nobuko Miyamoto) who is trying to make a go of a run-down noodle shop on the outskirts of Tokyo. A courtly truck driver (Tsutomu Yamazaki), who wears a dark-brown cowboy hat straight across his brow, like the righteous hero of a solemn Western, makes it his mission to help her become a real noodle cook. The film crosscuts between the story of Tampopo and her cowboy samurai and the culinary-erotic adventures of a pair of lovers: a gangster in a white suit and his ready-for-everything cutie. These two demonstrate that eating and sex can be the same thing. The movie is constructed like a comic essay, with random frivolous touches, and much of it is shot in hot, bright color that suggests a neon fusion of urban night life and movie madness. The subtexts connect with viewers' funnybones at different times, and part of the fun of the movie is listening to the sudden eruptions of giggles—it's as if some kids were running around in the theatre tickling people. In Japanese. (6/1/87) (Cinema Studio.)

Tough Guys Don't Dance—With Ryan O'Neal and Isabella Rossellini, directed by Norman Mailer. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews New York Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex; starting Sept. 18.)

Ulysses (1967)—No doubt the director, Joseph Strick, hoped for a great deal more, but the film he made is merely an act of homage to Joyce's novel in the form of readings from the book plus illustrated slides. On the soundtrack are the lines we want to hear, and it's good to be reminded of them, but they don't have the sensuality or the weight that they had in the novel; they're merely quotations from a classic—well selected and intelligently read. With Maurice Roeves as Stephen, Milo O'Shea as Bloom, Barbara Jefford as Molly, and T. P. McKenna, Anna Manahan, and Maureen Potter. (Thalia SoHo; Sept. 21.)

The Untouchables—Set in Chicago circa 1930—Al Capone's capital of crime—this Brian De Palma movie, from a script by David Mamet, is like an attempt to visualize the public's collective dream of Chicago gangsters. Our movie-fed imagination of the past is enlarged and given a new vividness. De Palma is a showman here. Everything is neatly done in broad strokes, and the slight unbelievability of it all makes it more enjoyable. Robert De Niro's Capone is a plump peacock with receding hair and a fat cigar in his mouth. The four men who fight to restore the honor of a corrupted society—the four who can't be bribed, the Untouchables—are the fresh-faced young Special Agent Eliot Ness, played by Kevin Costner; a smart, ornery veteran cop, played (magnificently) by Sean Connery; a rookie-cop sharpshooter (Andy Garcia); and a small, middle-aged accountant (Charles Martin Smith). It's not a great movie; it's too banal, too morally comfortable—the script is too obvious. But it's a great audience movie. Cinematography by Stephen H. Burum; music by Ennio Morricone. (Every now and then you may wonder what Morricone's throbbing disco-synthesizer beat is doing in this period.) (6/29/87) (Criterion Center.)

Village of the Damned (1960)—A little-known thriller about wicked kids. It's clever and has some really chilling moments. George Sanders is the lead, and Martin Stephens is the scar*iest of the cold-eyed children from outer* space. Directed by Wolf Rilla (a terrific

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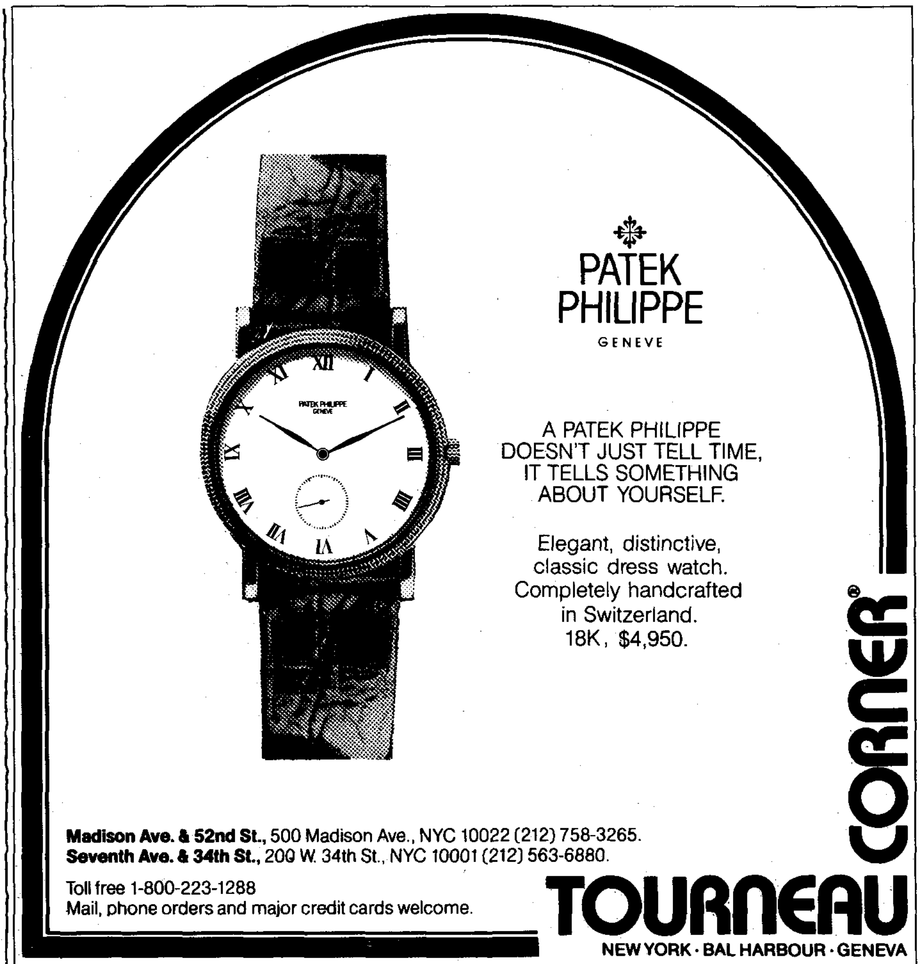
name for the director of this particular film). (Film Forum 2; Sept. 23.)

WHAT HAVE I DONE TO DESERVE THIS! (1984)—This Spanish film by the bad-boy writer-director Pedro Almodóvar has an Off Off Broadway informality. It's a generally likable dadaist farce about working-class family life in Madrid's housing projects. The heroine, Gloria (Carmen Maura), drags herself through eighteen-hour days with the help of No Doz and an occasional sniff of glue or detergent. She goes out to work as a cleaning woman and also cooks and scrubs for her taxi-driver husband (who's a gifted forger and is involved in a scheme to fake Hitler's memoirs) and her two sons—a fourteen-year-old drug dealer and a twelve-year-old hustler who seduces his schoolmates' fathers. The picture is like a slap-happy comic-strip version of "The Threepenny Opera." It's flip enough to be fairly amusing to watch, but it leaves you with not much to talk about. In Spanish. (Public Theatre; starting Sept. 18.)

THE WHISTLE BLOWER—A gray, muted British thriller about double-dealing and intricate coverups in the intelligence service. Julian Bond's script (from a novel by John Hale) aims for the tone of civilized amorality familiar to readers of John le Carré, and the director, Simon Langton, has worked this territory before—he directed the memorable TV adaptation of "Smiley's People." But this story isn't quite complex or surprising enough to engage us fully—the fiendish overelaboration of a le Carré plot is missing. It's painless, though, thanks mostly to its good cast. Michael Caine is, as always, effortlessly convincing; Sir John Gielgud provides yet another of his impeccably chiselled cameos; Barry Foster does a spectacular drunk scene; and Nigel Havers, Felicity Dean, James Fox, and Gordon Jackson mill competently through the background.—T.R. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith, and Columbia Cinema; through Sept. 17.)

WISH YOU WERE HERE—Set in a seaside town on the south coast of England and shot in warm, sunny flesh tones, this English comedy has a satirical yet dreamlike texture. It's about an uncontrollably ribald girl who flaunts her sexuality the same way she flaunts taboo words. It's 1951; she lifts up her skirts to show off her Betty Grable legs and gives men a good look at her knickers. The sixteen-year-old Emily Lloyd, who plays the part, has the kind of freshness and youthfulness that can't be faked on camera; she embodies everything that the writer-director David Leland is trying to say about the spontaneity, the honesty, and the happy, rude extroversion that kids have pressured out of them. The film is based on the early years of Cynthia Payne, who was the inspiration for the madam in "Personal Services" (which Leland wrote). The first-rate cast includes Tom Bell as the girl's bookie lover, Geoffrey Hutchings as her father, Jesse Birdsall as her bus-conductor boyfriend, Pat Heywood as her aunt, and Heathcote Williams as the psychiatrist she's taken to. The film has its banal side, but it's never visually banal; the cinematography is by Ian Wilson. (7/27/87) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

WITHNAIL AND I—This first film directed by Bruce Robinson is a very peculiar comedy about a pair of young unemployed actors living in London in 1969. This isn't the bright, swinging London of sixties legend but the damp and sunless city that always was and always will be—a claustrophobic, mildewy atmosphere lightened only by sporadic blasts of undergraduate wit. The heroes are extremely funny in the first half hour, using jokes and a variety of intoxicants to keep the rot from seeping into their bones. Then Robinson (who also wrote the screenplay) transplants them to a decrepit country cottage, and the picture—almost literally—bogs down: there hasn't been this much mud onscreen since the last hour of "The Seven Samurai." He never completely runs out of comic energy, though, and Richard E. Grant, as the flamboyantly dissolute Withnail, is wonderful throughout. This crumbling hippie/dandy is never so drunk or so stoned that he can't launch a brittle bon mot, in a perfect upper-class accent. He suggests, simultaneously, George Sanders and Keith Richards—no small accomplishment. With Paul McGann (as "I"), Richard Griffiths, and Ralph Brown as a drug dealer who attaches himself like a mold to the heroes' sofa.—T.R. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ New Carnegie; through Sept. 24.)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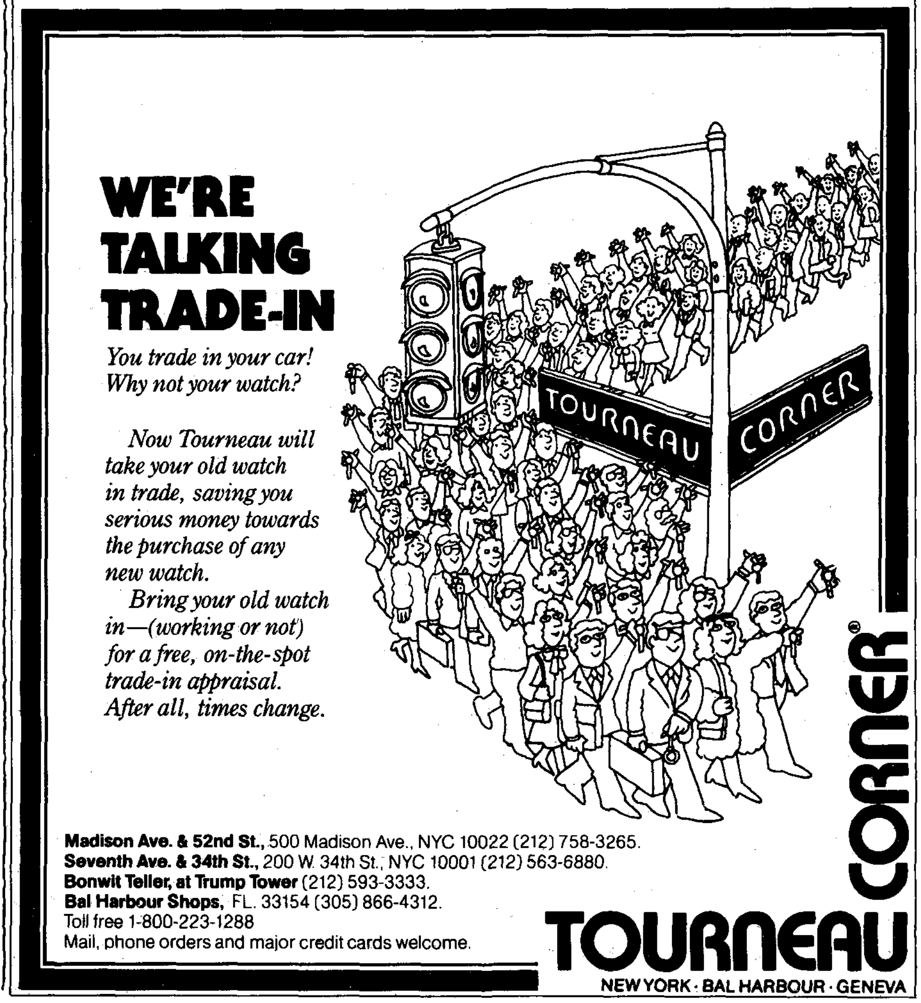
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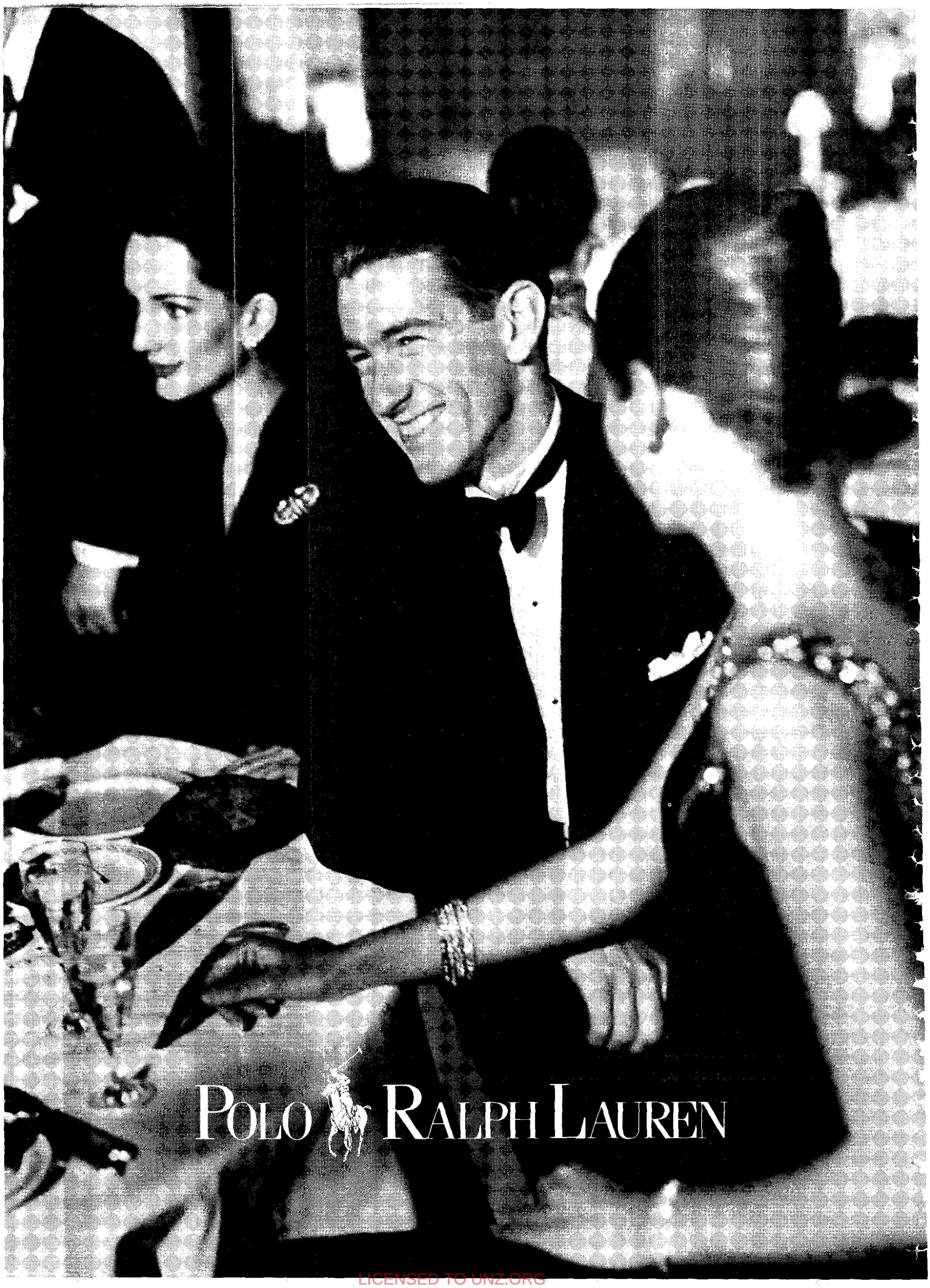

POLO RALPH LAUREN

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

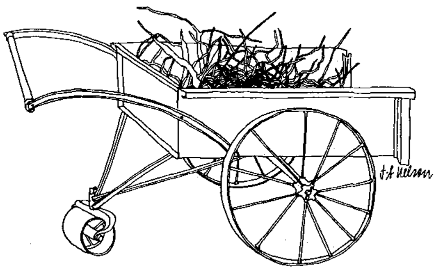
Notes and Comment

ON April 23, 1987, Natan and Etya Tkach, Soviet Jews in their seventies, were refused permission to emigrate from the Soviet Union in order to join their daughter, Klavdia Fridman, their son-in-law, Ezik Fridman, and their grandson, Leonid, in the United States. This was the twentieth time their request for an exit visa had been turned down; they have applied every six months for the past ten years—ever since the Fridmans were granted permission to leave. The couple's health is failing now, and they do not want to die alone, separated from their family. They and the Fridmans are trying to be guardedly optimistic; after all, these are the days of *glasnost*, and the Kremlin has stepped up the rate of emigration. (Just recently, it allowed several prominent Jewish dissidents who had been longtime refuseniks to leave, and, a few days after that, two hundred more Jews—one of the largest groups to get out of the Soviet Union at one time since 1982.) The government has even begun to improve conditions for Jews within the country; synagogues may be created wherever the need exists, for example, and a kosher restaurant is opening in Moscow. But at the same time that the number of émigrés is increasing, the requirements for emigration have become more stringent: on January 1st of this year, new laws took effect that limited emigration only to those Jews with immediate family members—parents, children, siblings—outside the Soviet Union. (Grandchildren, for example, don't qualify.) Also, parents must now give permission for their children to emigrate, and if the parents will be a financial burden on the state, their children can't leave.

The Tkaches' situation is all too commonplace. In 1986, only nine hundred and fourteen Jews were allowed to emigrate. The figure for 1987, it is estimated, will be up around ten thousand, but this is still nowhere close to the figure for 1979, when more than fifty-one thousand Jews were granted exit visas. At the current rate of emigration, it will take about forty years for all the four hundred thousand Jews who have expressed a desire to leave to actually do so. Statistics like those are so daunting that they tend to turn the reality they represent into an abstraction, something unfathomable. Recently, though, we spoke with Klavdia Fridman, who is an operations manager for a shipping company and lives in Staten Island with her husband, who is an engineer. This is what she told us:

"You know, we received a picture of my parents just this Saturday. All her life, my mother was a strong woman, and now she looks a hundred years old. Her eyes show that she is very ill. I was crying all day. All those years, they never said anything to us—my mother didn't want us to feel bad. She has always cheered *us* up. Finally, she did tell us she was very ill, and now she's losing hope and you can hardly recognize her. She has pancreatitis and a heart problem and high blood pressure, and she's had surgery several times, but she's not receiving any treatment—she's just on a special diet. I don't know what she exists on—maybe bread and potatoes.

"When we left Russia, we felt sure that my parents would follow. We had been afraid that the authorities wouldn't let *us* out—that they'd never let young professionals go. If we'd been refused, we would have stayed together with my parents in Russia. But we were lucky, and we left in March of 1977—we wanted to arrive ahead of my parents to make their adjustment here easier—and in July my mother and father applied for the first time. They reapplied as soon as they could—you have to wait six months—and, you know, none of these refusals have ever been given in writing. They send you a card and have you call and make an appointment, and then you go to the office and you're told. At the beginning, either there was no reason given for the refusals or they'd be told '*Nye tselesoobrazno*'—that it was 'not advisable' for them to leave. A lot of people got refusals on those grounds. The last few times—including this most recent refusal—they were told it was because of the security risk posed by my father. We suspect it's because he worked his entire life—from before the Second World War till he retired, in 1973—in a machine plant. But he did menial labor—he was semi-skilled, uneducated. He can barely read a newspaper, but he has muscles. He tightened bolts. He didn't have enough skills, and in his last six years there he just distributed overalls to workers at the beginning of the shift and collected them at the end. Now he is almost completely deaf, and he forgets things, and my mother tells me his hands shake.



"Our decision to leave Russia started with a feeling that we were Jews. My parents were raised in the Ukraine, in a shtetl, but then they went to Moscow. Obviously, there weren't just Jews there. They assimilated a bit, but they maintained the traditions—though you had to hide that, because you couldn't mention such things at work or in school. My parents spoke Yiddish between themselves, but it was shameful to speak it on the street. When Leonid was five and started kindergarten, he came home once and said, 'I don't like to be called Fridman, I'd like to be called Ivanov.' That's like Smith here. So I started to tell him Old Testament stories, as if they were fairy tales. I was afraid to tell him too much, but I wanted to give him some background. So he became interested when he was just a small child, and when we came to the United States he chose to be circumcised—my husband had been afraid to have him circumcised in Russia. It was Leonid's own decision. He was fourteen at the time, and he said, 'I want to become a Jew.'

"We left Russia, really, for Leonid. When he began studying mathematics, we realized he had a gift for it. He was admitted to a very prestigious science school, affiliated with Moscow University. He got many awards. And at that level there was no anti-Semitic discrimination; more than half the students there were Jewish. But we knew he had no chance of getting into Moscow University. So we came here when he was fourteen, and a friend tipped us off about Stuyvesant High School. One of his first days there, he was the only one in the math class who could solve a certain problem, but when he opened his mouth to speak, everyone laughed, because he had such a heavy accent. Four years after coming to this country, Leonid got into Harvard. In 1985, he received a Fulbright to go to Israel. And now he's getting his doctorate at Harvard.

"You know, he and his grandmother are the closest of friends. When he was born, she quit her work as a bookkeeper in order to raise him, since I was a professional. We all lived in the same apartment, and she used to say—and still does say—that she never loved anyone more than Leonid. We all called him Grandma's son. Leonid writes her a letter every week, even though he hasn't seen her in ten years.

"We miss each other so much. I've thought of trying to return for a visit, but someone like me who leaves the Soviet Union is looked upon as a traitor to the country. You see, I worked there for the Minister of Foreign Trade, and I graduated from the Institute of International Relations—many of the Soviet élite were there, like Gromyko's daughter. So I have always been afraid to return, and I don't even know if they would grant me and my family guest visas.

"Now, though, with *glasnost* and all, it seemed it would be safe to go back on a visit. We still felt afraid—you don't lose your fear just like that—but this seemed to be the time. So about a year ago we asked my mother if we should come visit. Of course, it's not that we want to *visit* my parents—we want to take care of them in their last days. But my mother said no. She said she could not bear to see us only to have us leave again. She used to say it would take time till we were all together. She had hope. We all had. She has always said it is her dream to see Leonid before she dies."

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Land Creatures

A YOUNG woman we know writes:

I never expected to cross the path of an adventurer, in the true sense of the word, but my friend Cathy's brother is just that. His name is Ed Gillet, and he is the world's foremost kayaker. On June 25th, he set out on an unprecedented twenty-two-hundred-mile voyage across the Pacific Ocean—from Monterey, California, to Maui, Hawaii. He was already famous among kayak people for the ten thousand miles of kayaking he had done. This time, Ed was gone for sixty-three days, in a kayak twenty-one feet long (which doesn't seem very big to me) and in the middle of the ocean, instead of along a shoreline, the way kayakers usually like to be. Of course, Ed had planned the trip for two years. He knew the logistics, the science, and all the other stuff that seafarers have to know. He was better prepared for this trip than most people are to run to the grocery store or go fill up the car with gas. So you would think that might ease a family's worries—but if you think that you've never had a family.

Ed's sister Cathy lives here in New York, and, as her friend, I felt like the luckiest spectator: all the thrills, none of the bills. I had never met Ed, he wasn't my brother, my worry about him turned to admiration, and I heard myself saying such dumb things as "Yeah, but, Cathy, people get hit by cars or drown in their own bathtubs. At least, Ed will be in places only a few people ever get to see."

But after the first couple of weeks I found that my mind had been following Ed out to sea; by the time I knew he was days away from the sight of land, I was getting scared myself. What about sharks? My conversations with Cathy began to center more and more on Ed and what he might be doing. During our third or fourth phone call one day, Cathy said, "Last night, I got really sad, because I started thinking about Ed out there all alone in the dark." In the dark! I had forgotten about that.

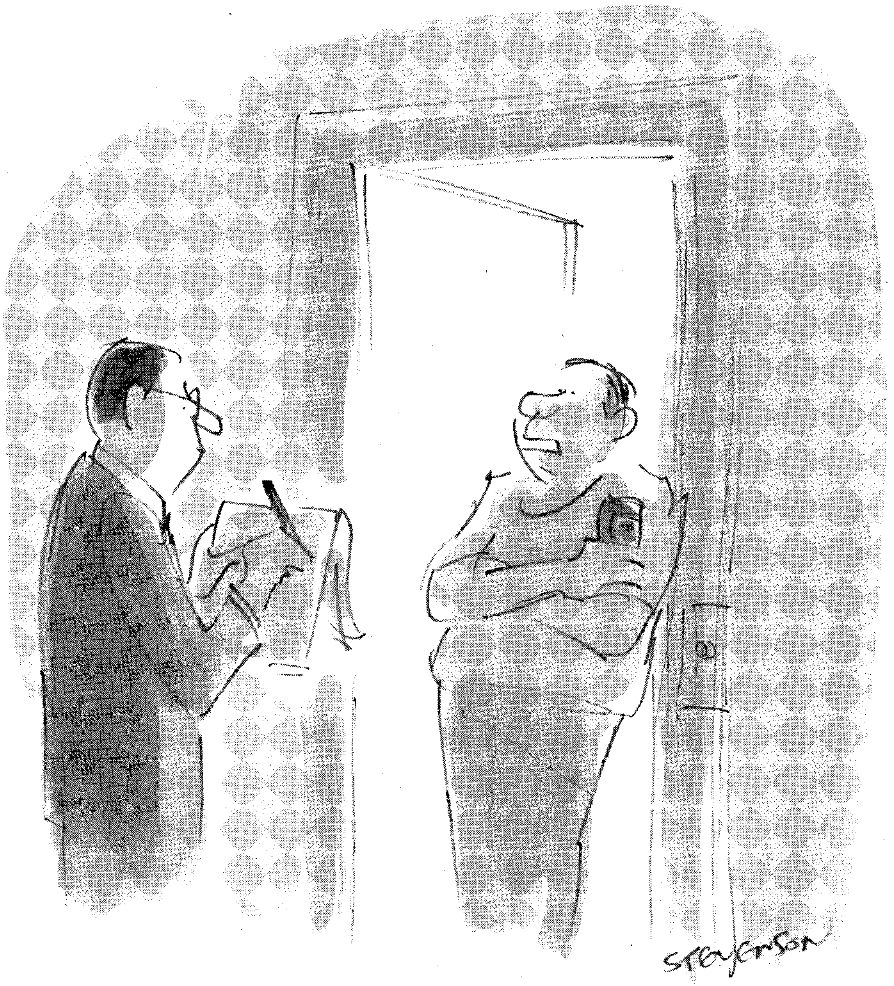
Then, after what seemed like a year of horror stories, Cathy called one morning screaming with excitement. Ed had made it. She said her father had just got a collect call from Ed, who had paddled up onto the beach in Maui and staggered to a pay phone. It was August 27th. After sixty-three days of unrelenting nature, the first thing Ed communed with on land was a pay phone. The next morning, Cathy played me a message he had left on her machine. It sounded as if he had just walked into his air-conditioned kitchen after finishing up the lawn, and might be going to sit down with a glass of iced tea. He didn't sound even as culture-shocked as I am when I leave New York for an afternoon.

I couldn't wait to hear about his adventure. I would get to ask him whatever I wanted, because I was friends with his sister. But I waited my turn—I came after Johnny Carson. Ed and his boat were guests on the "Tonight Show." The next day, I called him, and this is what he told me:

"I was never really afraid of sharks, because there aren't that many out there in the middle of the ocean—there's nothing for them to feed on. . . . The nighttime was fine. In some ways, better. I could navigate with the stars. I couldn't get sunburned. . . . The last few days of my trip, I had total recall of every restaurant I had ever eaten in. I could remember sandwiches I had eaten on specific days in Mexico. . . . One thing I learned about the ocean was that every place has its own feel. A person might think of the ocean as a desert or a wasteland, but all parts are very individual. Different temperatures, currents, fish, birds. I would know where I was exactly, if I went there again, by those differences."

Ed said the waves got as high as twenty feet, but he rode them and they rarely broke over him. He said that his thoughts of his family were most dear to him. He said that he couldn't wait to have coffee with his wife, but that creature comforts were still low on his list of necessities. He described one wonderful part of the ocean where the trade winds were with him for about six hundred miles and he was led and circled by mahi mahis and schools of flying fish and remoras; he said the weather was beautiful there, and the rain felt nice. He said there were areas where he saw whales, and areas that were like playgrounds and fishing grounds for birds and dolphins. As he described these things, I kept seeing fairy-tale picture-book images—as if he had actually watched the finch get its brilliant color.

Much of the time, he was in pain, but he approached his problems mathematically and rationally, realizing that everything hard was hard only for that moment and would be better later. Of course, Ed's tolerance for pain is a little higher than the average VCR owner's. Ed says he doesn't think of himself as a hero, though he doesn't believe that many people could make that trip. It wasn't done to achieve a first (though it did); it was just a personal challenge—his own plan, with a beginning and an end and a specific, limited life-support system. He said he craved junk food and gravity. He said that upon looking at solid ground for the first time in over two months he felt, "I'm a land creature who pretended to be a water creature, and I'm anxious to be a land creature again."



"Dole—who needs him? Kemp—forget it! Bush—are you kidding? Dukakis—gimme a break! Babbitt—who? Biden—no way! Haig—don't make me laugh!"

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The Blue Room

WHAT do most people know about the Milford Plaza Hotel? Well, most people know that it has a big "M" on top of it—a huge "M," really an awesome "M," perhaps the most impressive single letter in New York. Some people know that it was closed for several years in the late seventies, a sad time; it was just plain boarded up—a huge hotel in the middle of Manhattan. That—the word "Manhattan"—brings up the fact that for a while before this hotel was the Milford Plaza it was the Hotel Manhattan. But that's not the whole story. After it was the Manhattan, it was the Royal Manhattan, and after *that* it was boarded up. The Manhattan–Royal Manhattan–Milford Plaza is on the east side of Eighth Avenue between Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth Streets, and during the time the hotel was boarded up, that block was the most desolate block you can imagine.

But that's still not the whole story. The whole story would certainly mention Mike Cossi, a sleek-looking man who sings at the hotel's Stage Door bar, and Max Eisen, the hotel's press agent, whose office is around the corner on Forty-fourth Street, over Sardi's; and it would include at least a nod at the security arrangements (each guest must show his key) that make the Milford Plaza, according to its general manager, the veteran hotelman Edwin Scalabrino, "the hotel for Mr. and Mrs. America;" and an attempt to be full and complete would describe the lobby of the Milford Plaza as "modest—with no lounging." This is the atmosphere, then: *formerly boarded up; show your key; no lounging; Mr. and Mrs. America.*

But all this is beside the point. There are in New York certain places important in our history; they are *locations*—something has really happened there. We are not talking about places like the Theodore Roosevelt home, where the relatively minor events of the President's childhood are available for inspection; rather, we are talking about places where something was revealed.

Here is a clue. It is from a slim book, by Dave Gelly, called "Lester Young":

> Thus, on September 30, 1944, a 34 year old, red-haired, green-eyed, alcoholic,

> syphilitic, pot-smoking, Negro tenor saxophone player of no fixed address became 39729502 Private Young, Lester W—enlisted as a warrior.

And here is another, also from Gelly's biography:

> The manner of his rejoining is as peculiar as his leaving. Jo Jones claimed to have run into Lester in a 52nd Street bar one afternoon, bought him a beer and told him: "Now, don't forget. We're at the Lincoln Hotel. Be at work tonight at seven." And at 7 pm, there he was.

The Hotel Lincoln was what the hotel on Eighth Avenue was before it was the Manhattan and then the Royal Manhattan and then the Milford Plaza. There was a big night club at the Lincoln called the Blue Room. There is a song by Count Basie called "The Blue Room Jump." A transcription exists of a radio broadcast of April or May, 1944: Count Basie and his orchestra playing "The Blue Room Jump" from the Blue Room. Lester Young left the Basie band in 1940, perhaps because he was asked to play on a Friday the thirteenth. He walked into the Hotel Lincoln and rejoined Basie in December, 1943. He plays two solos in "The Blue Room Jump"—exuberant but not lighthearted. It is Lester Young at the Blue Room, for a span of time. He is the noblest of jazz musicians. He received a dishonorable discharge from the Army, and by all accounts his Army experience traumatized him. In any case, he did not play exuberant music again. For several years, when we walked by the Milford Plaza we thought Hotel Lincoln. Recently, we decided to find the Blue Room.

The Press Agent: The Hotel Lincoln was built in 1927. Some sixty years later, we walked into the office of Mr. Max Eisen. Mr. Eisen is what everyone hopes a press agent will be; that is, he looks as though he handled Jean Harlow and the Ritz Brothers. Or perhaps he knows the Ritz Brothers personally and handles the big operettas. In any case, he has gray hair and comes from the neighborhood. "I have a confession to make," he says. "My father had a cigar store at Fiftieth and Ninth. My father put the wrapper on the cigars. My mother rolled them. This is before the Cremo cigar ruined the cigar business by advertising that they had a wrapper that was put on without the use of spit. My father did it the old way." We just walked in on Mr. Eisen—no appointment, nothing. We wanted to find the Blue Room, we said. We mentioned Lester Young—didn't seem to ring a bell. All over the office were posters, books. Titles and names floated around the room like balloons in a cartoon panel jammed tight with talk, putting pressure on the characters. Mr. Eisen's gaze moved from poster to poster, from name to name. Every one of those names rang a bell with him. "Joe Cates worked on 'The $64,000 Question.' His brother Gil Cates—are you aware he's head of the Directors Guild? He's a sweet guy, Joe—he also produced a little show called 'What Makes Sammy Run.' Robert Greenwald—directed 'The People vs. Ranchman.' A real big fellow in California. Linda Otto was one of the producers—a big broad out there, too, big casting, married to a big wingding."

There was a full bookcase behind Mr. Eisen. The book just in back of his head was "Phrase Finder—3 Books in 1." We asked about the "Phrase Finder." Instead of answering, Mr. Eisen went behind where we were sitting and brought out a box of books and dumped it on the desk in front of us. "Rodale, it's all Rodale," he said. "I handled J. I. Rodale. Fabulous guy."

"Didn't he die on TV?" we asked.

"Yes," Mr. Eisen said.

"Carson show?"

"Cavett."

"Organic gardening, right?"

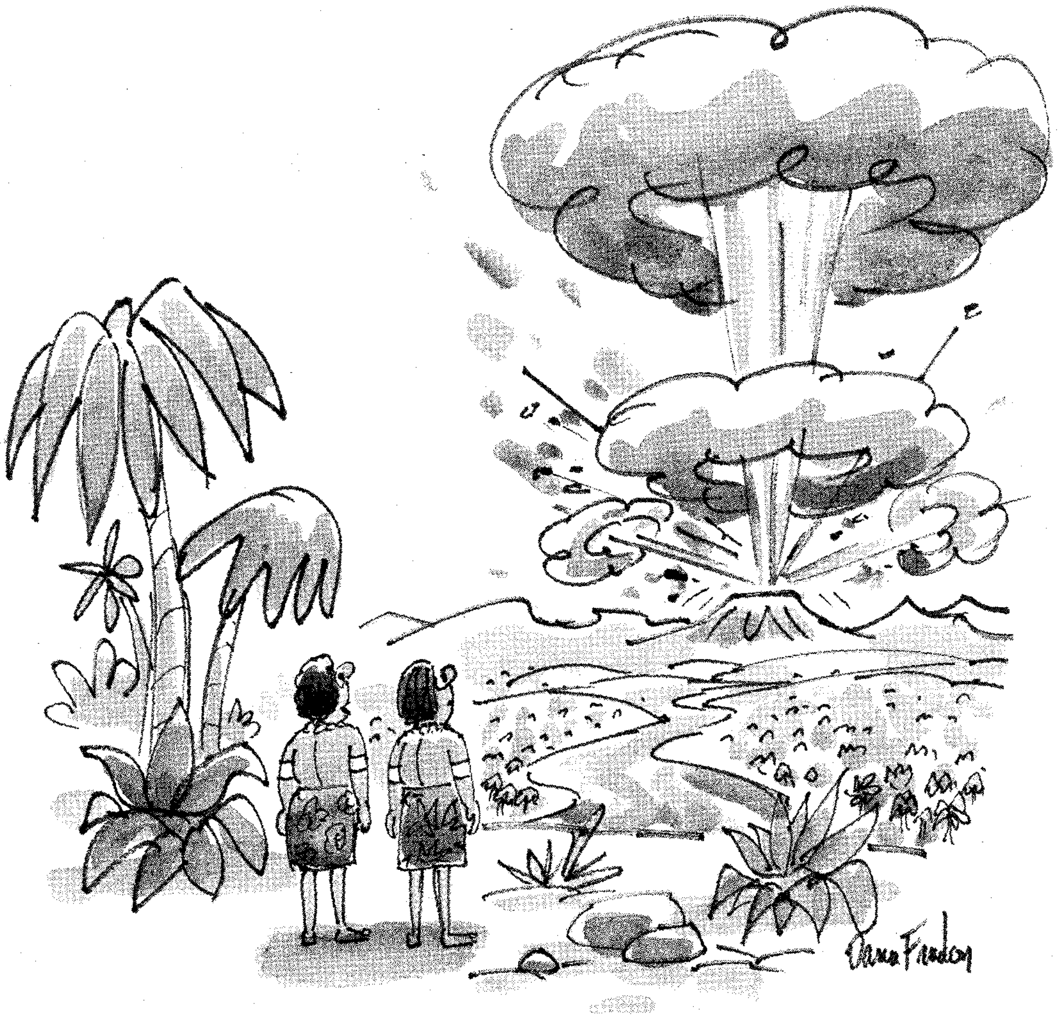
"Here," Mr. Eisen said, plopping a copy of Mr. Rodale's book "Pay Dirt" down in front of us. He went and got more books. This batch included plays, very many plays, in soft-cover editions. "J.I. was one of the— He would go home and write a play. 'The Girl and the Teenager' was one. 'Lost and Found,' 'Beauty and the Boots' were two. What are the plays like? You should see the reviews. He'd say 'Why don't we do a play about the evils of Coca-Cola?' and he'd do it. 'The Goose' was the name of that play."

Musical Interlude: "Oh, the Count can play that for ten minutes, 'cause it's his theme song, an original composition, entitled the 'One O'Clock Jump'—with variations. Well, this has been music by Count Basie and his orchestra, vocals by Thelma Carpenter and Jimmy Rushing; music which has come to you from the Blue Room of the Hotel Lincoln, a Maria Kramer Hotel, Forty-fourth Street west of Broadway in New York City."—Transcription of a radio broadcast from the Blue Room, April 10, 1944.

Hotel Men: Mr. Eisen introduced us to Ed Scalabrino, general manager of the Milford Plaza, and to Sal Puccio, director of sales and marketing. We sat down to lunch with all three of them at Kippy's Pier 44, formerly the Play-

"What's your mood tonight? Trash, splash, or flash?"

bill restaurant—it's in the Milford Plaza. Mr. Scalabrino, a man in his early sixties, a resident of the Times Square neighborhood, and an experienced hotelman (the Park Central, now the Omni Park Central; the Taft; the Roosevelt, though this was an aberration, Mr. Scalabrino having been, by choice, a West Side hotelman), said, "Maria Kramer was a Spanish dancer married to Mr. Kramer. The Kramer family are still around and are very wealthy. They had the Edison, they had the Capitol. The Edison is still in existence, of course. The Capitol was on Eighth Avenue between Fiftieth and Fifty-first Streets—it ran the whole block, on the east side of the avenue. It was a very viable, very beautiful hotel. After that, it was the Knights of Columbus, then it changed hands again and became a Y.W.C.A., and now it's a senior citizens' residence. As I understand it, the Kramers gave Maria Kramer a hotel to get rid of her."



"Several groups have claimed responsibility."

• •

"Sometimes the sons don't marry right," Mr. Puccio said.

"This was the *father*," Mr. Scalabrino said. "The father married her. In any case, I remember her well. She died about a year ago. I worked at this hotel in my youth. She ran this place into the fifties, when Bill Zeckendorf bought it. Zeckendorf ran it until 1964. He tried to keep it open through the World's Fair, but he lost it, and the Hotel Astor, too, which ended up being destroyed. This hotel was sold to the English and became the Royal Manhattan. It was shut for a number of years, you know."

We said we did know. Hotelmen discussing a hotel that has been observed to be dead—not dying but *dead*—take on a certain tone.

"The Milsteins did the city a favor to bring this hotel back," Mr. Eisen said. "It was good for the city."

"The Milsteins own the hotel," Mr. Scalabrino said.

"This is one of the most successful hotels in New York," Mr. Eisen said. "If not *the* most successful."

We asked Mr. Scalabrino how he got into the hotel business.

"My deepest roots are with the Park Central, now the Omni Park Central. That was where the Coconut Grove night club was. The Park Central was built as half hotel and half apartments, you know. The entrance to the apartments was on Fifty-fifth Street; the hotel entrance was on Fifty-sixth Street. They still have two banks of elevators. They had something called the New Plan at the apartments, which included laundry and valet service—so many pieces of laundry a week. My father was a chef at the Park Central."

"Where was the Blue Room in this hotel?" we asked.

"There used to be an orchestra, Blue Barron's, that played in the Blue Room," Mr. Scalabrino said.

"And Lester Young," we said. "With Count Basie."

"Now it's our Grand Ballroom," Mr. Scalabrino said.

Mr. Scalabrino took us to see the Grand Ballroom, a big, rectangular room three steps up from the lobby. It was green and white, with lattice-work, which gave an out-of-doors effect.

"We use it for parties and functions, and every day seven hundred and fifty people have breakfast here," Mr. Scalabrino said. "I'll show you something else."

Mr. Scalabrino took us to the elevators, where a uniformed employee was asking guests to show their keys.

"Fabulous security," Mr. Eisen said. "You go anyplace else and you don't know who you got walking around."

We went to the top floor—the highest floor served by guest elevators, that is—and then walked up a flight to the *real* top.

"This is our best view," Mr. Scalabrino said.

We looked down Eighth Avenue past Show World and a long line of yellow taxis.

DIARY OF A FLYING MAN

MANKIND'S oldest dream has become my reality: I can fly. This morning, running after a five-dollar bill blowing along the pavement, I simply lifted into the air. What profound transformation will my life undergo? Unfortunately, the five turned out to be a torn page from Sunday's fashion supplement: "Traditional Tweeds: The Courtroom Choice for Ex-City Officials." And just before I soared skyward I stumbled and got an oil stain on my trousers.

Testing the limits of my astonishing new power, I flew to the dry cleaner's to pick up my pants. They still have a faint stain on the knee, like a ghostly silhouette of Stanley Friedman.

My first flight to work reveals the city as more than a chaotic pile of limestone and steel. I watch enraptured as streets and skyscrapers organize themselves into what is undeniably some patternlike shape!

City scandals undermine morale in many agencies, even here at the Pools and Playgrounds Planning Board. To raise our spirits, the boss, Mr. Kauffmann, posted a sign: "More Than ——Days Without a Work-Stopping Felony Arrest." As he updated the count to eleven, I smiled, delighted that in a mere three hours I'd be flying to lunch.

I can cruise comfortably only at a walking pace. With effort I can attain running speed, but just for short bursts. From now on, only light beer. If I could sustain higher velocities, that would change everything. Of course, rain would still be a problem, particularly when I'm carrying groceries: those plastic bags really dig into your hands. What was wrong with plain old paper bags? Why can't things stay as they are? Ah—my unprecedented aerial gift has made me introspective.

Mr. Anselmo, my landlord, is complaining about my coming and going from the roof. The thumping disturbs the top-floor tenants and I'm causing leaks in the tarpaper. Now I'll have to walk to that parking lot near the piers. It's inconvenient, but what can I do? To take off from the ground, I need to run about a block and a half. Well, if I leave fifteen minutes early I can still fly to work.

Windy day. Got a bit airsick during the commute, so I did the last half by subway.

Home. In the mail was a summons to jury duty. Threw it away. After all, I am a flying man.

Mr. Kauffmann caught me doing personal work at the office. One of my bench designs. This one has armrests shaped like a sphinx with the head of Bess Myerson, and legs with the trim ankles of the former Miss America. Its feet are shod in high-heel pumps. It's the best yet in my "Under a Cloud" series. Someday, each corner of Broadway, from Inwood to Battery Park, will have a bench honoring a former Koch official. That'll show Kauffmann. Besides, once the indictments are handed down in the BenchTech investigation the city will start handling bench designs in-house, maybe from our office.

Flew to Rüdmeyer's for those delicious apple muffins. They were all out, so I had blueberry.

Cruising uptown, I was surprised to see so many rooftops littered with old refrigerators crammed with review copies of best-sellers, eventually to be sold at the Strand, I suppose. Even in our throwaway age, recycling thrives.

A few blocks later I glanced down and saw a crew of uniformed firefighters hand-fitting mosaic tiles on the rooftop love grotto of an assistant deputy mayor. On city time! A big one looked up and hollered, "What are you looking at, creep?" I hope he didn't recognize me. Maybe I can use my fantastic avian skill to nail some of these guys.

Albert Hubbell

Out flying around. Forgot to turn on phone machine. I wonder if anybody good called.

Flew to cash machine on way to work. It was out of order, so I flew to another. It took three more stops before I finally got my money. I couldn't even use a customer-service phone to complain: some busted, some stolen. I shall write an angry letter. My fabulous ornithoid prowess makes me less passive in the face of institutional authority.

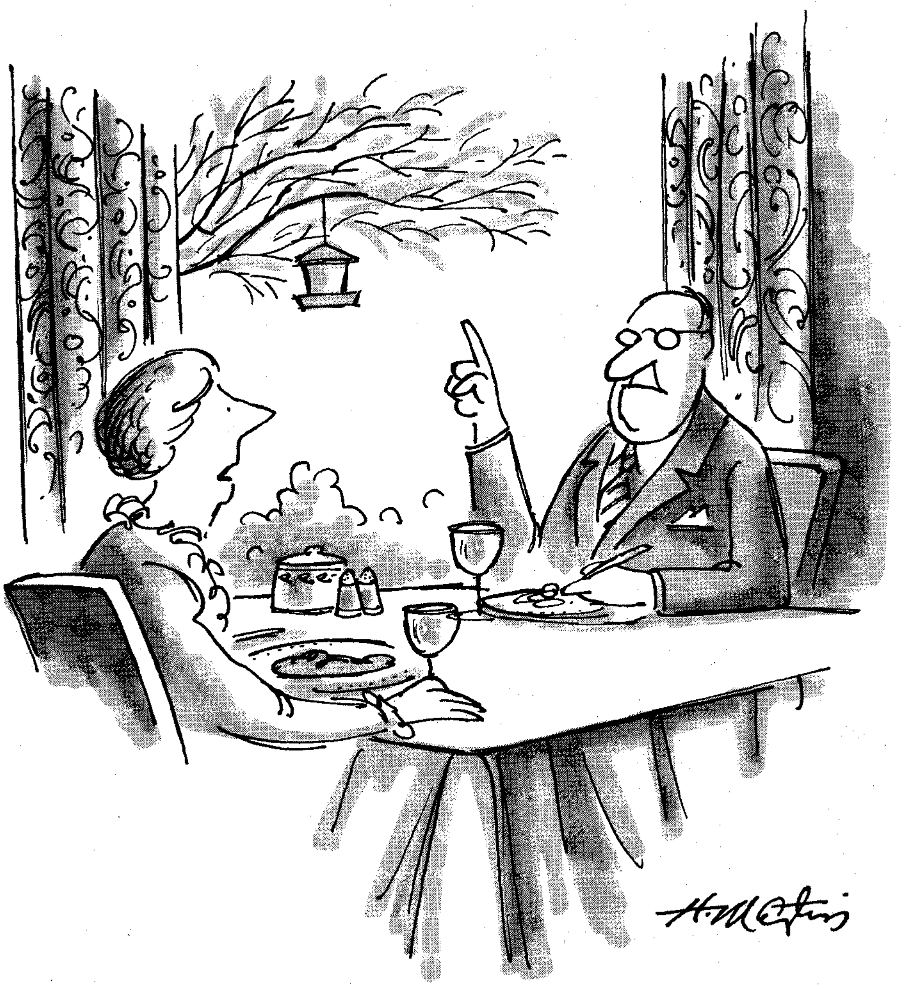
Then, far below me, near the Williamsburg Bridge, I spotted some cops napping on the job. With their little sleep masks in place, three or four assistant police commissioners dozed in hammocks slung between squad cars. Sleazy! Circled until I felt dizzy, which made it really hard to take notes.

I dropped my notebook on a guy! It just grazed his shoulder, but he was furious. I gave a phony name, Chadwick Lancaster, but you could tell he didn't believe me. I wish I could think faster. As I flew away, he gave me the finger. I snapped back, "Oh yeah? Same to you, stupid!" Has my unbelievable supernormal talent taught me nothing?

"Accidentally" dropped a half-gallon of skim milk on the roof of a taxi. Then I bombed a limo with a thirty-five-ounce jar of applesauce. I am not bound by the laws that govern ordinary mortals.

As I glided home after work, some guy clambered onto the roof of a Jews for Jesus van and harangued me with a bullhorn. He asked if I'm Jewish, and the easiest way to avoid an idiotic conversation was to say no, but then I felt guilty.

A creature of the skies, I've learned to observe the urban ecology. At the edge of a vacant lot a pack of feral hamsters reduces a cat to its skeleton in seconds. Or else it was a bunch of kids in Davy Crockett hats stripping a car. Above eighty-five feet my sense of scale is unreliable. I've got to get one of those auto-focus cameras.



"Before you launch in, Maynard, is this a major policy speech?"

My excursions among the spires lift my spirits, reminding me that nature endures, even in the metropolis. On fire escapes and in window boxes the first vegetables of summer are ripening. Say what you will about bioengineering, those beach-ball tomatoes look delicious, although if one fell it could crush a Subaru.

Five crime sightings today. One payoff, three kickbacks, a bribe. The new telephoto lens is bulky, but it takes a great picture.

If I had a way to carry luggage, I could fly to Fire Island for the weekend. An in-flight snack would be good, too. Smoked almonds. And some kind of beverage.

When the infrared photos came back from the lab, I saw that Thursday's sighting was *not* a bagman, just the kid from the deli delivering a roast-beef sandwich. I'll emend the logbook.

Got really tired flying to work today, so I snatched a ride on the roof of a bus. Cost to me? Zero.

Early evening, soared over Queens. There was a deb party in Shea Stadium. A bar was set up in each dugout; buffet tables lined the base paths; heedless teen socialites capered on the pitcher's mound. But I thought the stadium was closed all week for resodding. Then I saw a borough president trundling a wheelbarrow full of cash across right field, out beyond the 410′ sign, and into his official car. I'm going to rip this town wide open! And I got all the evidence I need before the wide-angle lens fell into the bullpen.

At the office I tripped over a trash can, churning up records of Kauffmann's involvement in a crooked franchising scheme to install cigarette vending machines atop jungle gyms in city playgrounds and underwater in public pools. That's it. I'm going to the papers.

My meeting with the reporter wasn't all I'd hoped for. She does want the story, but she can't get to it for a while. Next week she's assigned to the wicker supplement. And after that she'll be filling in at "Buying and Owning."

A social disaster! Had a big date with Leslie, a new designer at the office. I whispered "Let me fly you to the stars on wings of love," and then I jerked her off her feet, launched us toward the chandelier, and dropped her on the coffee table. That's it. I'm giving up pie altogether, and tomorrow I start working out with weights.

No Nautilus machine can help me now: my powers are fading. How can I resume ordinary life having known the embrace of the air? I am desolate.

Awoke with odd flickering at the edge of my field of vision. Gradually I realized what was happening: I'm developing X-ray eyes. Already I can nearly see through a sheet of newspaper. This will irrevocably rend the drab fabric of my life.

Kauffmann resigned! He wants to spend more time with his family for reasons of health while going into private consulting at a major university to do the teaching he loves. Perhaps I misjudged him.

False alarm. Just a malfunctioning fluorescent lamp. Otherwise, my vision is what it's always been: O.K. in right eye, slightly astigmatic in left.

No mistake this time: I can move objects with the force of my will—telekinetic power. So far I can't budge anything heavier than a few pounds, and my range is restricted to about four feet, but still! After breakfast I slid the "Sgt. Pepper" C.D. (Can it really be fifty years? Oh. Twenty years) across the coffee table. I brace for the unimaginable metamorphosis my life is about to undergo. May I use my new power wisely! —Randy Cohen

GAME FARM

WHEN Michael's mother said her three nieces could have been hotel girls, she didn't mean anything cheap. Quite the opposite. In Roanoke there was a set of families who shunned the outlying country clubs and made do with the city's grand old hotel. Their coming-out parties were held there. Their early dating and finest evenings were in its elegant dining room, among the marble columns of its panelled reception hall, and in its underground cocktail bar.

Michael's mother and his Aunt Ailene had been presented at the hotel in the same season. When their weddings came—Ailene's to Uncle Eddie nine years before Michael's mother's—the receptions had been held in the same familiar room. But long before his mother married she had lost her brother Eddie to a small farm in a forsaken northern corner of the state. And one reason he'd given for removing himself and Ailene to that wilderness was precisely to escape the society that still circled the old hotel—a society in which his sister had been an eligible beauty for too long.

A renunciation. His mother took it hard that Eddie should attack her just for taking her time, waiting for the right man, and using the hotel's elegant cover—its salon, bar, and ballroom. Still, they kept in touch. As Michael came to understand it, his mother could forgive Eddie's boorish reclusion if he could forgive her long dalliance. When she married a cotton salesman from South Carolina, the dalliance became moot, but Eddie continued selfishly secluding his wife and daughters, who were losing tone on the banks of a northern river.

Michael's mother had visited often, perhaps with a rescue in mind. She had seen for herself. Flies and mosquitoes with free flight over an unscreened porch. Dark water and detritus in the ice trays. Ailene fighting for the girls' grammar against the influence of a hired man and his son. Unsuitable clothes. Long hippie skirts on the children when they were playing in the fields, and jeans when they should have been in something nice for the evening.

Her brother had something to prove. He shaved his head, and wore black pajamas in the fields. According to her, he came ignorant to corn and machinery, thinking high intelligence could get him through. Actually, he lived at the mercy of swinging-door help, though some coincidence of weather and the grain markets had brought him an early profit.

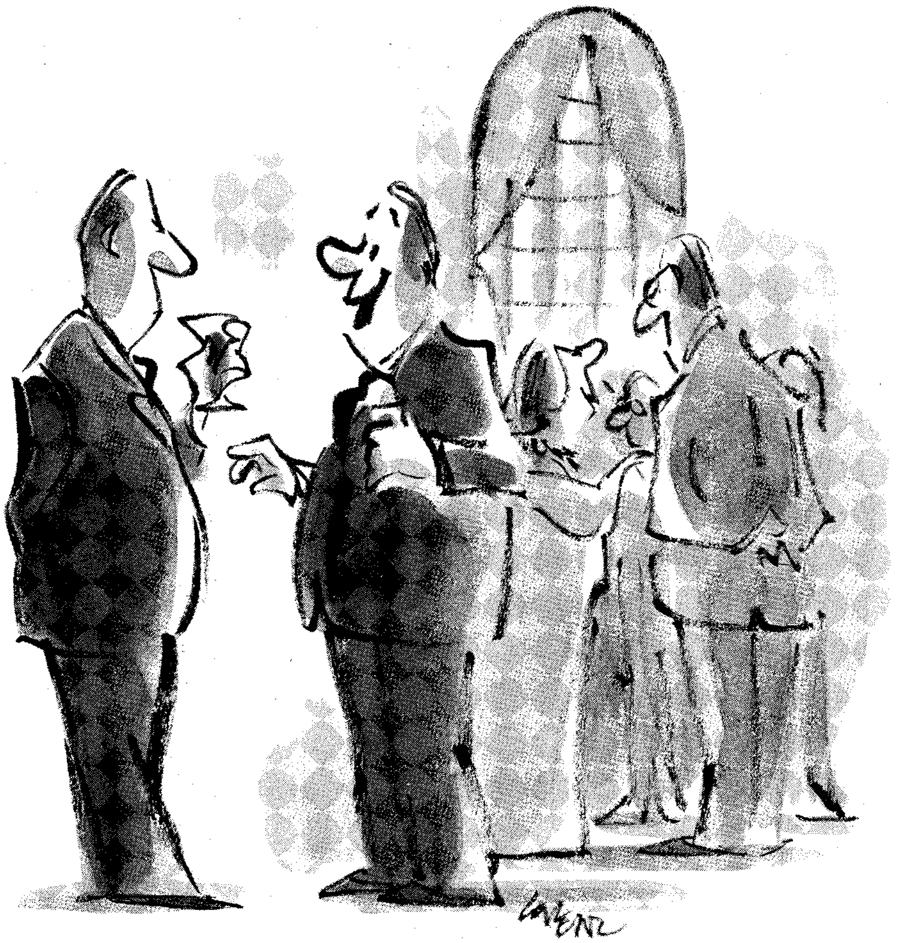
Uncle Eddie, according to Michael's mother, had been an easy, irreverent scholar. The Latin prize in his high school. At the university, classical studies, in which, she said, he was doing beautifully when he dumped them for psychology. As if he could have sustained interest long enough to become a head doctor. Eddie, she maintained, could never settle. A wonder he'd gotten Ailene, a hotel girl, to marry him and accept the up-country horrors.

With her censure Michael's mother was creating the legend of a family pioneer. A forecast of a bad end for brains in a barnyard was just her way of saying, "My brother could have been anything. Never mind that he's chosen to go nowhere and be nothing." If she hadn't respected him, why so many visits to the farm before she was married? And afterward, why had she so often left Michael, her only child, to the care of Eddie and his family?

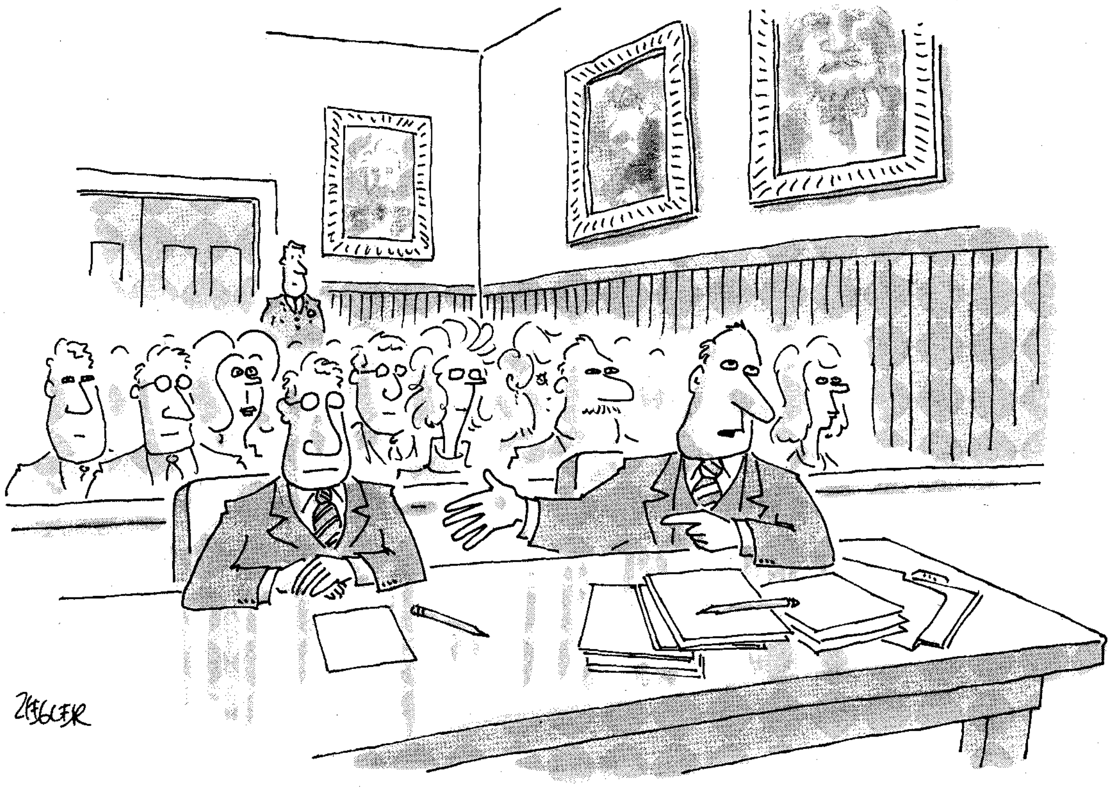
YEARS later, Michael could still remember hearing the exciting news: "Can you believe it? Eddie's turned the place on the Potomac into a game farm." Even more exciting, Michael's mother and father, needing private time again for the long quarrel their marriage had become, were sending him up for the summer. Eight years old, he was being passed along to Eddie and Aunt Ailene. And to his three older cousins, Georgia, Annalee, and Grace. Wild girls of the north, in his mother's estimation—the ones he couldn't wait to see.

Michael knew he shouldn't have shown such delight to his parents. But everything was turning out perfectly. At Easter he had seen the redbuds and dogwoods making little chapels of color in the dark woods. And his teacher had squeezed his arm gently and promised to promote him to the third grade.

Then the odd and wonderful report



"Roger Balcomb! I hardly recognized you without your hype."



"And lastly, Your Honor, I would like to present Mr. Richard Coan in the small but crucial role of the defendant."

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that his uncle's farm—the house, the woods behind, the sloping meadow down to the wide bottomland—had been turned over to the pleasure of a game. He wondered if his cousins would teach him Monopoly. Awkward to learn on arrival that there were no plans for checkers in the parlor or badminton in the fields; that his uncle was raising ducks for hunters.

THAT summer, Michael had been put on the bus in Roanoke and sent up the valley in a jacket and tie to Winchester. The whole Mason family came to collect him at the depot. He sat in the very back of their station wagon, and the girls kept turning in their seat to fuss over him and protest against the inches he'd grown during the winter.

The sisters had always been eager for his visits. He'd been told that when he was a toddler, the big one, Georgia, had put him in a carriage and pushed him up and down the long cinder drive. For a season he was her doll. She showed him off to anyone who would listen to outrageous matronly chatter: "A hard labor with this one. I don't really know if I want another." She was twelve then and quite theatrical, with corkscrew curls, pretty red springs that seemed to connect her bouncy head to her shoulders.

Georgia had changed. She looked at Michael as if a judgment had been made about him, not entirely favorable, and her full attention was going to be impossible. Michael noticed that her nose had gotten larger, and she was saying "unbearable" about each thing that displeased her.

The second sister, Annalee, was tugging on his silly tie, holding his gaze while she made fun of his grown-man outfit. Annalee was plump, alert for fun, with green eyes that she already knew how to promote with a green scarf. "If you get scared in the attic," Annalee told him, "you can sleep in my room." She talked about a blacksnake skin in the attic room until Aunt Ailene told her to be quiet.

The youngest, Grace, silent up to then, asked him suddenly in a remarkable, deep voice, "Do you know how old I am?" He was startled, as if quizzed by a bullfrog with spider legs. He didn't care to guess, unaware that the challenge in her little whiskey throat was only the armor of the smallest, and that the proud answer "Ten years old" was scorned by sisters already thirteen and eighteen. Grace reached back to tousle his hair as Annalee had done a moment before.

"Leave Michael alone," Aunt Ailene told them, and she said to Uncle Eddie, "How could his mother send him all that way by himself?"

He remembered the shadow falling over him at those words, and he remembered crying inconsolably in the back of the Masons' car. And how, when they got to the farm, Annalee had taken him for a tour to cheer him. "We haven't stopped growing corn," she said. "We've just added ducks."

The duck hatchery was the old barn, and a smooth concrete floor had been poured and rough boards nailed up for interior walls. On one side, where the floor was covered with sawdust, hundreds of baby ducks crowded under steel hovers, keeping warm. Across the room a great wooden cabinet hummed like a refrigerator. "It's not cold in there," Annalee told him. Inside, a large drum filled with eggs in wire baskets turned almost as slowly as the hand of a clock.

"I'm forbidden to do this," Annalee said, opening a panel and reaching in for an egg. She moved to a row of switches and suddenly the only light in the barn was coming from a little hole next to her. She held the egg up to the beam, showing him a small dark place inside. "That's blood," Annalee said, "little rivers of blood."

"Annalee! Are you in there?"

The lights came on and her father was standing across the floor. Annalee was sent to the house and Michael's tour of the hatchery was completed by Uncle Eddie, who took him into the penned areas with wire partitions, where hundreds of mallards were separated according to age. The oldest, his uncle explained, were down on the river waiting for the dinner bell. This was going to be Michael's daily chore, ringing the big iron bell each evening, watching the ducks fly home over the trees to the protein pellets waiting for them in their wire shelters.

WHEN the hunters came that summer, Michael was forbidden to go outside. From his attic window he would hear his uncle's voice calling from the release ramp beside the pens and, moments later, the answering reports of shotguns from the meadow below the woods.

Alone, there was time to consider the mysteries of the farm: why Uncle Eddie's black pajamas went into a separate hamper and why he did his own laundry; why, each morning, Aunt Ailene made her girls drink a measured cup of grapefruit juice; why the surviving ducks flew home in the evenings only to be shot at another day.

Big cousin Georgia was locking her door for hours at a time. When she considered Michael, she was apt to speak about him, not to him. About the "unbearable situation" in Michael's home in Roanoke. "Never mind her," Aunt Ailene said. "She's going down to the university in September. She has reading to do. She's worried about her skin."

Annalee became his summer friend, treating his homesickness with hand-in-hand trips to a creek in the woods. Together they took off their clothes and waded into the water. Before he went home to Roanoke, Annalee gave him stationery with envelopes addressed to her.

His mother came for him at the end of August and was freshly appalled by conditions and her cold greeting by the girls. "What did you do all summer?" she asked him.

"I went swimming."

Alarmed, she recalled that she'd never packed his bathing suit.

At home, Michael thought of Annalee standing next to him in the creek, and could not write, too ashamed of his handwriting and the meagreness of the news he was able to spell. He supposed he'd see her the next year. But his mother wouldn't talk about another trip. She didn't like what was happening to his cousins. Something had come over them—of all things, an up-country snobbery. "The Masons have had enough of you for a while," she said.

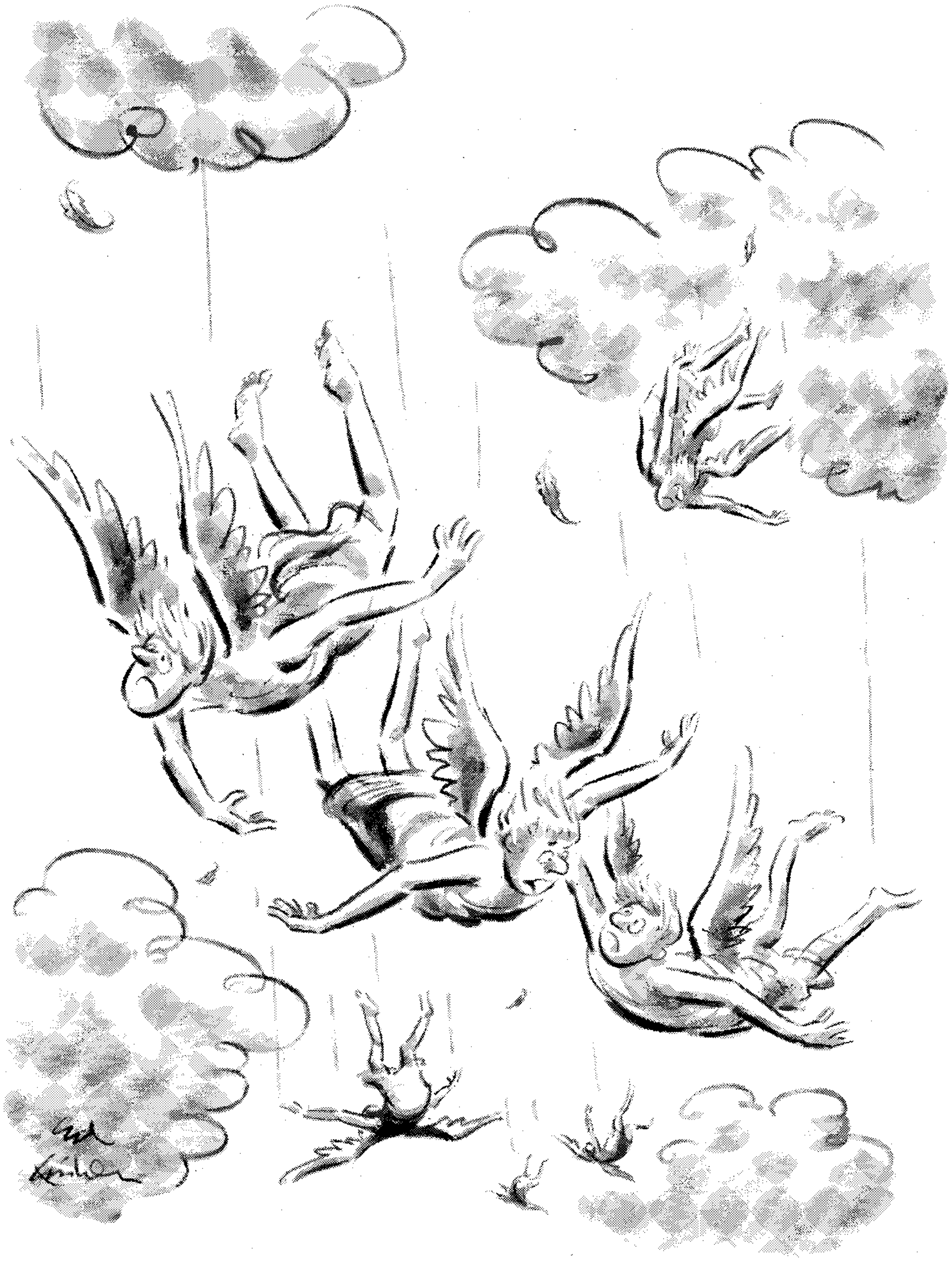
The next spring, when Aunt Ailene wrote to ask which week he'd be coming, his mother was adamant. She took him visiting with her to friends in Lynchburg and Staunton. He remembered his humiliation in both cities, being made to stand and recite three verses from "Hiawatha." Very much on display, the only prize of her marriage.

MICHAEL'S mother kept the memory of his cousins alive with lament and denunciation. "Coming to no good," she assured him. He wished he could be with them on their way to this bad end. There were brief visits to the Potomac farm, each one unsatisfactory. Years passing, but never without reference to his cousins. "That was the year Georgia matured so suddenly." Or "That was the year Annalee wasn't pretty."

Michael was fourteen before the Masons were allowed to have him for another season. He was still anxious to go, though there was summer sport ahead of him in his own city. And a door to watch on his block where a young lady went in and out.

Aunt Ailene had almost begged for him. They needed a steady young man was the way she put it. Someone to give Eddie and the girls a hand, since the last help had run off. And something to reëstablish her connection with Roanoke.

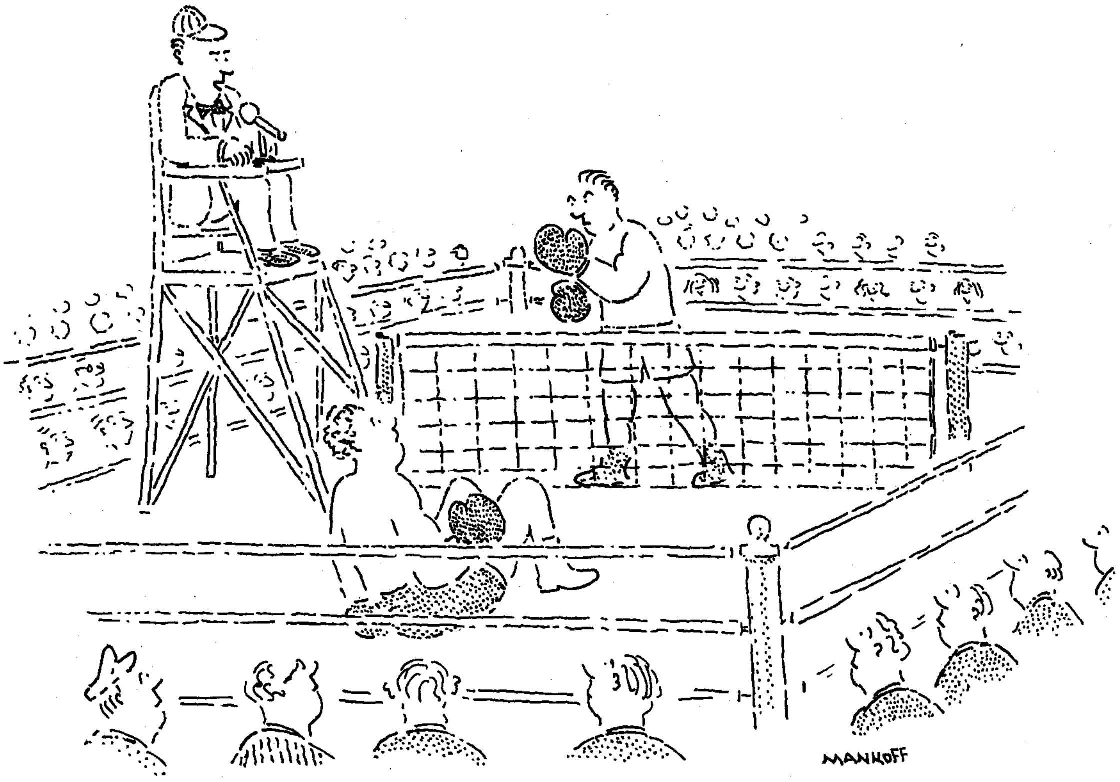
On no condition, Michael's moth-



"Well, there goes our last chance for meaningful reform in this session!"

er said, could he be allowed to handle a gun. With that solemn contract he was allowed up the valley again on the Greyhound. He travelled with the old memory of Annalee beside him in the water, wondering if there would be more secret swimming.

His aunt and Grace delighted in the enormous changes in his appearance. So tall! And the wonderful, naughty hair, as long as their own. His uncle seemed pleased to see him. Not Annalee. She was polite, distant, betraying him as Georgia had before her, preoccupied with things that couldn't be shared by a young boy cousin. He arrived in short sleeves, biceps for Annalee, but it was lithe Grace who ran her hands down his arms and gave him the big hug. Passed down again by the sisters, like old clothes.



"Advantage Mr. Edmonson."

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"Georgia isn't even here," Grace said, when they were all in the car driving home. She had the same deep voice that cracked when she hurried it.

"Georgia is taking work in Charlottesville for the summer," Aunt Ailene said quickly.

"A little Roanoke camouflage," Uncle Eddie said.

"Be quiet," Aunt Ailene told him. "What do you know about Roanoke society? You never entered it."

Uncle Eddie turned around at the wheel and announced to everyone, "You don't enter society. You're born into it."

Grace leaned over to whisper in Michael's ear, "Georgia's living with her boyfriend from college, and she hasn't even had her party yet."

SIXTEEN, Grace was a power on the farm, giving crisp orders, even to Annalee. The hatchery was in full production. Ducks were being sold to other farms and wholesalers. Grace could run the whole thing herself, she told Michael, pleased to think she was in charge of eight thousand eggs. Michael watched attentively as she hurried from task to task, sweating through her T-shirts, cursing incompetence.

"We have to teach them to fly," she said, like a goddess. He didn't believe it was possible. Then he and Grace spent hours forcing one young mallard after another up a ramp from which he could either plop to earth or spread his wings and glide. In time each bird raced its wings, gained altitude through an opening in the trees, and glided down over meadow and cornfields to the river.

That summer, while the gunmen waited, ready in their meadow blinds, Michael worked the release gate with Grace, who called encouragement to the ducks as they took off. "Fly high, beauties!" Grace said the drakes' white neck rings were their charms against buckshot.

Obedient, Michael allowed her to take his arm and hurry him along from one job to the next. And from time to time Uncle Eddie would show up, taking them by surprise. To see how they were treating the eggs. Or how they were treating each other.

Michael had been staying in the attic again. Old enough now to think of the house as a network of exciting bedrooms, he was directly above Georgia's empty chamber, which she did not want used or explored in her absence. Next to that was the master bedroom, from which Michael could hear the muffled voices of his aunt and uncle in the dark. At the end of the hall, from a room shut tight, Annalee's tape machine played provocative music not quite low enough to be secret.

Grace was downstairs in a tiny room off the kitchen—quarters that had been used by the maid of a previous household. After the family turned their lights out there was no telling what Grace might be doing. Through the attic window Michael sometimes saw her in the moonlight, moving around the duck pens, checking her flock, or walking toward the river, stargazing.

Aunt Ailene kept the door to her room open at night. If Michael came downstairs to use the bathroom, she would call, "Is that you, Michael?" or "Is that you, Annalee?" Sometimes she called all their names, "Annalee? Michael? Grace?"

IN the house one afternoon, seeking relief from Grace's energy and orders, Michael stole a beer from the refrigerator, and was gulping it quickly in the side room Uncle Eddie used for his library. A small gilt-edged volume on the shelf caught his eye. Catullus? It was inscribed to Edward Mason II, first in Latin. Under that, in ink now pale blue, a line his uncle must have written to himself, "At last the poetry gets dirty."

Skipping through the pages, as if he could translate and find out if it was true, he heard his uncle's voice behind him: "If you're going to drink beer, pour it in a mug." But Eddie was more concerned with the effect of the book, which he took from Michael's hand. Replacing it on the shelf, he said, "Not worth a glance. Grace is looking for you."

Uncle Eddie moved to a window from which he could see Grace in the duck pens. His forehead against a pane, he began to speak in a peculiar voice. "If you're a stranger, anything is possible, even romance, but hospitality is difficult." Almost mumbling, he added, "If you're family, you're welcome in the bosom forever."

Meditation or lecture. Michael couldn't say which.

"Where are you, Eddie?" Aunt Ailene was coming through the door. "What are you telling Michael? What is his mother going to think?"

Michael left them arguing about whether he should be allowed to drink beer, and what his mother would think about that. And for the rest of the afternoon he moved eggs for Grace, even obeyed when she told him to explain what was going on in Roanoke.

He exaggerated. Still, there had been shouting as far back as he could remember. His father had inherited part of a small railroad with mortgaged equipment, and this complicated a pending divorce. Lawyers were taking years deciding how to divide things, how to divide him.

His parents still occupied the same house, living in separate rooms, each maintaining a squatter's right, lest a move jeopardize legal standing. Considered a split pair by the Roanoke crowd who danced and played cards together, they were each "seeing new friends," as their circle put it. Even careful to balance infidelities.

"Your mother was a long time getting married, wasn't she?" Grace asked him. "I suppose if you waited that long you could expect to catch a layabout."

"He's a cotton rep," Michael corrected her.

"What's that?"

POLONAISE: A VARIATION

I

Autumn in your hemisphere whoops cranes and owls.
A lean nation's frontier slips off like a loosened harness.
And though windows aren't sealed yet, your camisole's
cleavage adds to the shadows the parlor harvests.
As the lamps flare up, one may well denounce
one's own curves as jarring the jigsaw puzzle
of the rooms whose air savors every ounce
pecked by Fryderyk's keyboard-bedevilled nozzle.
In the full moon, the stubble gets lavished with
nobody's silver by sloughy waters.
Roll on your side, and the dreams will blitz
out of the wall like those fabled warriors
heading east, through your yard, to dislodge the siege
of tall hemp. Still, their hauberks won't hide their tatters.
Yet, since they look alike, you, by getting hitched
only once, let an army across your mattress.

II

Reddish tiles of the homestead, and the yellow shade
of its stuccoed dwellings, beset with shingles.
Either cartwheels are craving an oval shape
or the mare's hoof, hitting the cow-moon, shimmies,
and slumped haystacks flash by. Alders, nothing-clad,
in their basket carry away the river.
And the leaden plow in the furrowed clouds
bodes no good to gray winter crops racked with fever.
To your woollen stockings and linen hem
burdocks cling like nobody's child that loses
in the end its grip. And space is stitched firm
with the threadbare rain, and Copernicus turns out useless.
Still, the iris gleams, and the milky tint,
with those scattered birthmarks, your dress effaces.
Long a silhouette to yourself, you won't
fall into anyone's fond embraces.

III

I admit that one's love should be greater, more
pure. That one could, like the son of Cronus,
size up the darkness, perfect its lore,
and drop, unnoticed, within your contours.
That one could reconstruct, pore by pore, your true
looks, with idle atoms and mental power,
or just peer at the mirror and state that you
are me: for whom do we love but our-
selves? Yet chalk one up for Fate: your watch
may be running behind, for in our future
already that bomb has exploded which
leaves intact only the furniture.
Does it really matter who's run away from whom?
Neither time nor space is matchmaking for us,
who took full advantage of sampling some
of those ages to come, and whatever follows.

—Joseph Brodsky

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He could only tell her what he'd heard at home: "A man who spends too much time in other cities asking pansies to put more natural fibres in the clothes they design."

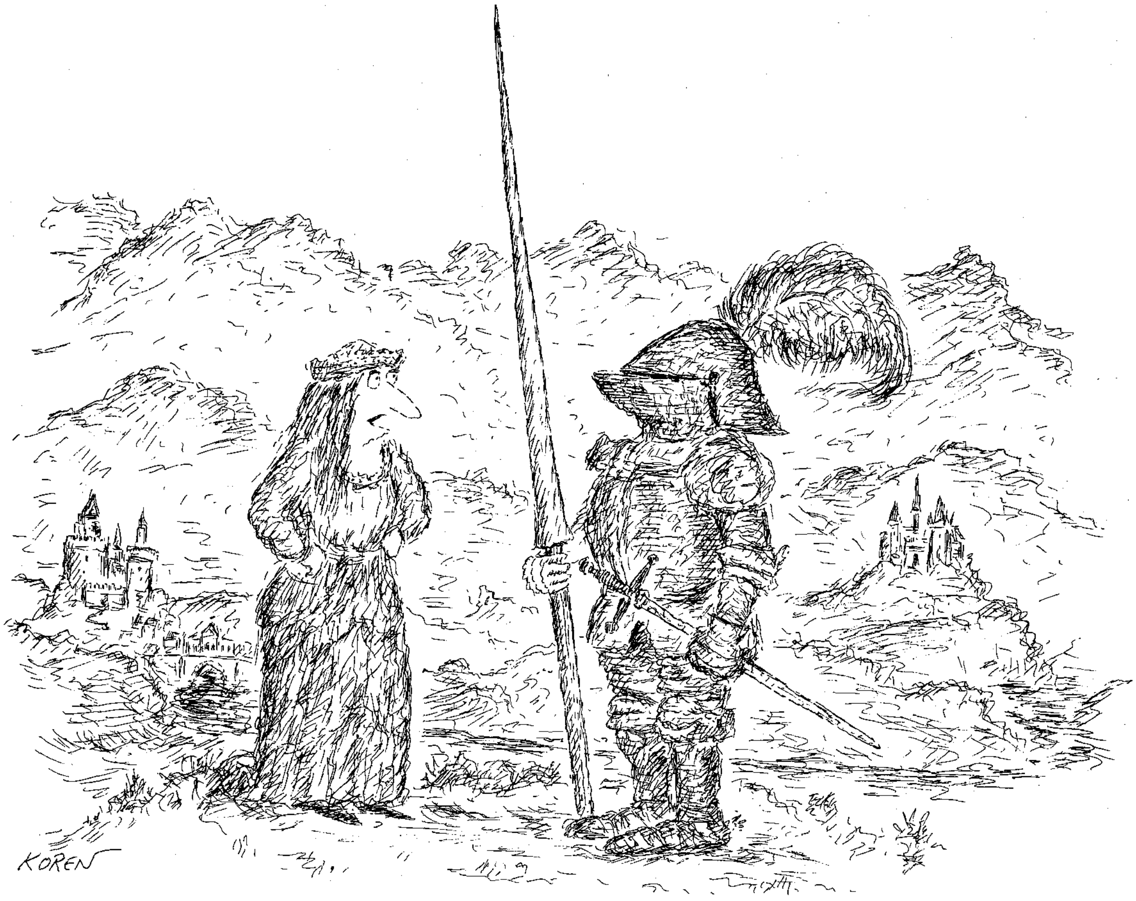
It seemed there was something wrong with what he'd told Grace earlier. "People can get divorced," she said, "and decide the other things later." Big news, late arriving. Why hadn't he known that? "Anyway, your mother was one of those hotel people, wasn't she?"

"So was yours," Michael said.

"Yes, but she didn't use upstairs rooms."

Struck dumb, for the first time he considered the guest rooms of the old hotel as something more than the sad quarters of travellers. He watched a fertilized egg fall to the floor. His fault. Grace's head turned back to business.

After a while, she said, "You know, you're getting to be almost as old as I am." A two-year gift he was pleased to accept as he watched her lashes flutter at the tips of her long, pale bangs.



"When I ask questions, I expect answers!"

AMONG the visiting hunters there was much talk about makes and values of shotguns, chokes, bores, shot patterns. Though Uncle Eddie had his own shotgun, it hung over the mantel in his study like a museum piece. He shied away from the he-man chitchat. On the side of the ducks, he was more interested in the hatching and nurturing.

Most of the hunters did not care to pluck and eat. They left the dead with Aunt Ailene with best wishes—gifts of the mighty. She accepted politely, as if there were room for another shot-ridden carcass in her freezer.

One weekend a party of huge, happy men arrived—members of a professional football team down from New Jersey with shotguns on loan. They were pointing them at each other, taking mock aim, saying things like "Bet you're glad this isn't loaded."

They set off for the blinds, and before they reached the meadow one of the guns discharged. A hail of shot fell on the hatchery's metal roof. Uncle Eddie ran down the hill after the men, tore up their check, and told them to get off the property. They came up the path shamefaced and silent. But back in their van they spun their wheels all the way down the driveway.

As Michael watched, his uncle's anger passed quickly into rumination. "At first, the egg has no air cell," he said softly. "But the shell is porous, moisture escapes. What do we make of that?" Dreaming of an answer? Looking around and seeing that his nephew had been listening, he turned embarrassment into an order. "Make sure the breeder flock's getting enough calcium. We don't want any more leakers."

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"GEORGIA is too quiet," Aunt Ailene announced when the summer was half over. Annalee was sent down to visit and report back on her sister's "involvement." But Annalee was introduced to someone else in Charlottesville and began to negotiate with her parents for time of her own there.

Aunt Ailene's "Absolutely not" was undercut by Uncle Eddie's indecision, and the visit dragged on. After a week of long-distance debate the girls stopped answering their phone.

"The two of them are useless anyway," Grace said. "So what's changed? Michael and I do all the work."

"So why is Michael still in the attic?" Uncle Eddie asked, and Aunt Ailene moved his things down to Annalee's room, where he could feel "more like real family."

What he felt was one floor closer to Grace, who would lean against him on the way from house to barn and ask, "Where would I be without you?"

With Annalee gone, it was that much easier to work hard for Grace. Standing beside her at the incubator, shifting eggs to the hatching trays, he imitated the robot action of her long, thin arms, still trying to please her with labor.

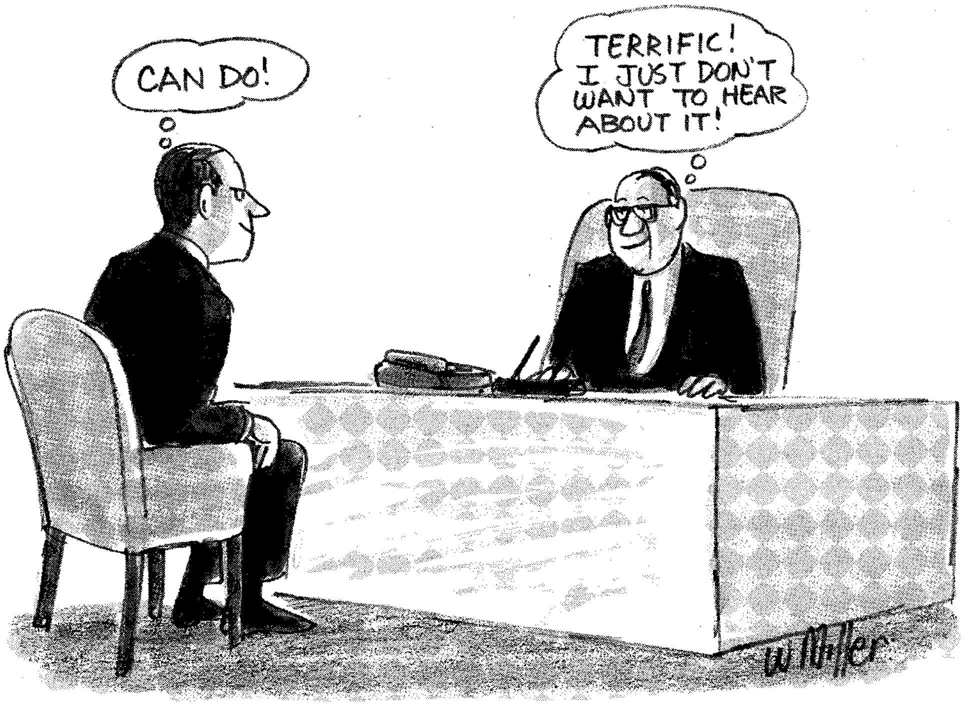
One evening on the way up to the house she asked him, "What would we do if my parents weren't here?"

"I suppose we'd work just as hard," he said, hoping he'd guessed right.

That same evening his mother called from Roanoke because he hadn't written a single line. He kept telling her, "No, everything's fine," until Aunt Ailene took the phone away from him. And he heard her say, "They're darling together. He's devoted to her."

Grace disappeared, and Michael went up to bed, slowly counting the steps in the staircase, the way he did at home, reluctant to leave anyone awake behind him. Later, he was doing his other number trick, counting the deep breaths it takes to reach sleep, when

EXECUTELEPATHY


CAN DO!
TERRIFIC! I JUST DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT!
W Miller

his door opened and Grace came to his bed. "This can only happen once," she said.

IN the morning, right in front of her mother, Grace asked Michael if he'd slept well, and if he was ready to make ducks walk the plank. Aunt Ailene was measuring out grapefruit juice, getting them off to another healthy day.

Grace was no sooner out the front door with him than she asked, "Was it nice for you?," moving too quickly for him, from deceit to pleasure. He couldn't tell her there had been nothing in his life to compare it to.

Something had gone wrong the night before. As soon as Grace had left his room she had not seemed beautiful anymore but an ungainly farm girl who might need secrets and apologies. Lying in bed, he had begun to compare her face unfavorably with Georgia's and Annalee's. Grateful for her pledge "Only once," he fell asleep. Now her knobby knees were sticking through holes in her jeans. With sunburned arms and neck she looked her usual part again—hired help living in maid's quarters—the way he was used to her.

"Don't worry," Grace said. They were hardly out of sight of the house when she took his hand, raised it to her small breast, and told him, "I'm going to take care of you."

While they taught ducks to fly, Grace tried to convince him he was safe with her. "If cousins can't help each other into the world," she said, "who can?" They were pushing the mallards onto the ramp. Each time they put a duck on at the bottom, another at the top was forced, against its will, into the air. With this for sport, they bet on the birds; which would fly to the river, and which would have to try again.

At supper that night, Uncle Eddie asked Michael if he knew why the lights in the barn were kept on all night, every night. Michael didn't know. "Because if ducks are startled in the dark, they stampede. Grace knows that. I'm surprised she hasn't told you."

Before the meal was over, his uncle had another pointed question, more husbandry. "How do you tell their sex before they grow up?"

"Stop it, Eddie," Aunt Ailene said.

"By their voices," Uncle Eddie told him, leaning forward with the news. "The hens honk and the drakes belch."

Grace had left the table.

Later, awake in his bed, Michael was surprised at how quickly his plans changed. He rose, put on pants, and went barefoot from his room. In the hall he felt like a child playing Red Light, Green Light, the floor squeaking "Stop" at each small advance. It took him several minutes to reach the stairs. On the ground floor he went straight through the kitchen corridor to Grace.

"Why only once?" he asked.

A moment later, a light shone under the door and Aunt Ailene called, "What's going on in there?"

NEXT morning, first thing, Aunt Ailene phoned Michael's mother, who was starting north immediately. Grace could guess what his mother had said: "When I think they could have been hotel girls." Meaning Georgia, Annalee, and Grace. There was no counting the number of times his mother had said it, this refrain that gently mocked her own life.

"Never mind, young lady." Aunt Ailene was stripping all the beds, doing the white laundry with angry amounts of Clorox.

By the time his mother came, Georgia and Annalee were on their way, too, answering their mother's call for help. They arrived, surprising Michael with raised, adult eyebrows. He understood his aunt was making the house respectable again, filling the rooms with legitimate company.

The older sisters, with even tans and nicely made-up faces, had become a team with their own agenda. It was clear they thought Grace would have to wait a long time for honest love.

As Michael packed, he could hear his mother downstairs asking someone, "What can you expect in a house that doesn't even have television?"

She was moving through the ground-floor rooms, taking inventory of the house's deficiencies. And the next minute she was upstairs, standing arms akimbo in his doorway, telling Michael, "It's going to take a long time to live this down."

—John Rolfe Gardiner

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From the Nyack* (*N.Y.*) *Journal-News*]

And Carpenter, who went from a phenom to an enigma in Washington, and a steal to a bum deal in New York, hopes to get his career back on track.

"Everyone's starting on the same foot now," he said. "If I give it my best, things will come. It all starts right now, and if I can get off on a good foot, I can get the upper hand."

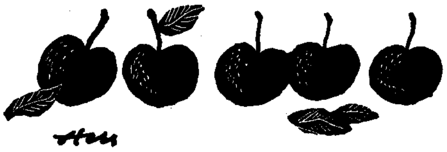
A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE THIN EDGE—I

EIGHTEEN months after the extraordinary events of February, 1986, in the Philippines, which toppled the dictatorship of Ferdinand Marcos and brought Corazon Aquino to power, a traveller returning to the country, as I recently did, experiences both emotional letdown and growing concern over the new government's inability to cope with its multiple problems, including those of its own making. This becomes apparent in conversations not only with knowledgeable friends but with almost everyone one meets. While most Filipinos retain euphoric memories of the four-day 1986 revolution, they have begun to refer to it in tones more of nostalgia than of inspiration or stimulation. President Aquino herself still enjoys a vast amount of support; her high moral integrity, her inherent intelligence, and her demonstrated capacity—if only sporadically demonstrated—to take charge in moments of crisis have sustained her over-all popularity. For the most part, however, she has chosen to remain above the battle, out of a deep religious faith and an intrinsic belief in the power of nonviolence, as evidenced by the unique populist uprising that projected her into office. Beyond this, her ingenuous, apolitical nature is part both of her appeal and of her weakness. Her disinclination to take the political initiative on key issues while she searches for an elusive consensus has contributed to a pervasive impression of irresolution and drift, and to mounting skepticism and apprehension on the part of many Filipinos about their own prospects and the country's future.

This is not to say that nothing has been accomplished in the past year and a half. Much has. The basic institutions of democratic rule, which in many respects were untested before Marcos grabbed power by declaring martial law, in 1972, have been restored by dismantling the structure of government erected by the ex-President and his wife, Imelda, and their corrupt relatives and friends; by the adoption of a liberal, if rather turgid and imprecise constitution; and by the election last May, under trying circumstances, of a new national legislature—though this now promises to be as contentious and tempestuous as the country's various earlier legislative assemblies. Despite some signs of an improving economy, sixty per cent of the nation's population of fifty-seven million is still living in what by any international standard is a state of poverty. Crime and violence, manifested particularly in spreading Communist and Muslim insurgency movements and assassinations of public officials—including a member of the Cabinet, who was shot to death while riding in his car in Manila in early August—have become serious threats to the nation's security. In the past few weeks, large-scale strikes and demonstrations by workers complaining of high prices of fuel and other commodities have caused added tension and have increased the atmosphere of instability. And though there has been much talk and some planning, little has actually been done about such fundamental problems as the inequitable distribution of land, widespread malnutrition, and miserable housing. Many, and very likely most, Filipinos and foreign observers believe that Mrs. Aquino lost an irretrievable opportunity in the seventeen months in which she ruled by decree, under a revolutionary government, for during that time she could have unilaterally instituted much needed reform measures and consolidated her loosely organized administration. Now she has to contend with a constitutionally strong legislature and a determined opposition—both legal and illegal; a jealous and divided political organization of her own; and a fractious and discontented military. Under the circumstances, the chances of her attaining her stated democratic goals are considered no more than fair.

On August 28th, an estimated two thousand dissident Army soldiers attempted a coup to overthrow Mrs. Aquino's government. It was the fifth such move since the successful military rebellion that enabled her to become President. While considerably more serious than the previous efforts, this attempt, led by Colonel Gregorio (Gringo) Honasan, one of the heroes of the 1986 revolution, was repulsed, too, though not before the mutinous soldiers had mounted strong attacks against Malacañang (the Presidential palace), four television stations, and two military bases in the Manila area, including Camp Aguinaldo, the headquarters of all the armed forces. The plotters managed to seize and hold part of the headquarters building for several hours, setting fire to it and destroying personnel and other records, before artillery attacks and bombs and rockets fired from government planes dislodged them and destroyed additional sections of the building. The rockets, by wrecking the communications system, kept the rebels from rallying other units to their cause and may have prevented the coup from succeeding. Other rebel elements gained control briefly of an airbase and of several garrisons or camps north and south of Manila, on Luzon Island, and peacefully took over Cebu City and a number of military camps on the island of Cebu, in the central Visayan group, for half a day before voluntarily withdrawing. In all, more than fifty persons were killed and at least three hundred wounded, most of them civilians caught in street cross fire. The major fighting lasted a day and a half before the government forces, led by marines and police, regained control, but skirmishes continued for several days as the mutineers, led by Honasan, who had escaped from Camp Aguinaldo by helicopter while the fighting was still going on, regrouped in northern Luzon, where they were reported to have set up an unofficial junta. In a statement telephoned to a radio station a week after the mutiny, Colonel Honasan defended his action as morally necessary to save the nation from a return to the abuses of the Marcos period. He accused the Aquino administration of betraying the hopes of the 1986 revolution.



Although the latest coup attempt demonstrated that most of the military was still behind Mrs. Aquino, who called the mutineers "monsters" and demanded their arrest and punishment, the new rebellion, which for the first time saw government soldiers in direct combat against one another, emphasized the growing divisiveness and dissatisfaction within the military establishment over a number of issues. These include low pay—soldiers receive an average of fifty dollars a month—and poor living conditions, as well as bitterness over what has been perceived as Mrs. Aquino's weak leadership and her leniency toward the Communists, both in her unsuccessful efforts to negotiate with them and in treating them more tolerantly for violations of human rights than she has treated the military. On the other hand, having dealt leniently with the leaders and participants of the previous coup attempts, including one last November that was also planned by the popular Colonel Honasan, she now faces a new dilemma: if she captures and punishes Honasan and other coup leaders, she is likely to arouse the further resentment of the Army's younger officers and parts of its rank and file who, even though loyal to the government, support Honasan and his friends for defending what they regard as their neglected rights and interests. In fact, just days after the latest attempted coup, while forces loyal to the government, having arrested more than a thousand suspected participants, were vainly trying to track down the principal instigators and the remaining plotters, cadets at the nation's military academy issued a manifesto supporting the rebels, whose strongest pockets of sympathizers were in Cebu and the southern island of Mindanao as well as in northern and southern Luzon. It also became apparent that considerable numbers of officers throughout the country remained neutral during the coup, and their future loyalties are now in doubt.

Complicating matters further is the fact that the military establishment is badly divided over the issues of organizing and conducting counter-insurgency campaigns and of redefining the roles of the Army, the Constabulary, and the police. Moreover, because a number of key senior officers have recently retired, the Army and the Constabulary in particular are undergoing an internal crisis of leadership, which has added to Mrs. Aquino's difficulties as Commander-in-Chief. Although she made a point of praising General Fidel Ramos, the chief of staff, for putting down the coup—as he had put down the previous coup attempts—Ramos himself warned her of the growing unrest and factionalism in the Army, which he said was due to legitimate grievances among the soldiers and was largely responsible for the soldiers' lack of will to fight the Communists. President Aquino promised, as she had before, to attend to those grievances by seeking more funds for the military, including pay raises for the soldiers and more aid from the United States, which earlier this year cut military assistance to the Philippines from a hundred million to fifty million dollars. The complaints within the military, however, go beyond matters of self-interest. Many officers and men feel that General Ramos, though well regarded as a professional soldier—he is a West Point graduate—should be replaced by a younger, more dynamic leader with greater combat experience; although he will reach the retirement age of sixty early next year, Mrs. Aquino has already extended his appointment as chief of staff until 1990. At the same time, the military as a whole, even though more deeply divided than ever with the reëmergence of the Army's so-called "reformist" group, led by Colonel Honasan, is in agreement on one point: it wants Mrs. Aquino to dismiss a number of civilians in the executive branch who, it believes, have stood in its way from the start of her administration. Their most notable target is Executive Secretary Joker Arroyo, a longtime family friend of Mrs. Aquino and her late husband, Benigno (Ninoy) Aquino, Jr., who was murdered in August, 1983, by Marcos gunmen when he returned from exile in the United States.

Despite the almost universal unpopularity of Arroyo—he has been charged with incompetence, procrastination, and political favoritism by most of her Cabinet, as well as by the military—Mrs. Aquino steadfastly refused to remove him. The coup attempt, however, brought matters to a head and caused the most serious political crisis of her administration so far. First, as talk circulated of possible compromises with the rebels to pacify the aroused military, there were reports that both Arroyo and Ramos might quit or be fired. But this seemed unlikely, since it would deprive Mrs. Aquino of her two strongest supporters. In an emotional three-hour session on the evening of September 8th in the House of Representatives, Arroyo was questioned about his provocative role as the President's chief adviser. While his appearance was hailed as an important demonstration of the new democratic system at work, it did little to solve the President's or the country's political predicament. In his testimony, Arroyo harshly criticized members of the military, particularly the chief Army spokesman, whom he denounced as the "Goebbels of Aguinaldo," and accused three prominent businessmen of being ringleaders in a plot to undermine him in

"More salad?"

CUT!
DIRECTOR'S DAY OFF

• •

the days after the Honasan coup attempt. The next day, during a meeting of an economic council attended by several Cabinet members, José Concepcion, the Secretary of Trade and Industry, whose brother Raul was one of the three businessmen Arroyo had named, asked for "guidelines" for scheduled talks later in the day with business leaders. After the meeting and a small luncheon with President Aquino, at which other Cabinet members were present, Concepcion offered to resign, as did one or two other Cabinet Secretaries. More discussions took place, after which Mrs. Aquino summoned her entire Cabinet of twenty-five members, who all (including Arroyo) resigned en masse—in order, one member later said, "to give her a free hand." The Cabinet's action appeared to be an anomalous expression of defiance on her behalf, which she herself had sought. The following day, in a television broadcast, she disclosed that she would announce Cabinet changes over the weekend; but whatever the outcome of the crisis, and whatever changes are made, they seem certain to produce more political fireworks in the days and weeks to come and to do little to get the government to settle down to the business of governing, especially since, under the new constitution, Congress has to approve all Cabinet appointments.

The President has the further problem of dealing with more than fifty newly organized anti-Communist vigilante groups, not only in the countryside but in the cities as well, including Davao, the major city of Mindanao, where a civilian vigilante organization called Alsa Masa has all but ended Communist terrorist activities over the past year. In Manila, however, what are known as "sparrow units"—each consisting of two or three Communists—have killed about fifty policemen and other "pro-government agents" this year. Mrs. Aquino has encouraged the vigilantes as local self-defense groups as long as they coöperate with the police and the military, but not all of them are easily controlled. Some have joined forces with existing "private armies" of powerful entrenched landlords and local and regional right-wing political warlords—Ali Dimaporo, of Lanao del Sur, in Mindanao, for example, and eighty-two-year-old Ramón Durano, of Danao, in northern Cebu. These are remnants of what were once estimated to be more than two hundred private armies. Many of them still favor Marcos, who over the years used them and their headmen for his own political purposes. Other vigilantes simply function as freebooters, creating as much terror as they stamp out. The geography of the Philippine archipelago—some seven thousand scattered islands, with a variety of cultures—adds to the difficulty of maintaining any kind of unity, since it affords these disparate armed bands, and the more disciplined Communists, a good deal of leeway to operate independently.

All in all, the chances of another coup attempt in the near future, of more left-wing strikes and labor demonstrations, of an increase of vigilante activity and violence in general, especially in Manila and other urban centers, and of a stepped-up Communist offensive in the countryside do not augur well for the nation. The Communists, in fact, were quick to take advantage of the government's being placed on the defensive, and on September 2nd ambushed a troop convoy fifty miles east of Manila, killing twenty-one soldiers—the year's highest military death toll so far. The gloomy outlook is further complicated by an unresolved debate over whether the Philippines should maintain a strong central government or foster more local and regional autonomy—local and regional elections, which were scheduled for November, were recently postponed until January. While Mrs. Aquino's immediate task is to repair her poor relations with the military and to draw lines of authority in establishing a working relationship with the new and rambunctious legislature, the overarching need is to restore order in a nation that has rid itself of a dictator but not of the patterns and habits of authoritarian rule. Now, in addition to having to deal with the growing Communist revolution and several separatist movements (not to mention Colonel Honasan and

"I've fallen in love with red paint."

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his renegade force, which some Army estimates say may number two thousand men and potentially more) she is responsible for having fostered a revolution of rising expectations—expectations that are never met and keep on rising. To a limited extent, the slowly improving economy has, until shaken anew by the last coup attempt, helped counteract the political instability; but, despite statistics that show an increase in consumer spending and investment and a slight decline in unemployment, the improvements have scarcely begun to seep down to the poorest levels, or even to the marginally poor ones. And while the government's economists have been predicting a national growth rate of five or six per cent this year, other analysts and private businessmen are not so sanguine. They are generally more concerned about the political than the economic outlook. Their consensus is that, barring a successful military coup, President Aquino will probably manage to serve out her term, which ends in the summer of 1992, but unless she develops a coherent political philosophy and becomes far more assertive than she has been she will find herself slowly abdicating her executive role to the legislative branch, and will simply muddle through the next four and a half years.

THIS is not the impression one gets from listening to Mrs. Aquino's speeches—in both her public and her social appearances, she maintains a high profile—or from talking alone with her, as I did one hot morning not long ago, in her office in the guesthouse at Malacañang. Wearing a simple white dress with a ruffled collar, and seated comfortably at a neatly arranged desk, she seemed far more confident, self-possessed, and positive in her outlook than she had when I last spoke with her, a week or so after her February 25, 1986, inauguration. Eight hours after that ceremony, Marcos's abject flight, facilitated by the Americans, had marked the climax of the dramatic revolutionary events precipitated by his failure to steal the specially called Presidential election earlier that month. When I talked to her at that time, she was still unsure of herself and had very little conception of how to meet the tremendous challenges she faced. But she firmly believed that the wave of "People Power" which, abetted by a military revolt against Marcos and a good deal of luck, had swept her into office was largely due to divine intervention, and constituted a true miracle. A devout Catholic, she still feels that a miracle took place, but, after many trying months of dealing with attempted coups, a host of administrative and political problems, and efforts to get the sluggish and corruption-ridden economy going again, she has come to hold more realistic views.

"I'm just overwhelmed that so many people responded to my appeal to vote a straight ticket," she told me, referring to the fact that on May 11th an eighty-five-per-cent turnout of twenty-six million voters had brought about the election of twenty-two out of the twenty-four Senate candidates on her personally chosen slate. (All the polls had indicated that her coalition group of five political parties would win nineteen or twenty seats at most, and even some of her own experts believe she would have been better off if she'd gained a vocal opposition of at least half a dozen.) In the more maverick and independent-minded House of Representatives, which has two hundred elected seats, she won a loose majority of about eighty per cent.

When I suggested that she now faced a new ballgame in dealing with a Senate that included a number of aspiring Presidential candidates and a variety of factions within the pro-government parties whose support was likely to vary considerably, and with an even more contentious House, she smiled. "It's not really a new ballgame," she replied. "Everything that has happened is consistent with what my life was before. When I accepted a draft to run for President, I knew it wouldn't be easy. But as long as there is the will to do the best one can, and if we work hand in hand, we can build a better Philippines. The credibility of this government has given the right incentives, particularly to businessmen. And, as far as Congress is concerned, we're prepared, and I'm not frightened." Her answer in part constituted a response to my having mentioned that her late husband had taken in stride the kind of rough-and-tumble political experience she was now get-

Just a reminder that the most impressive thing about Chivas Regal is what's in the bottle, not what's on it.

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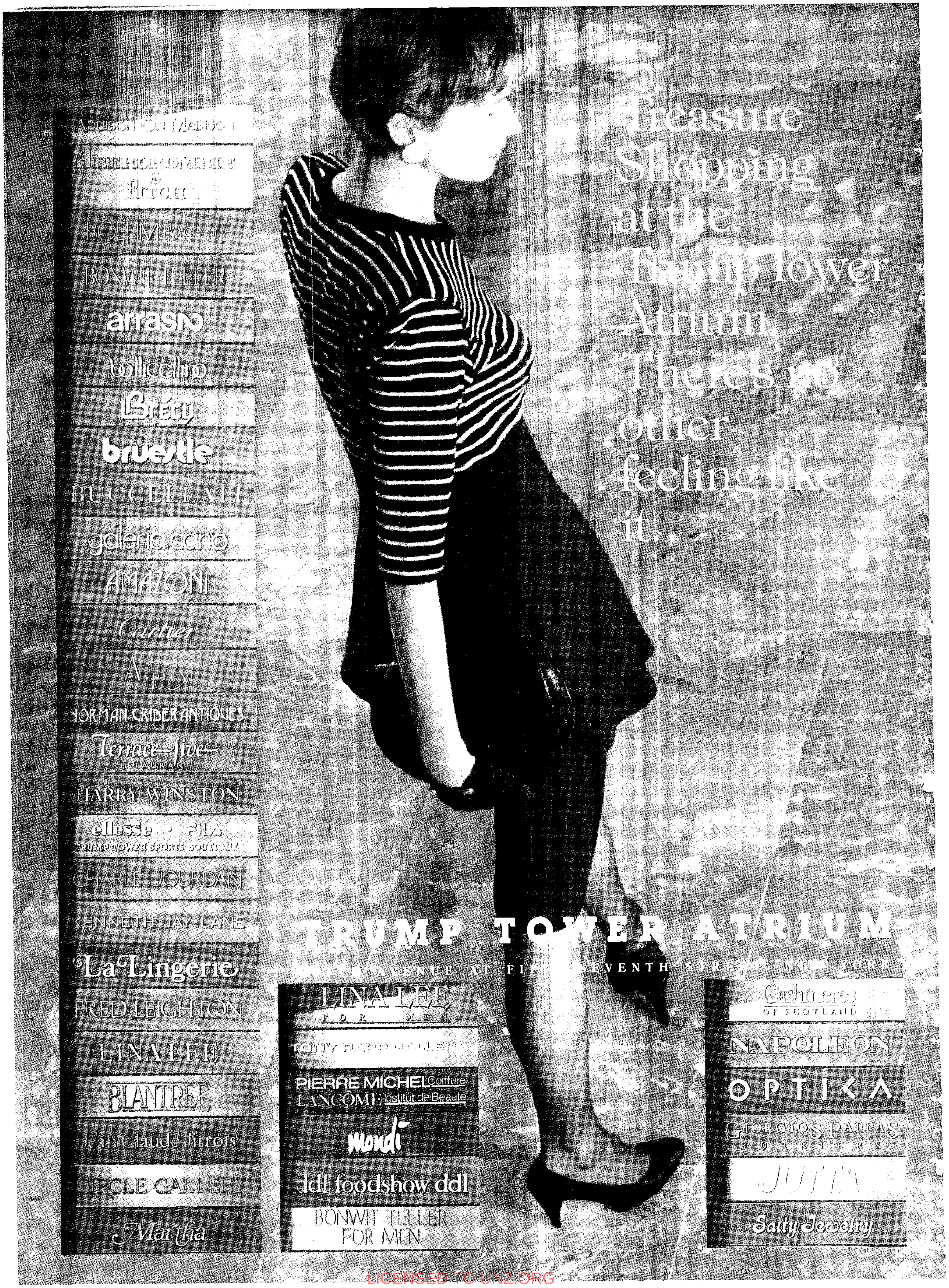
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YOU SURE THESE ARE REAL ONYX?
Ed Arno
THE RHODE ISLAND PURCHASE

ting—though she had learned a lot from Ninoy over nearly three decades of marriage and a lot more on her own since becoming President. "There are many problems, yes," she conceded, "but I like to think positively." She quoted an Easter prayer about "having to suffer on the way to paradise," adding that one had to move "step by step" and that "we can't achieve everything overnight—there are no shortcuts."

When I brought up the matter of how she was conducting the executive branch, and of the widespread criticism of Executive Secretary Arroyo in particular, she defended him strongly. Though my interview took place several weeks prior to the August coup attempt and the aftermath that placed Arroyo in the center of the new political infighting, she gave every indication that she intended to keep him on the job indefinitely. She cited her recent appointment of a number of new assistants to help bring more order into the executive branch and to maintain liaison with the new assembly. "I've learned how to delegate important tasks," she said, "and Joker will help do that, too. To establish better coördination, I'm meeting once a month with three different Cabinet groups, and I've also set up regular meetings with the military and the business sector."

Before I left, I remarked on her obvious increase in confidence since our last meeting, and suggested that she actually seemed to be enjoying her role as President.

She laughed, and said, "No, enjoyment is being carefree, and I'll never enjoy the job. But it is fulfilling, and that's my reward."

When I went a step further, and said that some commentators were already predicting that she might run again, despite having earlier declared she wouldn't (the constitution limits the President to one six-year term, but having taken over under revolutionary circumstances she might argue that she could qualify as a candidate in 1992), she said there were plenty of senators who wanted to be President. To my surprise, she added, somewhat offhandedly, "But if there were a deadlock, or whatever, and it came down to my being asked, I suppose I would have to consider it."

As I left the palace, a landmark of Spanish colonial times, and headed back to the Manila Hotel, a product of the shorter, American colonial era, I reflected upon the dozens of occasions on which I had been to Malacañang since February, 1945, when I first entered it, as a young war correspondent. The monthlong battle to recapture Manila from the Japanese had been a vicious one—mostly artillery duels and house-to-house fighting—and except for Warsaw the city had suffered the greatest damage of any capital in the Second World War. I remembered strolling curiously through the bullet- and shell-pocked but still ornate palace rooms and picking up books and pamphlets written by José P. Laurel, the brilliant ultranationalist wartime President under the Japanese; later exonerated of the charge of being a collaborator, he ran unsuccessfully for President after the United States granted the Philippines independence, in 1946. (Laurel's son, Salvador Laurel, a former senator, is now Mrs. Aquino's Vice-President and Foreign Secretary, having reluctantly agreed to set aside his own Presidential ambitions in favor of Mrs. Aquino in February, 1986. Vice-President Laurel has often disagreed publicly and privately with Mrs. Aquino; after the Honasan coup, he took sides with the military against Arroyo, and he is doing all he can to prosecute his own ambition to be her successor.)

Filipino politicians are a hardy breed and almost never give up. Marcos, in exile and disgrace and seriously ill, is a prime example, as he continues to finance and support coup efforts and keeps desperately trying to get back to the Philippines one way or another. Though there is no indication that he had anything to do with the latest attempt, his most recent effort, early in July, involved a wealthy Saudi Arabian businessman. An American intermediary, who taped his own conversations with Marcos, revealed that the former President planned to borrow about twenty-five million dollars from the businessman to buy a huge arsenal of weapons for an invasion of the Philippines. Once there, Marcos expected to be welcomed by a force of ten thousand of his "loyalist" troops in the Army. When the intermediary, a lawyer engaged in what apparently was a "sting" operation, informed the United States and Philippine governments of Marcos's plot, Marcos was restricted by the State and Justice Departments to the island of Oahu, in Hawaii, where he has been living since he fled Manila. The Aquino government has filed a total of thirty-eight civil suits against the Marcos family and their cronies, seeking the recovery of the tens of billions of dollars they allegedly stole, collectively, over a twenty-year period.

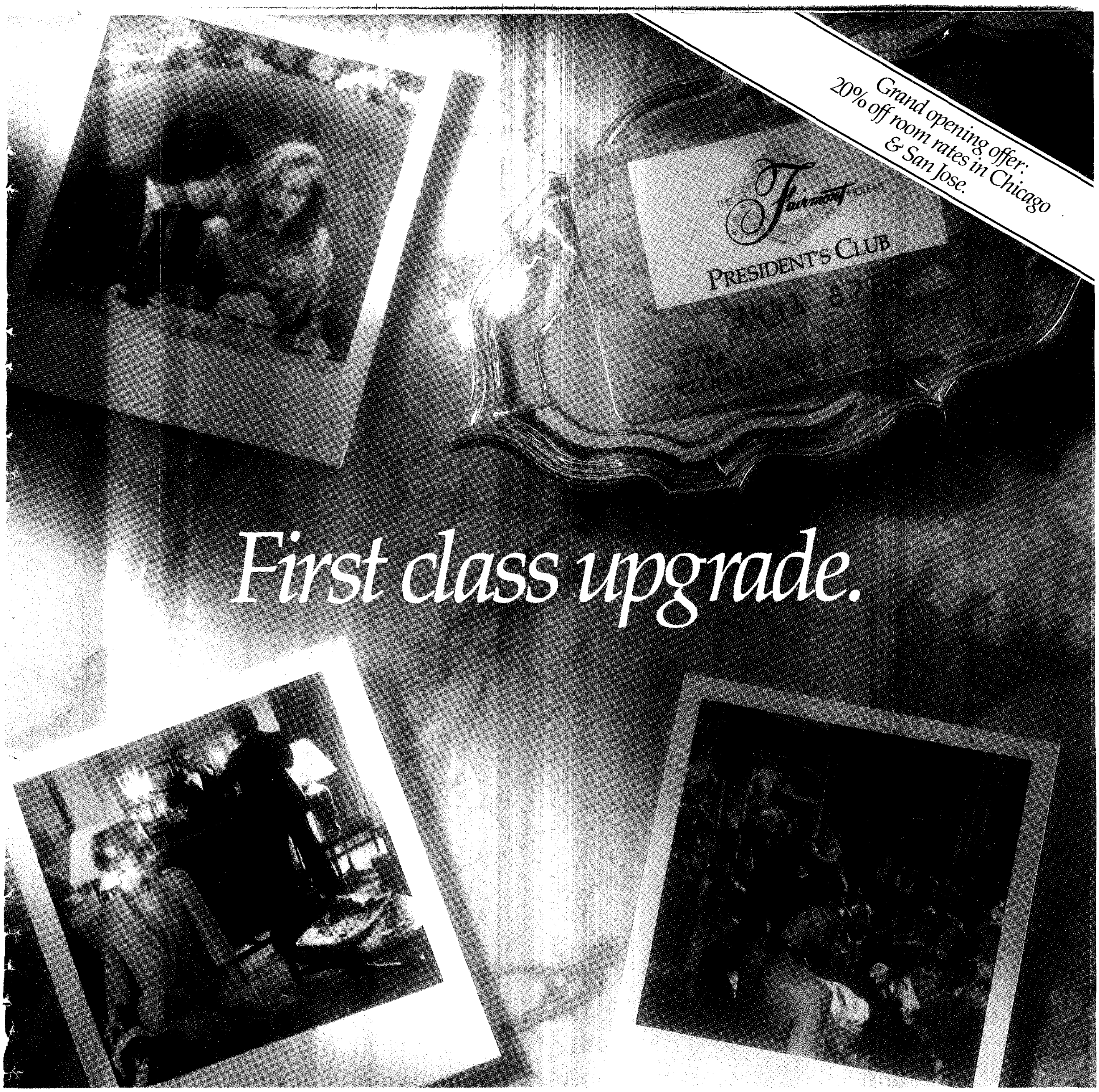
Reflecting on all this, I hailed a *carretela*—a traditional small horse-drawn carriage—to take me the mile or so to the hotel. For some reason, *carretelas*, long scarce, have begun to reappear on the city's streets; perhaps they are symbols of rejuvenation and relaxation, or it may be that Imelda Marcos, who was governor of Metro Manila, among other things, frowned on them as unseemly colonial relics. Clip-clopping along amid the streams of cars, taxis, trucks, and jeepneys (large jeeps, with fancy horns and catchy names, that serve as jitneys and are Manila's cheapest and most common form of transportation), I thought with some sadness of the great hopes Marcos had engendered when he first became President, in 1965, and of the many reasons he had failed, the principal one being consummate greed—his own, his wife's, and that of his profiteering "cronies." Profligacy and showmanship are Filipino characteristics, and fiestas, even among the poorest villagers, are a way of letting off steam and seeking moments of joy. For the Marcoses, and particularly for Imelda Romualdez Marcos, who came from a poor branch of a well-off family, the Presidency had turned into a constant fiesta and a dangerous blend of pomp and power, which inevitably self-destructed. I wondered, as so many have, whether Ninoy Aquino would have lived up to the high hopes that people had for him as a President. And I thought again of his convent-educated widow, the no longer so shy Cory, who still believed that God had summoned her to take her husband's place, and was struggling to give content and meaning not only to her Presidency but to the revolution that Bishop Francisco Claver, one of the country's leading Jesuits, has called "both a cultural and a religious happening." Eighty-five per cent of the Filipinos are Catholics, and Bishop Claver is one of a group of a dozen or so high-ranking churchmen who openly supported the rebellion against Marcos. Along with Jaime Cardinal Sin, the nation's highest-ranking prelate, these bishops encouraged the people to take to the streets during the February revolt and, by sheer numbers, to prevent Marcos's soldiers and tanks from overrunning and defeating them. Ever since, the Church, while not adopting quite so adversarial a role, has served, more than any other element in the society, as the conscience of the revolution, examining and discussing it both in theological and philosophical and in practical and historical terms.

In a number of places, and especially on the islands of Mindanao, Negros, Samar, and parts of Luzon, where the Communist New People's Army and the Communist Party's main umbrella organization, the National Democratic Front, are strongest, a minority of perhaps a hundred priests who are members of the activist Basic Christian Communities have allied themselves—secretly in the main but in some cases openly—with the Communists. They take part in activities of the N.D.F. and of the Partido ng Bayan, or People's Party, the furthest-left legal political party, and in general support the cause of revolution—including, if necessary, violence. Most notably in Negros, the principal sugar-producing island, which has suffered most from the decline in world sugar prices and consequent widespread poverty, and even starvation, this has led to polarization in the ranks of the Church itself and among the rest of the population as well.

Elsewhere, the country's Church leaders, led by the Catholic Bishops' Conference of the Philippines, and joined by a number of academic specialists and representatives of the more thoughtful and once again flourishing free press, are doing far more than the politicians to examine the causes and effects of the revolution and to place it in historical perspective. What makes these analyses particularly significant is a new awareness that the Philippines has never previously had a revolution—or, at least, not a complete one. There is also a realization that the nonviolent aspects of what occurred in those four days of 1986—whether one describes it as a revolt, a rebellion, a coup, or a "happening"—were only the beginning of a far longer process, evolutionary or revolutionary, whose outcome remains very much in doubt. Now that Marcos is gone, and, at least for the moment, the authoritarian option has been removed, the conflict between the nonviolent approach underscored by the low-key quality of Mrs. Aquino's leadership to date and the violent solutions offered by the Communists, the Muslim rebels in Mindanao, the Marcos loyalists, Honasan's reëmerging Army reformist group, and other elements within the society is the fundamental one. In one sense, the democratic trappings that have been restored simply provide the scenic backdrop for this new, multicast drama, which, in a more elemental, perhaps Greek, sense, is taking place on a bare stage.

I SPOKE with Bishop Claver, a short, dark man with a soft voice and an intense manner, in his office at the Institute on Church and Social Issues, which is affiliated with Ateneo de Manila University, a distinguished Catholic center of learning. He went out of his way to offer a balanced appraisal of Mrs. Aquino's performance as President. He admitted that her slowness in introducing important social and economic changes had, among other things, failed to reduce and in some instances even increased corruption, and he acknowledged that too many decisions had been made on an ad-hoc basis. But he credited her with having "in her own way shown a lot of political savvy." He praised her specifically for the manner in which she had handled the threat posed by former Defense Minister Juan Ponce Enrile, who had helped mount the February, 1986, coup but had quickly become a thorn in her side, and whom she fired last November, when he seemed about to support another coup—this time against her. "She would have had more trouble if she had moved against Enrile sooner," Bishop Claver said. "As it was, she gave him just enough rope." (Enrile was recently elected to the Senate, and is now the official leader of the opposition; he has denied playing any role in Colonel Honasan's coup effort, though Honasan is his former chief security officer.) Claver also had praise for Mrs. Aquino's shepherding through of the new constitution, which was written by a commission she appointed. He conceded that she had been criticized by some Filipinos for not having had the commission elected, but said, "That would have taken too long, and she needed a constitution quickly, to quell instability." Mrs. Aquino campaigned hard for the new constitution, and it was approved in a national plebiscite last February by seventy-eight per cent of the vote.

Claver admitted that the President has "a serious family problem." Her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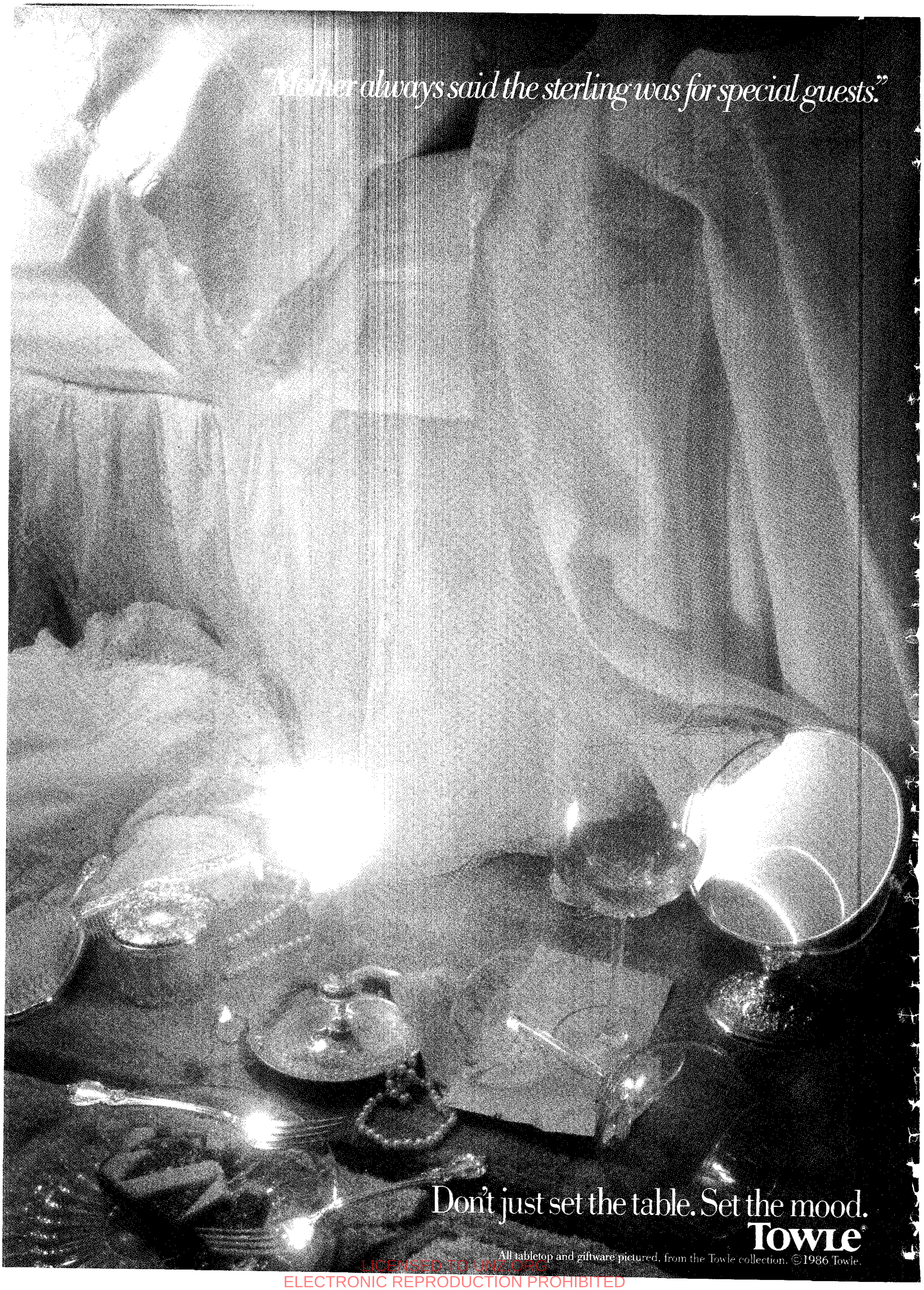
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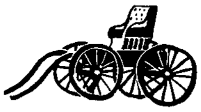
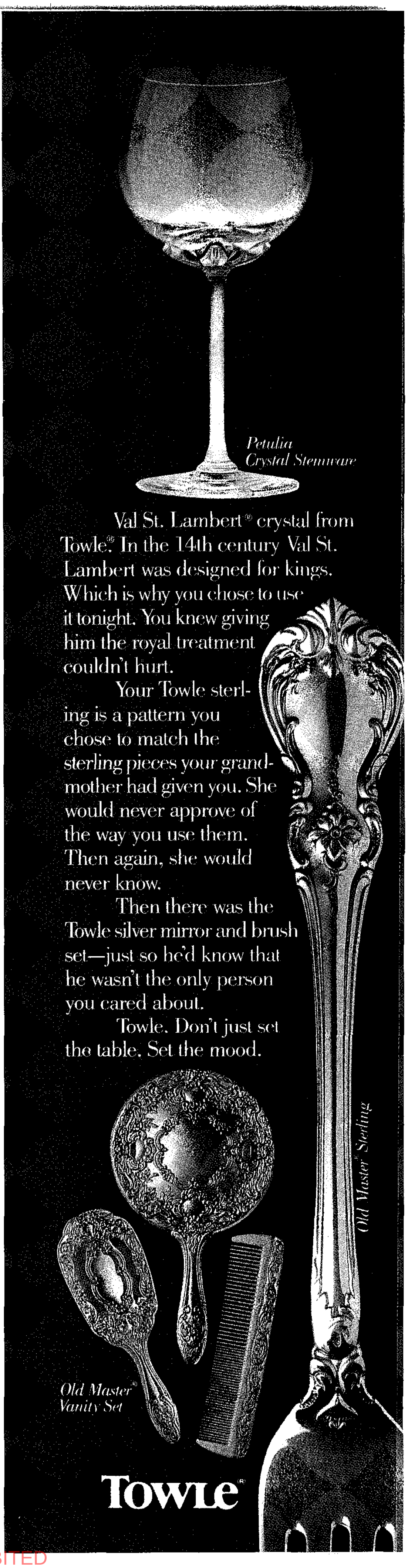
younger brother, José (Peping) Cojuangco, is the political boss of the dominant party supporting her, known by the acronym of LABAN, which means "fight," and, as a newly elected member of the House of Representatives and perhaps her closest adviser, has established a reputation as the political manipulator of her administration. He runs a number of gambling enterprises that furnish party funds, and he controls cargo moving onto and off the docks of Manila. Half a dozen other members of the Aquino and Cojuangco families are also members of the new Congress, and still others hold top provincial jobs. They are by no means a unified group—in fact, there is some degree of rivalry between the Aquinos and the Cojuangcos—nor is there much unity or agreement on strategy or tactics, or on substantive economic or social issues, among the other political leaders who support Mrs. Aquino in the Senate and House. Still, Claver said, "Mrs. Aquino's own personality has remained most important, and she has legitimately retained her special image of integrity. The fact that she is so obviously out to serve the people and her fundamental humility will help her survive."



At the same time, Bishop Claver acknowledged that Mrs. Aquino may ultimately fail in her principal task, of altering the nation's "value structure." In two recent essays he has written as part of a projected book, he points out that "revolutions are never tidy events, and the Filipino version, unique as it was in many ways, has been no exception to the general rule—precisely, it would seem, because of the very factors that made it unique . . . the untidiness of things, the uncertainty and instability." He goes on to note that Mrs. Aquino's predilection for nonviolence and her "unpolitical character" have fostered the feeling that the government, in its efforts at reconciliation and peacemaking, has established a working principle of "*peace at any price*—maximum tolerance of dissent, even rebellion, within rather wide (and questionable) limits." In this regard, he adds, "the government is perceived as weak, not yet in full command of its coercive arm (the military), and to that extent captive to it." He cites the fact that the leaders of the several previously attempted coups were not punished "for what should ordinarily be condemned as treasonable activities" (court-martial proceedings against some two hundred participants in the coup attempt last January began in July, but so far there have been no sentences); that Marcos loyalists have been allowed to demonstrate, and even rebel, against the government "with relative impunity;" that "little if anything has been done to redress human-rights violations and abuses perpetrated by the military under the Marcos regime;" and that the various efforts to establish ceasefires and arrange negotiations with the major rebel forces —the Communists and the Muslims' Moro National Liberation Front—have so far not only failed but, in fact, backfired, in that they "seem to put the insurgency movements on an equal footing with the state itself."

After taking stock and listing the pros and cons, Bishop Claver then asks and attempts to answer the question of how to "bring about the necessary transformation of values that will ensure that the gains of a revolution are followed through" and "made to bear fruit in lasting social change." He refers to the Communists' use of "reëducation camps" and other "draconian measures" to eliminate "unacceptable mind-sets" and create "intellectual and attitudinal changes." Such compulsory measures to instill revolutionary values "are, to say the least, unacceptable to the Christian moral sense," Bishop Claver continues. In the case of the Philippines, he emphasizes, "the very values that were operative during the revolution and made it what it was" embraced Christianity, a legacy from Spain, and democracy, which was "nurtured under the tutelage of the Americans." The populist nature of the February revolution sprang from the American experience, in Claver's analysis, while its religious traits were the product of the earlier, Catholic heritage. By putting the two legacies together into a "marvellously created tapestry" that was "thoroughly Filipino" and represented "the Filipino soul" at its best, Claver says, "People Power and its nonviolent exercise" succeeded.

A key to the elusive question that Bishop Claver and other analysts keep asking—how to sustain People Power as a motivating and productive force for change—may be found in the unusual mixture of power and strength, compassion and mercy in Philippine society. These qualities are part of the contradiction in the national character between violence and gentleness, be-



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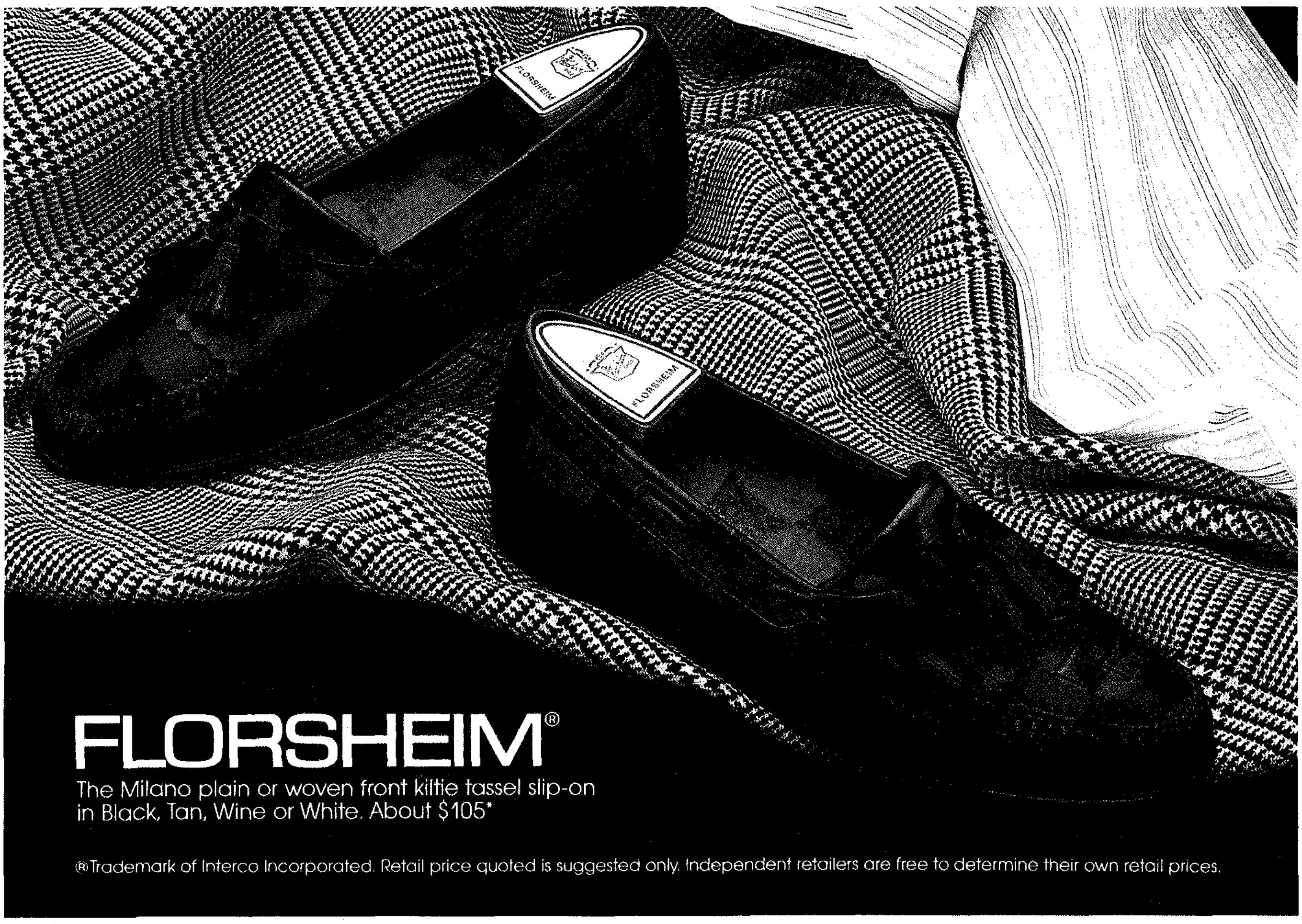
tween a willingness to seek out conflict and an effort to avoid it. Clearly evident during the historic revolutionary period in 1986, in Claver's opinion, the two strains or tendencies blended, and not only made the revolution possible but created new opportunities for social development. In Tagalog, the principal national dialect, the word for power, pull, and strength is *lakas*, and the word for compassion, pity, and mercy is *awa*. Claver suggests that the high tolerance for abusive *lakas* at the hands of a dictator like Marcos helps explain the prevalence of crime and violence, particularly during elections, when armed goons and the private armies of lesser *datus*—political or tribal bosses or regional headmen—are always more active than usual. The antithesis of this kind of ruthlessness is the most positive form of *awa*, which embraces sympathy for those who suffer, for the less privileged members of society, and for subordinates or dependents. *Awa* also connotes a sense of harmony—a desire to find peaceful solutions to problems and to maintain good relations with one's peers, and a willingness to be magnanimous and forgiving.

As an expression of the nonviolent ethic in the Philippine context, *awa* was exemplified by Ninoy Aquino when, in August of 1983, against the advice of his family and friends, he returned to Manila from exile to try to persuade Marcos to step down as President and surrender his abused *lakas*, thereby regaining some of his earlier personal stature while restoring the nation's democracy and freedom. As Claver puts it, Aquino arrived, unarmed, with the message, to Marcos and the country, "I come in peace—I am at your mercy. If you have *awa*, I live. If you don't, I die." Though Marcos was ill at the time—he had just received an unsuccessful kidney transplant—and may not have personally given the command to assassinate Aquino, the *lakas* he represented triumphed over his *awa*, and as Aquino disembarked from the airplane he was shot to death by Marcos's soldiers, under the command of General Fabian Ver, the chief of staff. (Ver fled to Hawaii with Marcos but has since disappeared. He and twenty-five other officers and men were acquitted of the murder in 1985, after a long show trial arranged and stage-managed under Marcos's orders. All the original defendants except Ver, plus fourteen others since added to the docket, are now being retried in Manila, but the trial is barely moving, and the failure of new witnesses to come out of hiding because they are afraid may lead to its discontinuance or further postponement.) The killing of Aquino, which was probably the most momentous event in the Philippines since independence, created a national furor and sense of shame, and culminated in the events of February, 1986. Claver says, "From the first to the last act of that drama, the story line revolved around the interplay of *lakas* and *awa*." In the election that immediately preceded the revolution, Marcos's remnant *lakas* was pitted against the *awa* of a new and as yet untested *datu*, Cory Aquino. He responded as baselessly as he had in August of 1983: he "arrogantly transgressed even the wide bounds of power tolerated by Philippine politics," Claver writes. Though Mrs. Aquino had obviously won the election, Marcos, in trying to steal it from her, ended up strengthening the people's *awa* on behalf of his opponent (whom he denigrated as a mere "housewife"). He thereby enhanced her developing personal *awa* and brought about his own downfall.

Marcos's defeat was also attribut-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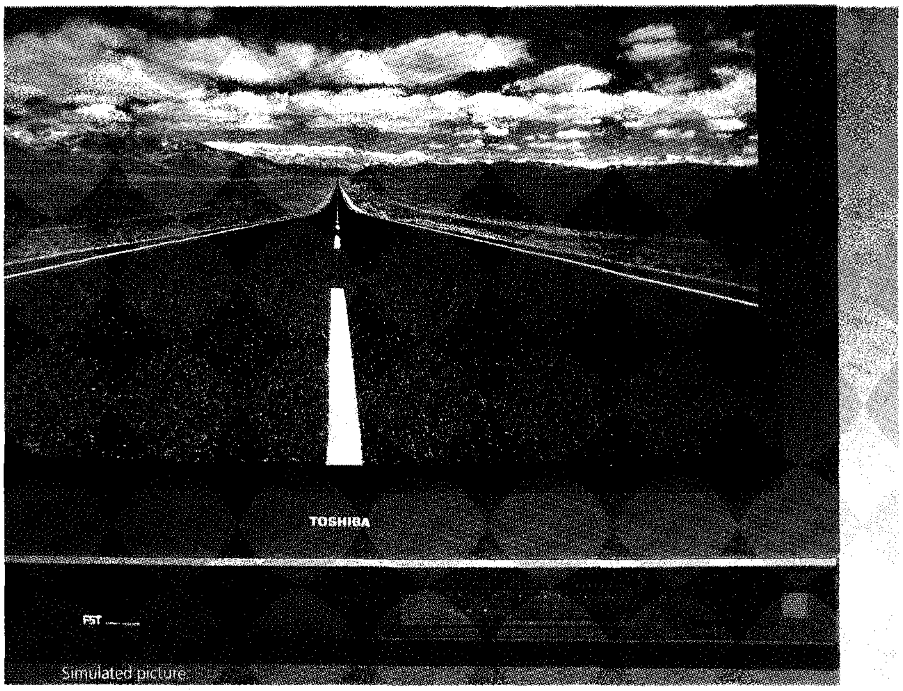
able to the rise of two new *datus*, who conducted the military revolt against him—Enrile and Ramos, who was then deputy chief of staff. Together, starting with only three hundred men, mostly members of the Army's Reform Movement, of which Colonel Honasan was one of the founders, they rallied ninety per cent of the Army to their side within four days. Having lost his *lakas*, Marcos lost his waning personal ability to command the respect of his soldiers, who disobeyed his orders to destroy the rebel troops at the outset of the mutiny. The most fascinating aspect of the revolution was the manner in which, encouraged by the Church, and particularly by the broadcasts of Cardinal Sin over Radio Veritas, the Church radio, the people began pouring into the streets by the thousands and became the embodiment of their own *awa*. They were initially acting as a buffer to protect Enrile and Ramos and the soldiers barricaded with them in Camps Aguinaldo and Crame, on Manila's outskirts, but their pleas quickly changed from "Have pity on Ponce Enrile and Ramos" to "Have pity on us. We are all Filipinos. We are all brothers." It was this cry that, as men and women threw themselves in front of the tracks of the tanks, convinced the commanding officers that the revolution had triumphed and that Marcos was finished.

Another significant aspect of those four days was the manner in which the popular expressions of sympathy and compassion shifted in direction and emphasis. Initially, it was *lakas* that was demonstrated, as the first to appear on the streets were the élitist and middle-class elements, who have all along been the strongest supporters of Mrs. Aquino, a member of a wealthy and politically prominent landowning family. But as thousands of ordinary citizens turned out, mostly poorer people bringing food and soft drinks, and were joined by hundreds of praying nuns, priests, and seminarians, the revolution turned into a populist movement. Claver explains that while a rejection of *awa* was implied by the assassination of Ninoy Aquino, *awa* was heeded at Camps Crame and Aguinaldo: "And that simple act changed the course of the nation's history. *Lakas*, tempered by *awa*, *awa* becoming the principal mode of the exercise of *lakas*, itself turning into a form of *lakas*—this was what . . . effected the tremendous February revolution." For those who took part, "it



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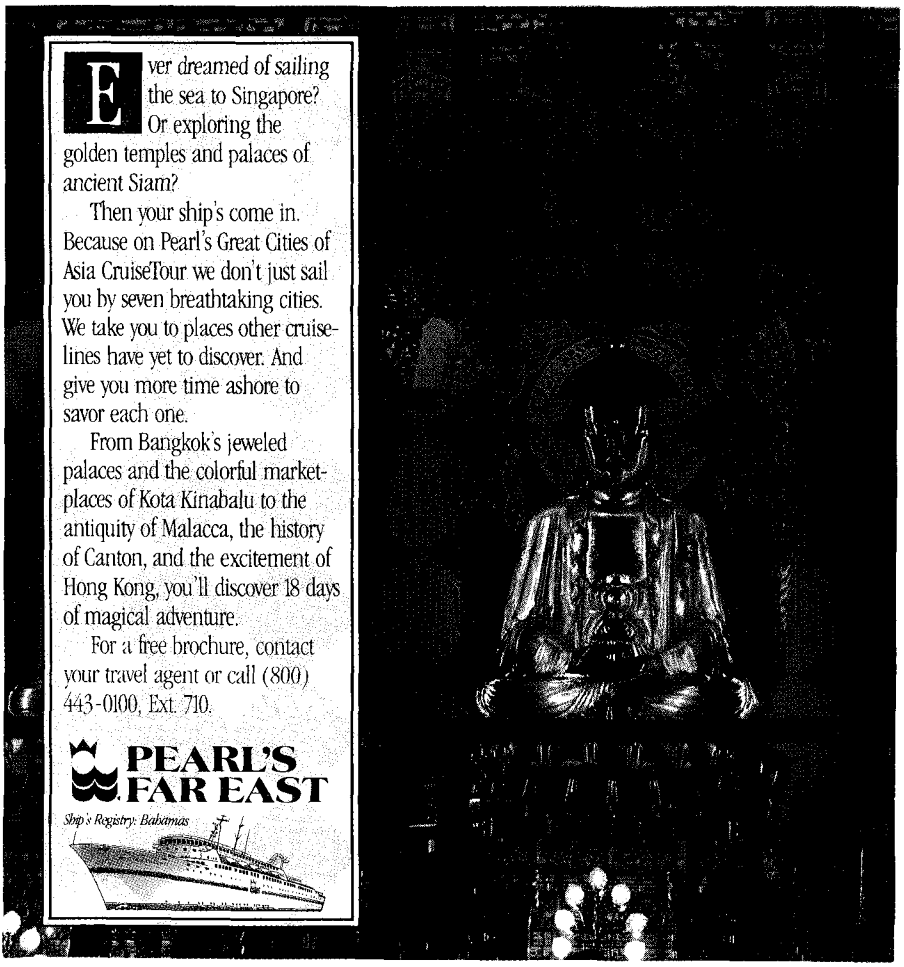

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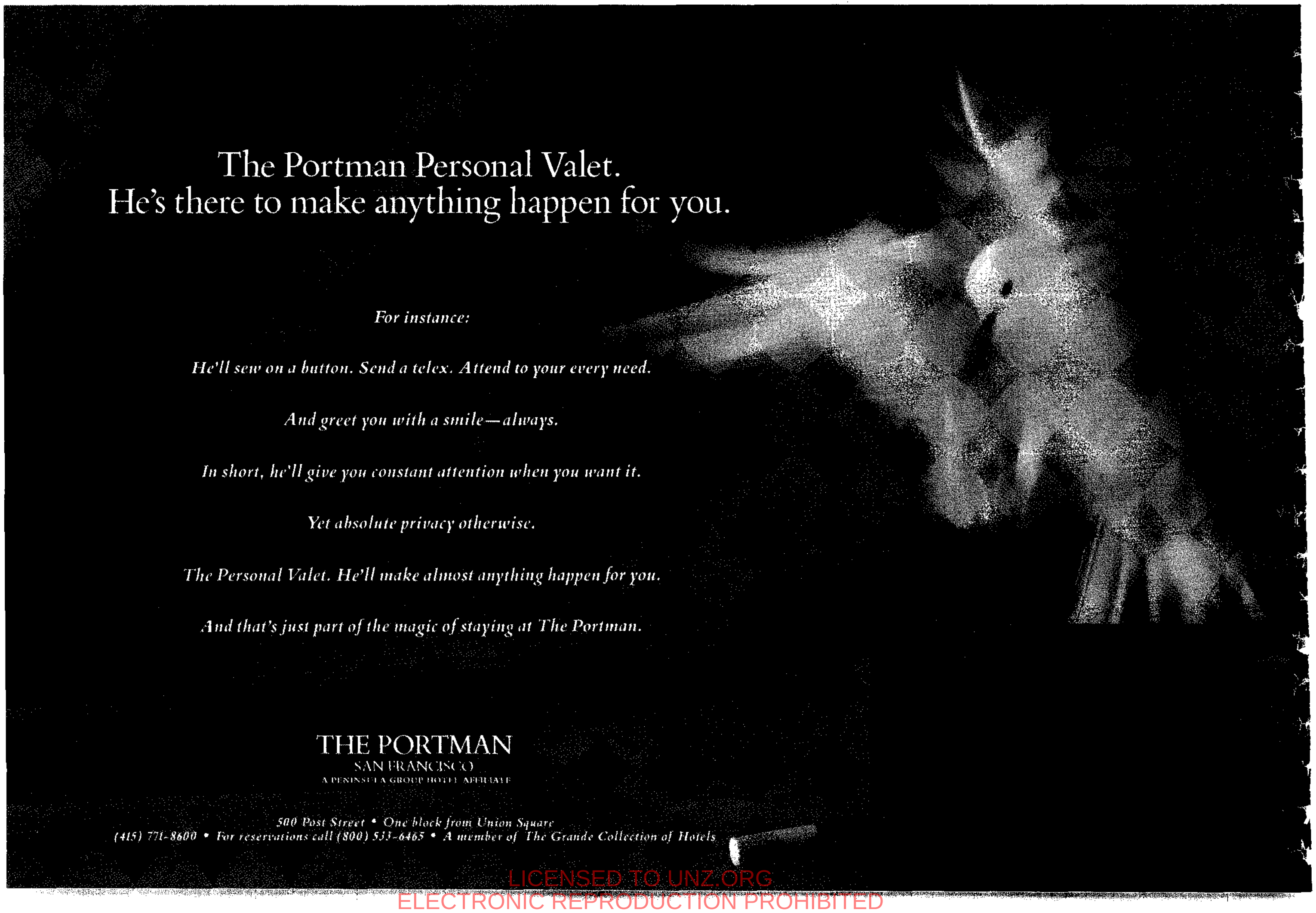
was a religious experience, a quite spiritual conversion to a radically new way of looking at things." Claver suggests that "the term *lakas-awa*—'compassionate force,' if we can so translate it—will sufficiently verbalize for us what we wish henceforth to express by the term 'active nonviolence.' " Extended into the social sphere, Bishop Claver concludes, *lakas-awa* can bring about the transformation of values and sustain the social revolution that the 1986 events initiated.

THIS is a persuasive analysis and a perfectly tenable argument; nevertheless, the hard questions remain. What happened to People Power after the revolution? How and why did it lose its momentum? Was too much expected too soon from the new government, especially since there was no normal period of transition? Why was the *lakas-awa* of the revolution and, to a considerable degree, of Mrs. Aquino as well, dissipated, despite her continued high popularity ratings? A number of recent surveys predict that these ratings will begin to wane by the end of the year, particularly if the political process lags, the economy fluctuates, insurgencies continue to sap the nation's energy, and there are more attempted coups.

The question of whether People Power can be "systematically developed" and sustained has been addressed by a number of experts, among them Dr. Patricia Licuanan, a social psychologist at Ateneo University. The term, as Dr. Licuanan points out, is not new. It was used in the early nineteen-seventies by community workers engaged in organizing and mobilizing popular participation in and support for various activities among citizens in Tondo, Manila's largest slum area. Today, Tondo has a population of a million and a half, stretching over several square miles of landfill along the waterfront, a prominent feature of which is a huge and constantly replenished hill of vaporizing and stinking garbage known as Smoky Mountain. Although many of the *barangays*, or communities, that make up Tondo show some recent signs of physical improvement—alleyways and streets have been widened, and wells and pumps and primitive sanitation systems installed—poverty and unemployment are endemic, as ever, and the tremendous growth of the area over the past fifteen years is in itself a national disgrace. Imelda Marcos, while constantly flaunting her wealth, prided herself on identifying with the poor, and as Metro Manila's governor she considered Tondo one of her favorite fiefdoms; she had decorative false fronts put up on the shacks and small houses in the most visible sections, to give the appearance of progress, but she never succeeded in any of her proclaimed efforts to alleviate the abysmal conditions of the poor in Tondo or anywhere else in the city.

The anger against Marcos and his wife that slowly developed over the fifteen years of his authoritarian rule can be said to have found initial expression during a contrived legislative election in 1978. Ninoy Aquino, while still imprisoned by Marcos on trumped-up charges of sedition and murder, was allowed to head a slate of twenty-one candidates from Manila running for the Batasan Pambansa, Marcos's puppet assembly. More than half the Aquino ticket, including Aquino himself, obviously won, but the Marcoses stole the election, claiming all twenty-one seats—a typical display of flagrant cheating. Although Mrs. Marcos allegedly led the "winning" slate, the vote count in Tondo



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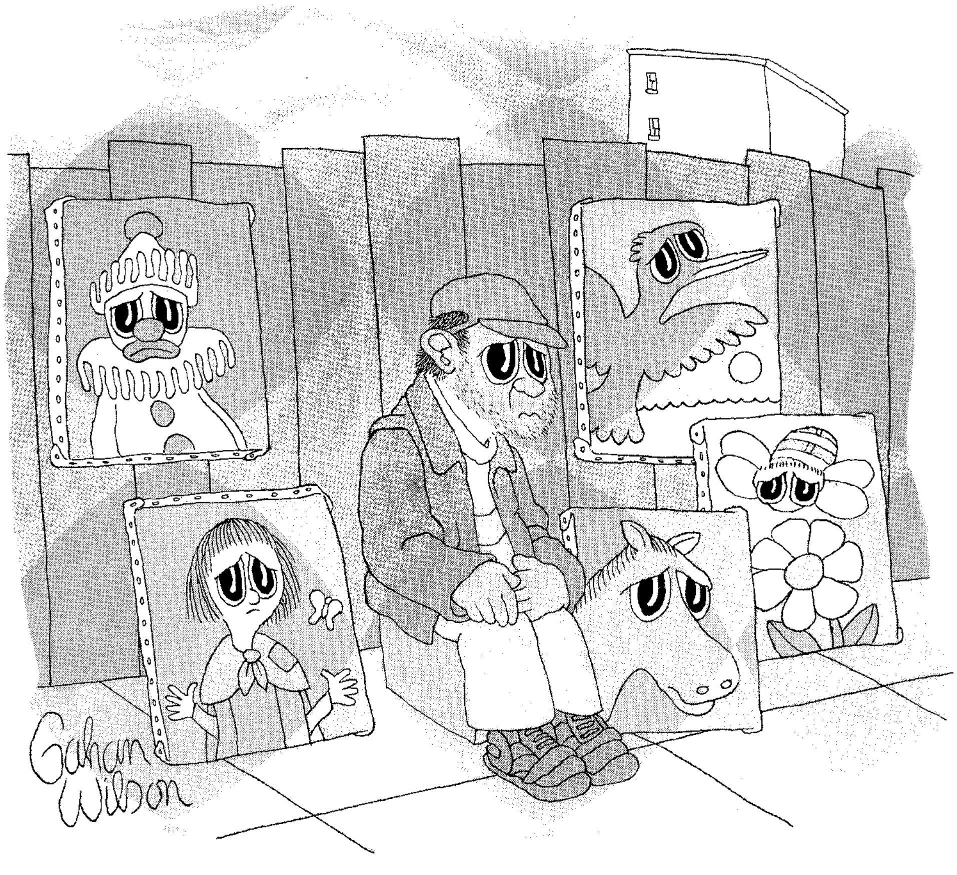


actually went against her, and, furious at the slight, she fired a number of her political satraps in the slum. On the eve of the election, Aquino's supporters had held a mass demonstration, which featured a parade through Manila of thousands of people beating with hammers and utensils on pots and pans and honking auto horns. In the view of many analysts, this marked the real beginning of People Power on a national scale. In the years that followed, there were several significant large demonstrations of workers and peasants against the Marcos dictatorship, including one, in the area of Mendiola Bridge, close to Malacañang, during which, as a result of the violent response of the military and the police, many people were killed. As People Power rose to its pre-revolutionary height, it was clear that the basically easygoing Filipinos were reaching the end of their tether and becoming more defiant: with "Enough is enough" as a universal rallying cry, they were signalling that the end of the Marcos regime was near.

Filipinos, perhaps more than any other Asians, have traditionally had what Dr. Licuanan calls a "star mentality" about their leaders, placing them above others in ability and charismatic appeal. Certainly Marcos, at the outset of his career, had this quality; so did Ninoy Aquino and the former Presidents Ramón Magsaysay and Manuel Quezon. Cory Aquino, though by no means a star in the comparable historic sense, has developed her own special chemistry, as the personification of People Power. The widow of a martyr, she has emerged slowly as a leader in her own right, though still more symbolically than realistically, and her popularity has been based largely on the affection and love that people have for her as a kind of Joan of Arc figure. Whether that is enough, and whether it will endure, however, remains to be seen. Dr. Licuanan adds: "While indeed the Philippines has changed with the February revolution and so have the Filipino people, we may not have changed enough. It is also possible that we have not changed for very long. . . . Getting rid of a twenty-year-old dictatorship was the easy part. Building a truly democratic, free, and just Philippine society is more difficult. It will require a lot more work, a lot more commitment, a lot more sacrifice. It will also require a lot more People Power. People Power will have to be directed toward helping President Cory Aquino achieve a less élitist and a more popular democratic government where people have a genuine voice in the affairs of the country."

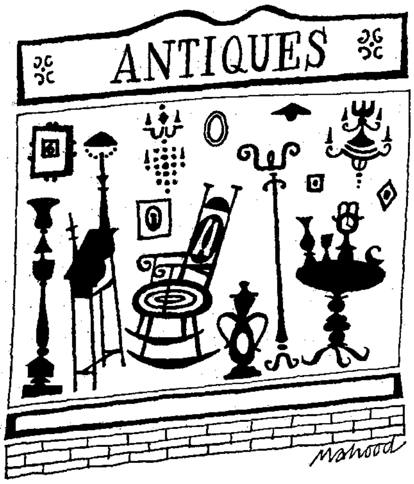
The tasks are tremendous, Dr. Licuanan acknowledges, and if People Power is to be the instrument for building a new society instead of proving to be just a temporary fad it requires far more critical awareness and much better organization than have yet been demonstrated, for it must develop an ideology and a new social vision. Among other things, she notes, "the 'cause oriented' groups active in the anti-Marcos movement who are now going through some sort of postpartum disorientation" should reorganize, strengthen themselves, and articulate their aims, and so should the political parties. "Many people are dismayed at the disagreement and conflict we see around us today," she adds, "especially after the dramatic display of unity" during the revolution.

Dr. Licuanan made these observations before the recent legislative elections, which, despite representing a victory of sorts for Mrs. Aquino, may in fact have set the clock back to pre-martial-law political turmoil. A Jesuit teacher I know, Father John J. Carroll, warns that unless "significant social reform" is initiated soon the momentum of the revolution and the adoption of the new constitution will be lost and the country "will drift toward an El Salvador-type situation." He says that "massive popular support" will be required "to overcome the inertia of the élite and middle-class elements" that still dominate the nation's life.

On the other hand, certain skeptics and critics have expressed doubt about whether People Power should be regarded as a continuing creative force. As a spontaneous demonstration of popular sentiment that was sparked by anger and hope, sustained during and immediately after the revolution by self-generated euphoria, and abetted by the almost mystical charm of Cory Aquino, it may well have served its purpose and run its course. To continue depending on it could be more dangerous than profitable, particularly as it has tended to become more vague and nebulous and prone to abuse by charlatans, such as the remaining pro-Marcos plotters and demonstrators and the scattershot vigilantes. This is not to deny the validity of participatory democracy or the need to restimulate the cause-oriented groups, including both those on the left and those in the now dominant center of the crowded political spectrum. Indeed, it is probably these factions, ranging from the Catholic Basic Christian Communities, through labor unions and farmers' associations, to the large number of public-spirited and dedicated community organizations, that, having helped overthrow Marcos, will now be dominant forces in determining the future of the Aquino government. To them one should add the score or so of political parties, old and new, that, amid death throes and birth pangs, will ultimately survive or disappear—and here the results of the coming local elections, and particularly the fortunes of the leftist candidates, who did badly in the legislative races but expect to do better in the local polls, are especially important. As this scenario unfolds over the next year or so, People Power will in all likelihood give way to whole new sets of shifting pressure groups, which could either propel Mrs. Aquino's slow-moving ship of state or leave it dead in the water. If she can rally her forces and enlist these organizations in support of the causes she professes to believe in, and if she learns more about the art of politics by dealing professionally with the new legislature and with the whole new apparatus of her still clumsy administration, she could yet become more than an intercessory or a transitional figure. If she does not, as Malou Mangahas, of the Manila *Chronicle*, has aptly written, "Corazon Aquino's fairy tale could just make of her a tragic heroine, when her bubble of popularity bursts before she can improve the lives of those she enchanted."

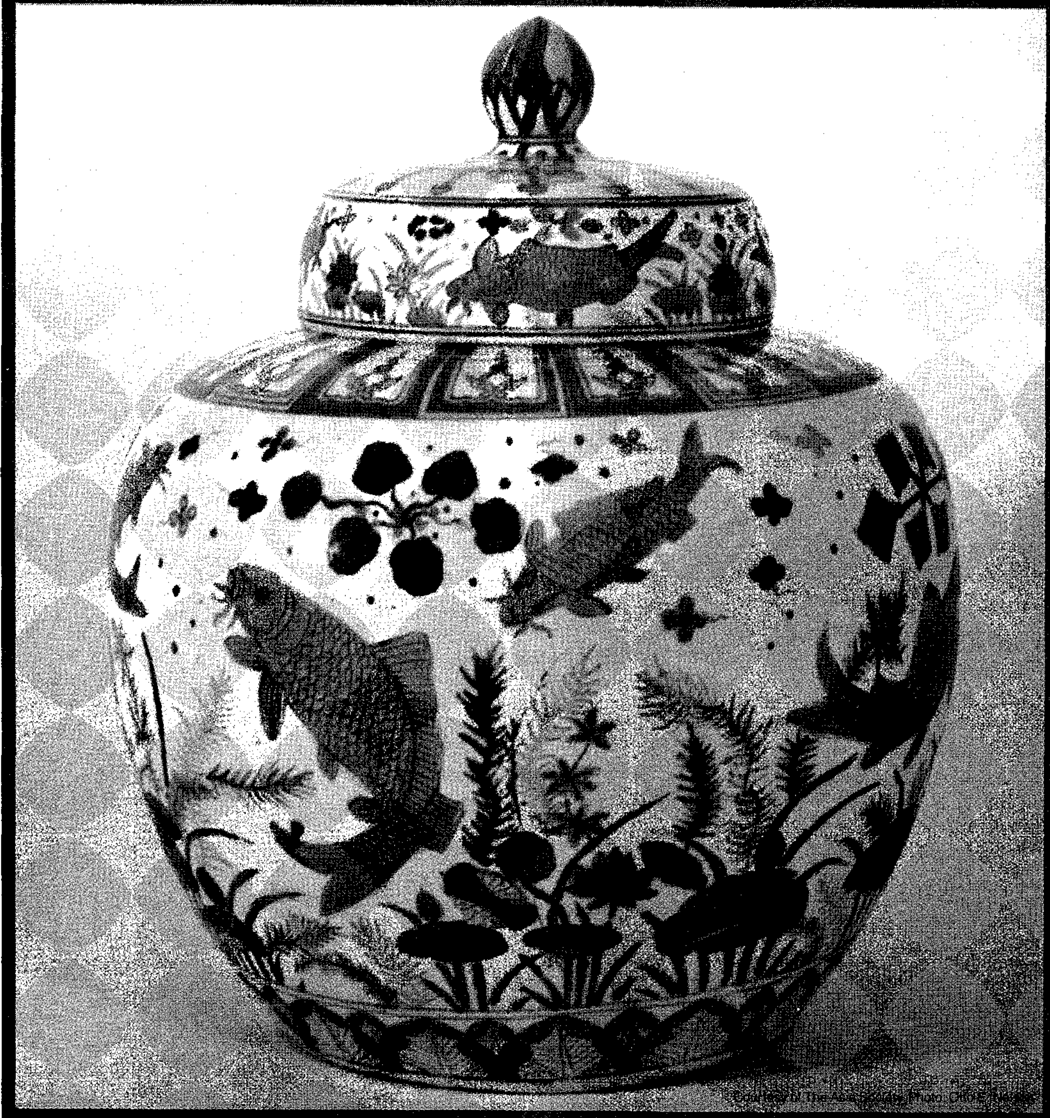
A CAREFUL analysis of the legislative elections and their aftermath does not augur well. With some exceptions, the results bear out an observation by Amando Doronila, the editorial chairman and highly respected columnist of the *Chronicle*, that what has taken place has been the "refeudalization" or "retribalization" of Philippine politics. Instead of new parties with "notions of responsibility and accountability," Doronila sees only "a semblance of parties" that are essentially "coalitions composed mainly of political opportunists," prepared to "knife their allies" once the business of legislating gets under way. "The return to political warlordism or tribal politics dominated by the family dynasties foreshadows the reassertion of the oligarchic tendencies in Philippine politics," he writes. "A parallel development is taking place in the post-Marcos economic landscape. This is characterized by the reassertion of oligarchic formation in business and industry, including such strategic sectors as the media of communications." In a subsequent article, while conceding that the election "marginalized the Marcos loyalists" by "weeding out the thuggery of the remnants of the past regime," Doronila comments that this was "a negative form of renewal," since the candidates of the left-wing coalition did so poorly, and demonstrated "the pervasive influence of élitism, and the rigidity of the system" in preventing it from "accommodating interests representing the underclasses of the society."

Even granting that Bayan had little money and time to organize, and was restricted by military operations in areas of rural unrest, where its greatest potential strength lies, the fact that it won only two of the two hundred elective seats in the House and none in the Senate seems to indicate that the country is not yet ready for issue-oriented "new politics," and remains essentially centrist and conservative. For this, Mrs. Aquino and her principal advisers are chiefly responsible. Collectively, they have failed to develop new themes or ideas, and to press sooner for fundamental land reform. During her campaign for the Presidency, Mrs. Aquino did stress the need for such reform, and promised to set an example by breaking up the fifteen-thousand-acre estate called Hacienda Luisita, in Tarlac Province, in central Luzon, which her family has owned for several generations. Over the past year, countless meetings were held by the Cabinet and by panels of experts to draft a comprehensive land-reform program, and it was expected that well before Congress met, at the end of July, Mrs. Aquino would submit the results of their efforts as an executive order. Instead, she waited until the last moment—only five days before the inaugural session of Congress—and then proclaimed a watered-down version of the program, thereby simply heightening the bitter debate that was already raging over the issue. Her failure to seize the initiative before the powerful landlord lobby in the legislature and around the country could gather its forces may prove her biggest mistake.



The whole complicated land-reform issue, which I will deal with subsequently, is only one part of the larger question of how far Mrs. Aquino and her administration really intend to go in introducing any reforms that will significantly improve the status of the country's underclasses and reduce the high level of poverty. Some measures of social improvement have been introduced during the past year and a half, such as a rather paltry twelve-billion-peso (twenty pesos are worth one dollar) emergency-employment program, which has slowly and to a limited degree helped stimulate the development of small-scale commercial enterprises. Improvements have also occurred in a few other areas—for example, health and education, where programs and facilities have been broadened and administration made more efficient. By and large, however, social reform on the significant scale proposed by Bishop Claver, Father Carroll, and other liberal clerics, as well as by a substantial proportion of the academic community, has scarcely been initiated, and there are few encouraging signs.

FATHER JOAQUÍN BERNAS, the head of Ateneo University, who was one of Mrs. Aquino's closest advisers during her Presidential campaign and then became an active member of the Constitutional Commission, privately admits his disappointment and frustration over the way things are going. "The constitution is an awkward, murky document to begin with," he told me. "For one thing, we should have had a unicameral, and not a bicameral, legislature. We started with a concerted struggle to oust a dictator. Now it's a jockeying for power, which is bound to increase and is likely to inhibit the development of political freedom and social justice. It may be that we are up against certain fundamental flaws in our national character and flaws in our leaders, or that certain things we have learned can't be



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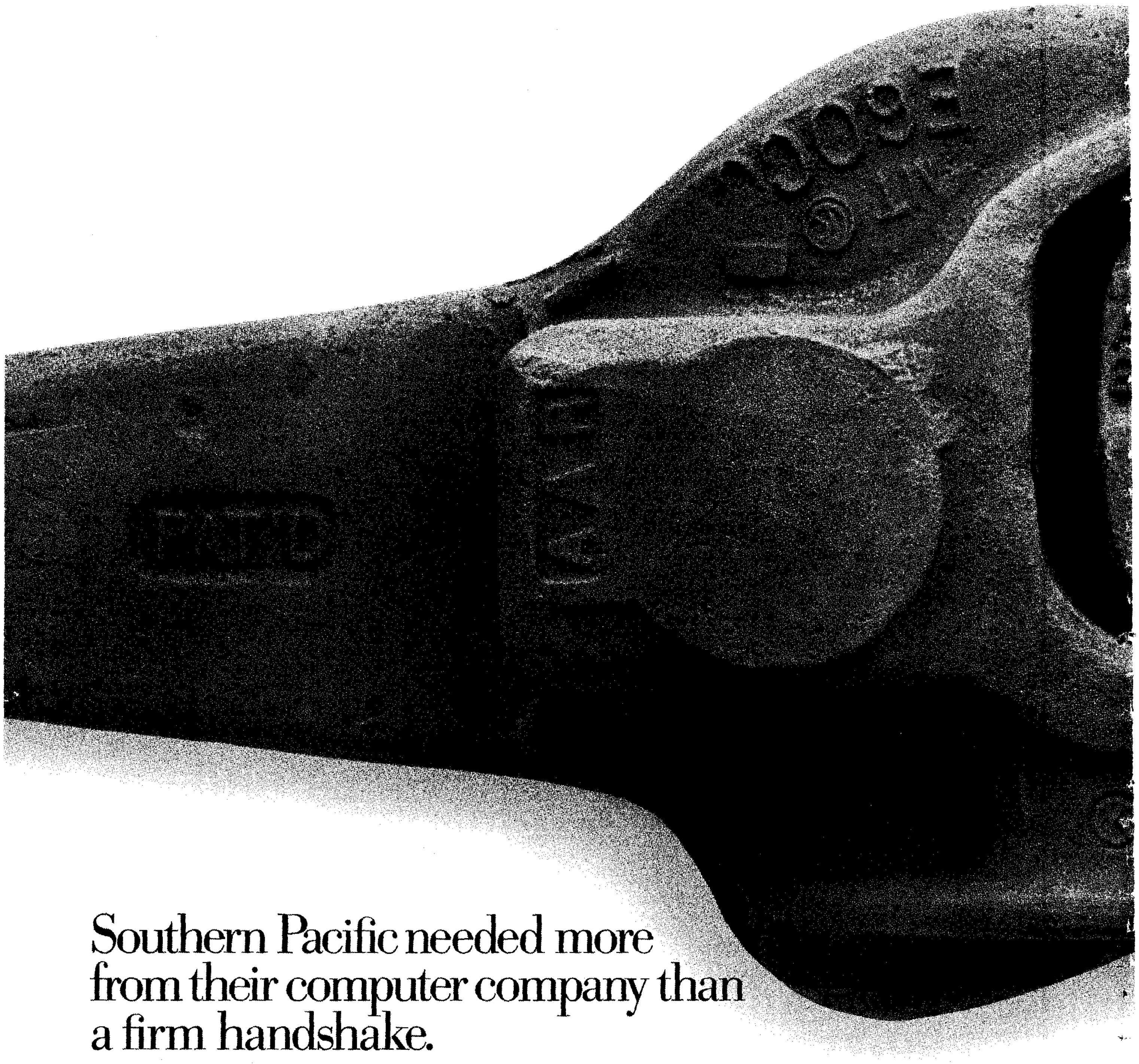

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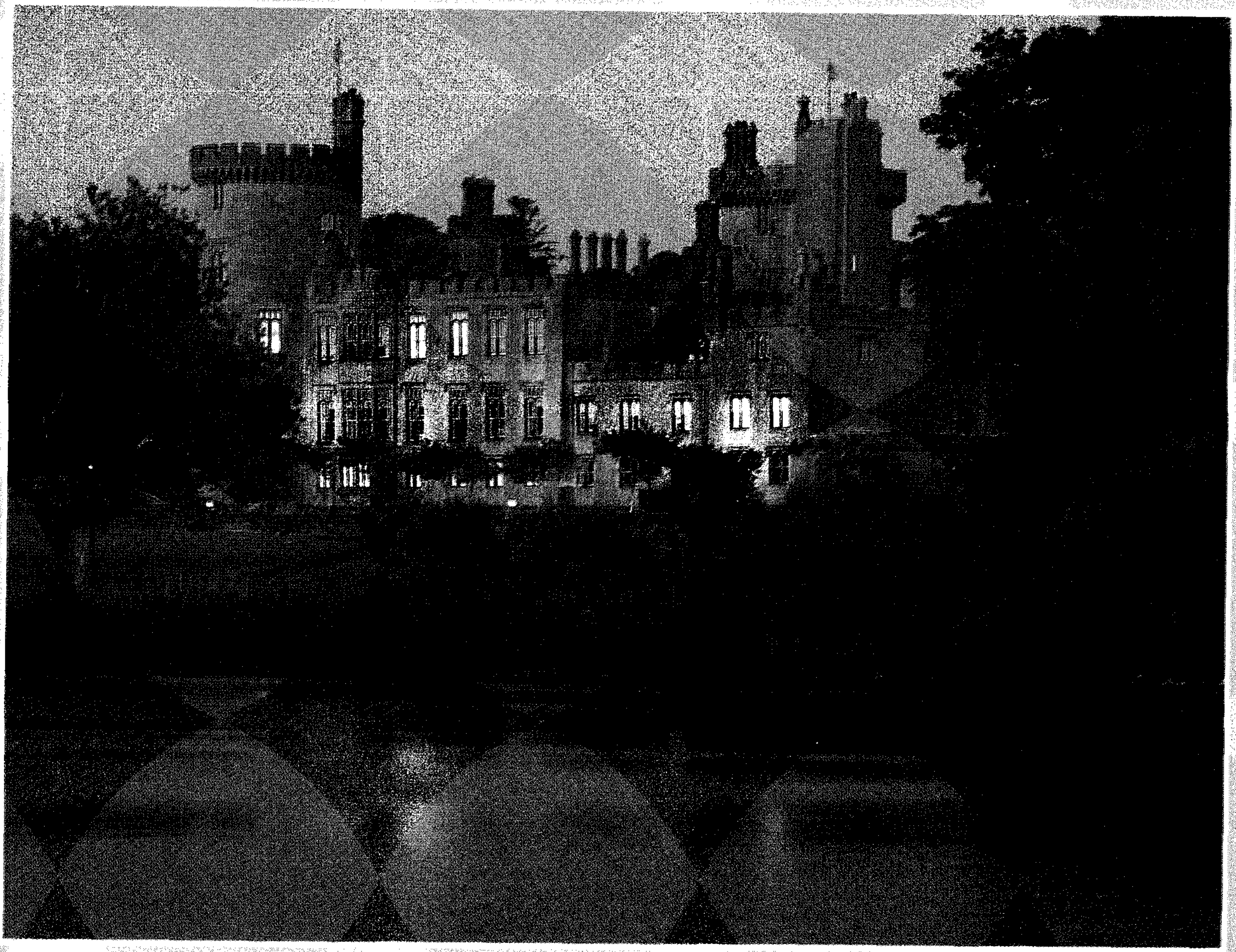

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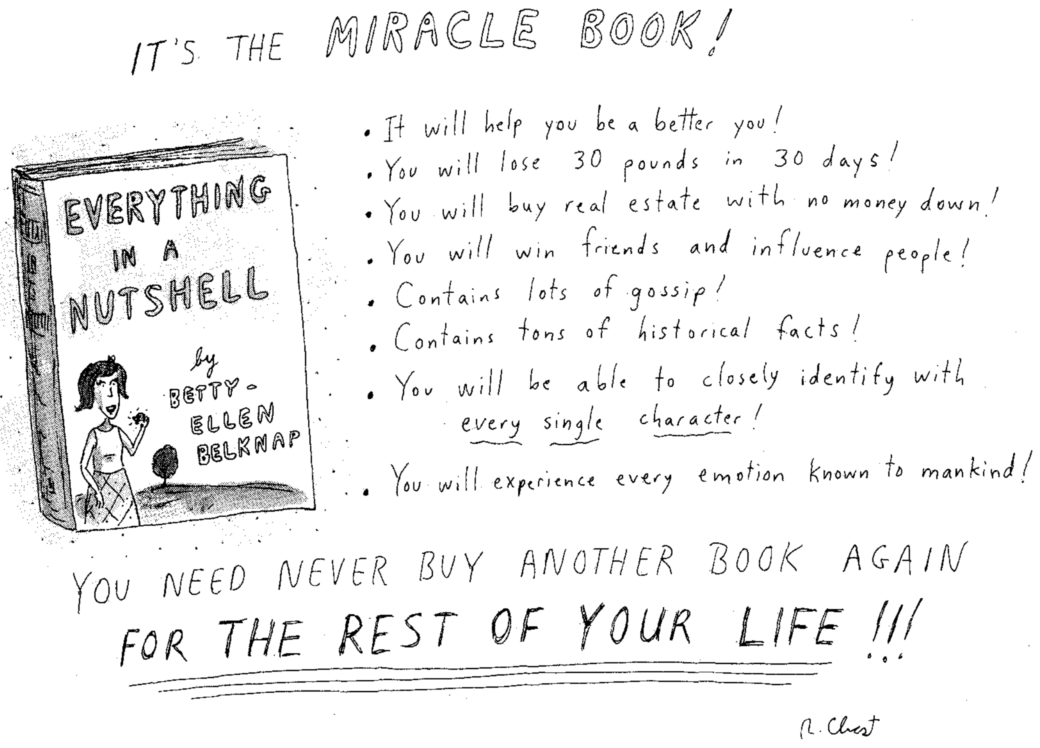
unlearned." In a recent newspaper column, Father Bernas expounded on this point, speaking of "a *cordon sanitaire* of the mind" within "the layers of executive power holders who surround" Mrs. Aquino. This means, he wrote, that "the people are not getting the President they voted for," and that "the Presidency must be rewon." There was no doubt that Father Bernas was referring to Executive Secretary Arroyo as the chief villain.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Mrs. Aquino and the members of her inner circle, almost all of whom are as inexperienced politically as she is, may indeed have trouble dealing with the new legislature. A further examination of its leadership and composition appears to bear this out. Two members of the old-guard Liberal Party, Jovito Salonga and Ramon Mitra, have been elected President of the Senate and Speaker of the House, respectively. Both were close Party associates of Ninoy Aquino, and both are strong candidates to succeed Mrs. Aquino in 1992. (Salonga is already sixty-seven years old, but Mitra is only fifty-nine.) Both were original members of Mrs. Aquino's Cabinet, Salonga as head of the Presidential Commission on Good Government, which is still trying to track down and retrieve at least some of the estimated ten billion or more dollars Marcos personally stole and has mostly hidden abroad, in Swiss and other foreign banks. Mitra was Minister of Agriculture and, later, head of the government delegation that last winter tried unsuccessfully to sustain a ceasefire and reach a peace agreement with the Communists. Salonga, for the third time in his career, was the leading vote-getter in the nationwide Senate race—this time as a member of Mrs. Aquino's LABAN slate (though he continues to head the main faction of the still active Liberal Party)—and Mitra won his seat in the House, from the southern island of Palawan, with relative ease and then defeated two other members of the new Congress for the Speakership.

While both Salonga and Mitra are experienced leaders who support much of Mrs. Aquino's program and campaigned actively for her, they are also proud and independent men with ideas of their own on many issues, including land reform and the question of retaining the two big American military bases on Luzon—the naval base at Subic Bay and the airbase at Clark Field. Formal negotiations on the bases, whose leases expire in 1991, will begin next year, and the issue remains, as it has in the past, a subject of lively debate, with nationalists and leftists strongly opposed to the presence of any foreign bases in the Philippines, whether under a rental agreement or in return for aid. The United States, which, under the current agreement, is paying the Philippines nine hundred million dollars over a five-year period, wants very much to retain the bases, but—as Secretary of State George Shultz recently made clear—to do so in the context not of rent but of financial assistance to the Philippines, since Washington claims that the bases serve the Philippines' national-security interests as well as those of the United States. Salonga has spoken out against the bases in the past, but—like Mrs. Aquino, who has said she will "keep my options open until 1991"—he is not necessarily for their immediate removal. Mitra's position is believed to be more or less the same. Any new agreement has to be approved by a two-thirds vote of the Senate and, under the constitution, may be submitted by Mrs. Aquino to a national referendum. The debate over the issue began late in August, when two bills were filed in the Senate to bar nuclear weapons from the country, which is in accordance with a provision in the new constitution. However, the language of the bills was ambiguous, and some observers regarded their quick introduction as merely an open maneuver to obtain a better bargain with the United States.

Although the government-coalition umbrella, known as Lakas ng Bayan, or LABAN, won big majorities in both the Senate and the House, there is scarcely a semblance of unity. In the Senate, the twenty-two coalition members comprise at least three loosely allied factions representing a broad variety of opinion, from left-wing and liberal to centrist and conservative, and each faction has its own lesser parties or groupings. Notwithstanding his reputation as an elder statesman, legal scholar, and practicing lawyer with a talent for arranging compromises, Salonga will have his hands full in getting agreements on key issues among the twenty-one other members of the government slate. (It includes two women, Leticia Ramos Shahani, a former career diplomat, who is General Ramos's sister, and Santanina Rasul, a Muslim leader from Sulu.) Meetings of Senate committees, when they are set up—let alone gatherings of the Senate as a whole—are bound to produce fierce debates on everything from the budget to the bases, and especially on such volatile questions as land reform. Of the two opposition

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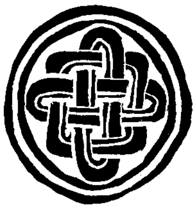
senators, Joseph Estrada, a popular film actor and a former mayor of a suburb of Manila, is not expected to play much of a role, but Enrile, as the head of the opposition coalition, the Grand Alliance for Democracy, could prove a disruptive force even acting as a loner, as he usually does. He has already demonstrated his intention to address most issues critically, particularly defense and security matters, and to attack President Aquino for her lack of firm leadership.



In a year, the mercurial Enrile, a Harvard-trained lawyer with a beguiling personality, who can often be his own worst enemy, has managed to come almost full circle politically. From having served Marcos loyally, though jealously, until the very end, he turned against the former dictator and led the military revolt originally plotted by members of the reformist movement. During the rebellion, he made a bargain with Mrs. Aquino: she would run the civilian government, and he and General Ramos would run the military. Before long, however, Enrile began opposing her on virtually all important issues. Along with most military leaders, he strongly criticized her setting free several hundred political prisoners, including some top-ranking Communists; he was even more strongly against her seventeen-month-long establishment of a "revolutionary government," which he regarded as illegal. Later, he came out against the new constitution, recommending it be voted down in the national plebiscite so that Mrs. Aquino would be forced to resign and a new election for President would be called, in which he would run. Though he put down the first coup attempt against her, in July, 1986 (it was led by Marcos loyalists, who briefly took over the Manila Hotel), he recommended clemency for the plotters once it was apparent that they had failed. Thereafter, he increased his criticism of government actions, including Mrs. Aquino's campaign for a ceasefire and for talks with the Communists, and he opposed investigations of human-rights abuses by the military during the Marcos years, when he himself was the chief martial-law administrator. By the fall of 1986, it was clear that Enrile and Mrs. Aquino were on a collision course. Following the failure of third parties to make peace between them, Enrile began attacking the Aquino government more openly, accusing it of corruption and other sins, and making an obvious effort to obtain the support of the Marcos loyalists while at the same time trying to carve out a separate role for himself as the nation's future leader. Last November, Enrile was involved in efforts to mount a coup against Mrs. Aquino. General Ramos played a key part in rallying the Army's top officers behind her, thereby formally breaking with Enrile, who had been his partner in overthrowing Marcos. Mrs. Aquino then cleverly asked for the resignation of all her Cabinet members but accepted only Enrile's. (Later, she dismissed two of the more liberal members whom the Army had long opposed.) In two further coup attempts, early this year, Enrile may have worked behind the scenes to support the plotters, but he did not actively participate. He has denied any involvement in the latest attempt, but many observers believe he may at least have known it was coming.

The Grand Alliance for Democracy waged a bitter fight in the legislative election last May, and even before all the votes had been counted it charged that it had lost or was losing contests as a result of fraud, cheating, and mismanagement by the Commission on Elections. While some instances of vote-buying and questionable printing, distribution, collecting, and counting of ballots probably occurred, the election as a whole was fairer than those held in the past. The Alliance, however, kept up its charges of fraud, the culmination of which was a large outdoor meeting led by Enrile and held on the very spot near the two military camps where the 1986 revolution reached its zenith. I saw Enrile twice during the legislative-election period. The first time, a few evenings after the election, he was angry: he wildly accused Mrs. Aquino of having led the nation astray; maintained that the situation was worse than it ever had been; and predicted more violence and the emergence of the Communists as an even greater threat. I saw Enrile again two weeks later, when his election was still in doubt; he was more subdued, and indicated that, if victorious, he would take his seat, though he had previously said he would reject it.

Enrile now has the choice of continuing to play his role as a spoiler or of reverting to the stand he adopted during the legislative-election campaign, when he was calm and judicious, and behaved like a loyal opponent of the government. Although he has lost much of his political strength in his native area of Cagayan, in northern Luzon, since his dismissal as Defense Minister, his legal and histrionic talents and his capacity for leadership are unimpaired. But it is perfectly possible, particularly if the conduct of government proves as difficult and divisive as many predict, that Enrile could emerge as the leader of another effort to overthrow Mrs. Aquino. Short of that, he could take advantage of the uncertain situation in any number of ways. Doronila, of the *Chronicle*, has written, "Each of the many factions within the [government] coalition has an agenda of its own. . . . The same holds true for the opposition coalition, the Grand Alliance for Democracy, or GAD, and its factional components. It is not farfetched to say that each member of the government and the GAD coalitions is a potential rebel." Doronila goes on to predict a crossing of coalition lines within the government parties by "disgruntled members," which could produce "probably the largest turncoatism in the legislative history of this country." Without any "ideological principles" to hold it together, he says, the assembly is "likely to be a circus of atomized members, each acting on behalf of individual or at best limited interests," and he adds that "such a Congress will be a quagmire that will swallow up whatever initiatives for reform may emanate from the President." What Doronila considers the greatest risk is that the ensuing "legislative impasse" could paralyze the government and create "political crises worse than what we had in the years preceding the imposition of martial law. Such crises could either force President Aquino, if she is so inclined, to speak like Marcos with Cory's voice, or make it more tempting for the military, the most organized and now highly politicized force in the country, to seize power in the name of national development."

DORONILA'S comment, written several months before the late-August coup attempt, has already proved to be prophetic. The paralysis that he and others have spoken about has, as already noted, affected the military, too, which not only has become more politicized and fragmented since the revolution but more often than not is organized solely on paper. By coincidence, several mornings after my re-

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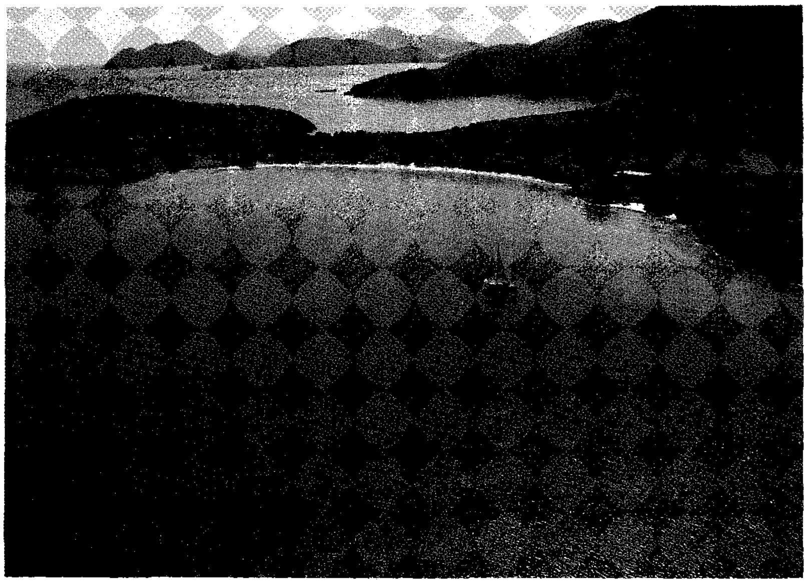

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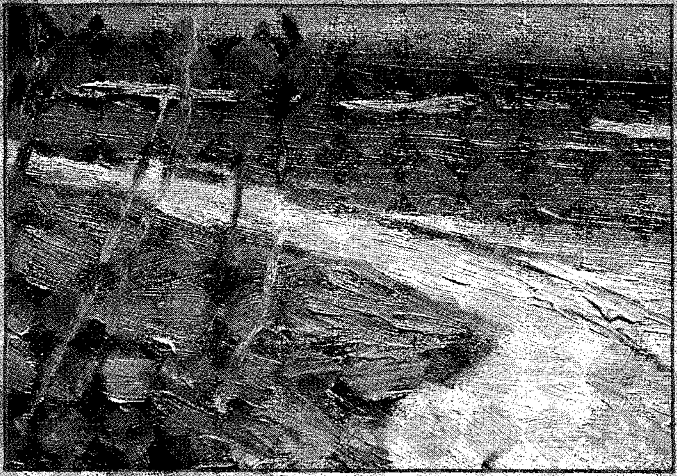

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turn to Manila late last April, General Ramos was the guest of honor at a weekly press breakfast held at the Manila Hotel. Bemoaning the lack of cooperation among all government departments engaged in counter-insurgency operations, Ramos did not spare the military in his critical appraisal. "Too many officers are still clinging to old values and loyalties," he said, "and are enjoying the best they can now get and surviving. But lack of discipline and belief in what they are doing shows. People can still be sincere in supporting this government and still have those divided loyalties, which fragments things still more." Less than a week later, when the opposition party led by Enrile was soundly defeated in the election and familiar charges of fraud and cheating once again filled the air, "those divided loyalties" were clearly apparent at the large rally held outside the two big military camps.

Since the end of May, and particularly as the renewed Communist attacks around the country have taken their toll of the Army, the Constabulary, and the police, and of civilians as well, and despite some effective responses by the military, the over-all security situation has worsened. In mid-August, Defense Secretary Rafael Ileto said that peace and order had deteriorated to the levels of the early nineteen-seventies, when the general condition of lawlessness gave Marcos his excuse to declare martial law. The increase of crime, including assassinations, Ileto added, may once again necessitate the imposition of emergency measures. Now, as in 1972, the disorder and growing civilian restlessness and fear have been heightened by the fact that there are an estimated five hundred thousand unregistered "loose guns" in the country, a large number of them in the islands of Mindanao, Negros, Samar, and Cebu, as well as in the Metro Manila area and other parts of Luzon. The increase of demonstrations against the government, most but not all led by left-wing groups, has been equally disturbing. On August 21st, as Mrs. Aquino was visiting the grave of her husband, several miles south of Manila, five thousand leftists, while protesting against rising fuel prices outside her office in Malacañang, burned an effigy of her. Whether or not these actions, which are now expected to multiply with the mounting tension in Manila, are being inspired and led by the National Democratic Front and are part of the Com-

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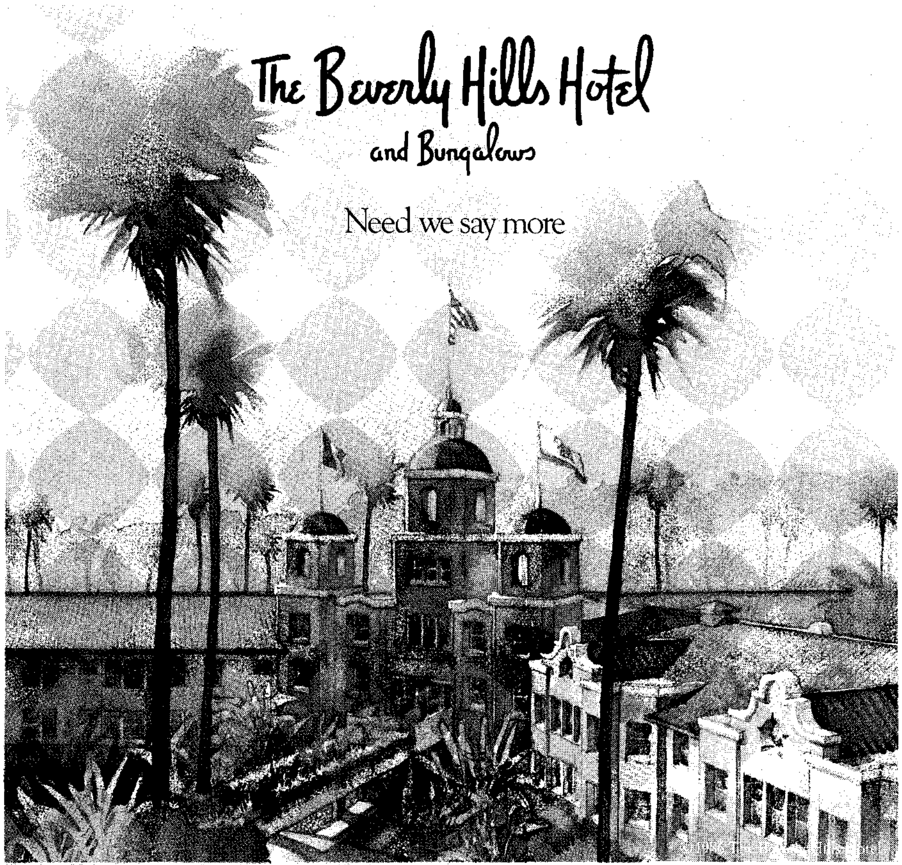
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munist-directed dual tactic of fomenting trouble on the streets while stepping up the offensive in the countryside, they are having the effect of arousing more and more criticism of the government, in the press and at public as well as social gatherings of concerned people. Newspaper commentators now openly have begun to question the Aquino "myth" and to refer to signs of "new cronyism" and "nepotism," and to the resurgence of "oligarchic and élitist interests" who, while failing seriously to address the problems of landless farmers and underpaid workers, are showing symptoms of "amnesia of what the February revolution stood for."

According to Professor Felipe Miranda, a political scientist at the University of the Philippines and vice-president of Social Weather Stations, a poll-taking research group, President Aquino's popularity is likely to decline from its spring, 1987, high of almost eighty per cent nationally to somewhere between sixty-five and seventy per cent later this year. Commenting last January, after the November coup crisis that led to Enrile's firing but just before two more coup attempts, Miranda wrote, "It is incredible that the Aquino government has lasted this long. The only plausible explanation lies in President Aquino's continuing rapport with . . . the great majority of people." Even that early, Miranda warned that while Filipinos still retained their faith in the President, she and her government needed "to show their constituency that, with popular coöperation and active support, the mountain of problems is indeed being moved, albeit slowly. Aquino's government cannot indefinitely continue to substitute promises for results, especially when it comes to the material welfare of Filipinos." When I saw him in June, Miranda was becoming much more pessimistic. He foresaw, as a worst possible scenario, the "Lebanonization" of the Philippines and a breakup of the republic through regional and factional strife, from which ultimately the Communists would benefit most. What particularly upset him was the response Social Weather Stations was getting to the question "Will the Philippines ever lose faith in peaceful change?" Where, in September, 1985, before the revolution, forty-two per cent had replied affirmatively, the figures now, Miranda said, "are possibly fifty-fifty." This high level of apprehension, correlated with Mrs. Aquino's continued though de-

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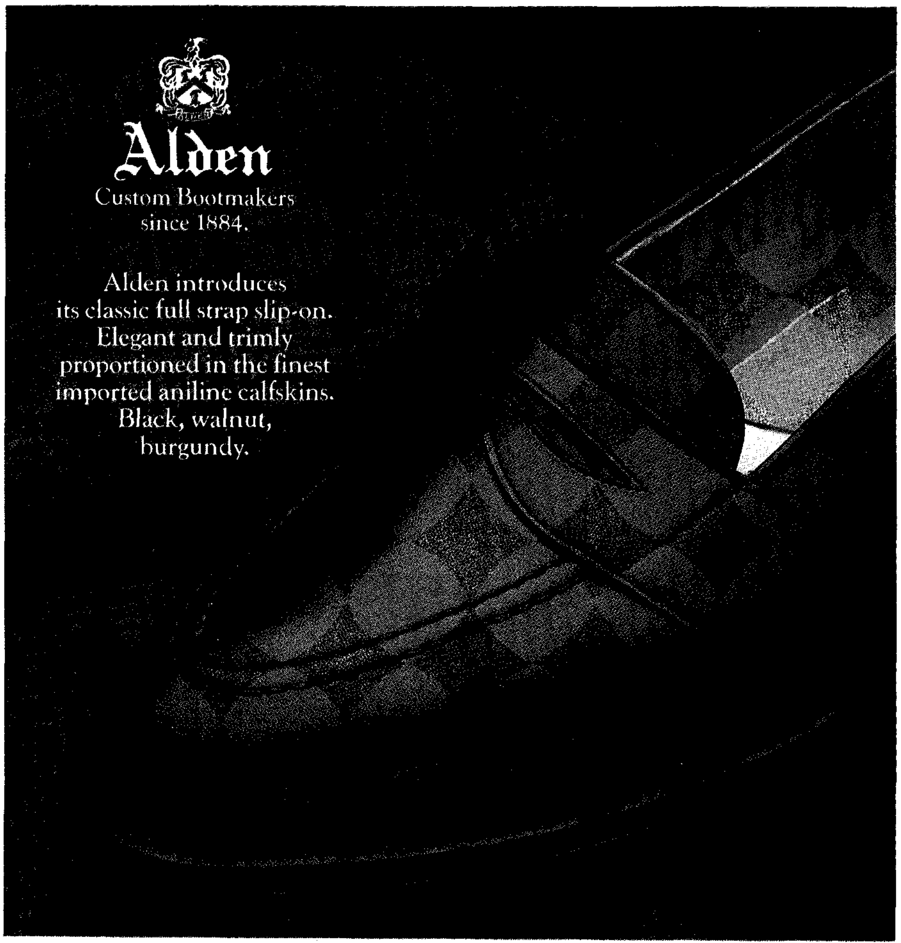

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clining popularity, he added, can be expressed culturally by the Tagalog saying "A desperate man will hold to even the thin edge of a knife."

Miranda also made the point, in my long talk with him, that it was fortunate for President Aquino that both General Ramos and Defense Secretary Ileto "have so far been forced to link their political survival to this administration." As a former deputy chief of staff and longtime diplomat—he became Ambassador to Iran and then to Thailand when Marcos forced him out of the military—Ileto, as long as he remains Defense Secretary, can perhaps help Mrs. Aquino neutralize further coup plots. Ramos lacks that "clout," Miranda emphasized. But Ramos, despite his detractors in the military, including a group of influential retired generals who have been urging his ouster for months, has his supporters, too. Among them are those who praise his conduct and loyalty during previous tenuous periods, especially when his original revolutionary partner of 1986, Enrile, was fired by President Aquino almost a year ago for planning what could have been a much more disastrous confrontation than it proved to be. Now that Ramos has helped stop another coup, for which he is being praised by some but criticized by others, he is toeing an even more difficult line. Speaking to reporters on September 1st, he compared the growing factionalism in the military to "a big boil on the skin, merely a symptom of a bigger disease," and added that with the latest abortive coup "the boil has finally emptied and the pus is out. Maybe we should think about trying to treat the whole body." Such tough talk from Ramos was unusual, and it seemed apparent that he was fully aware that he was now engaged in fighting a rear-guard action to protect not only himself and Mrs. Aquino but what he genuinely regarded as the best interests of the country.

NONE of this, not to mention the multiple other problems the military has—among which are a continuing lack of communications and transportation equipment, poor discipline, and a lagging, uncoördinated program for retraining the approximately eighty combat battalions of the hundred-and-fifty-thousand-man armed forces—is conducive either to good morale or to a high level of performance. It is true, as President Aquino, Ramos, Ileto, and others have

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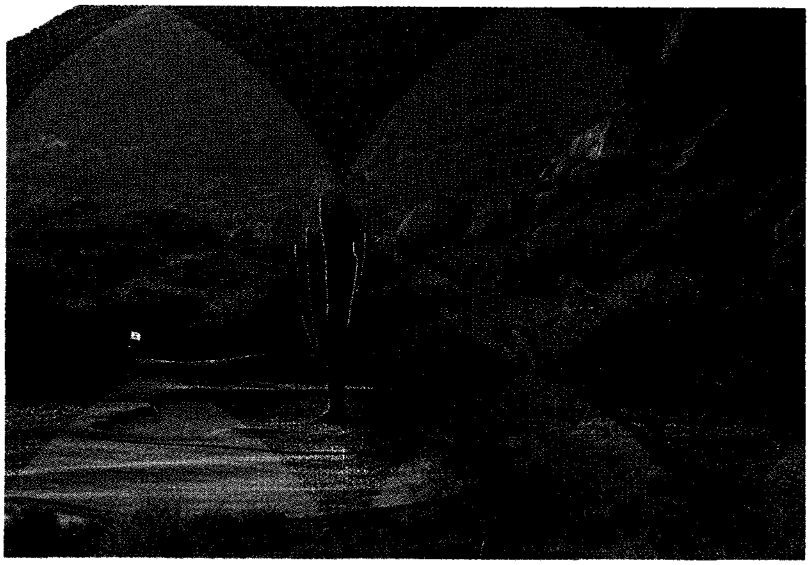

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repeatedly complained, that the United States reneged on its promise to give the Philippines a hundred million dollars in military aid for this fiscal year; even before the latest coup attempt, however, an effort was under way in the Reagan Administration to restore the fifty million dollars Congress cut. Shortage of funds alone, however, is insufficient reason for the Army's lack of real will to fight the Communists, for what has been characterized as its "garrison psychology," and for its continued failure to curb factionalism. In many if not most areas of the country, with some notable exceptions, the level of leadership among officers, though slowly improving, is still weak and uncertain, while low pay and allowances and poor food and living conditions for soldiers do not do much to improve morale. Moreover, the historic competition, or in many instances collaboration, between local and regional officials—chiefly mayors and councilmen and governors, and their counterparts in the military—has continued to inhibit the performance of Army and Constabulary units. Under Marcos and Ver, this created apathy and corruption; under Aquino and Ramos, it has engendered a new contest for power and influence, or simply a jockeying for position. After the revolution, the dismissal of virtually all local and regional officials by former Minister of Local Governments Aquilino Pimentel created havoc all over the nation, mostly because he fired some effective leaders and replaced them with incompetent or inexperienced men and women loyal to him and to Mrs. Aquino and her brother Peping. Pimentel, now in the Senate, was himself fired by the President last fall and replaced by Jaime Ferrer, a highly able public servant known for his honesty and firmness. The seventy-year-old Secretary Ferrer (Ministers are now called Secretaries) was the first Cabinet member since Philippine independence to be assassinated; he was shot on August 2nd, along with his driver, while returning to his home from church in a Manila suburb. While the assassins have not been identified, they are thought to have been professional killers hired by civilian officials seeking revenge for having been dismissed by Ferrer; however, others believe that Ferrer, a well-known anti-Communist who favored the creation of a strong vigilante movement, may have been the victim of a Communist "sparrow unit."

Mrs. Aquino's administration—and

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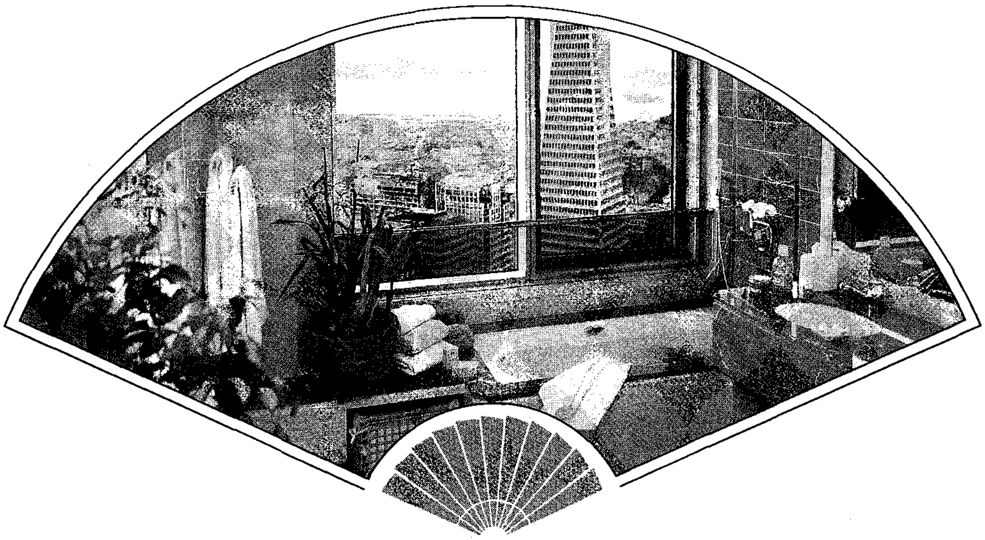
particularly the military under Ramos and the government's investigative agencies—has been widely criticized for its failure to solve dozens of politically motivated crimes that have occurred over the past year, of which Ferrer's murder was the last and most sensational. Its nearest equal was the killing last November of the country's top labor leader, Rolando Olalia, whose mutilated body was found alongside a Manila highway. After that brutal murder, Mrs. Aquino formed a special task force to find the killers "whatever the costs in political terms," but nothing has been uncovered. In her eulogy to Ferrer, she declared that his murder "states the most serious challenge that faces us today: Can we have order without tyranny and peace without oppression?" Even when investigations have been held, nothing seems to happen. Last January, after eighteen leftist demonstrators demanding agrarian reform were killed when police and marines fired on them during a protest march on Mendiola Bridge, the President created a special citizens' investigative commission, headed by a retired Supreme Court justice. After a three-week inquiry, the commission recommended that charges be filed against the protest leaders for inciting the incident and against the police and marines for negligence. But no further action was taken.

In July, after many months of inaction, one of the most notorious Army renegades, Colonel Rolando Abadilla, a former Marcos police chief who was widely known to have ordered numbers of political killings and the torture of opponents of the old regime, and had been involved in at least two right-wing coup attempts since the fall of Marcos, was finally arrested, though his whereabouts, and those of two other pro-Marcos plotters, had been known for months to members of Ramos's staff. Late in August, the charges against Abadilla were dismissed on a technicality, and his continued detention was unclear; his two companions are still at large. As one ranking officer told me, "the military still protect their own, and that goes beyond loyalty to Marcos, coups, and killings." This situation, too, has caused growing friction in the highest echelons of the government. After Ferrer's assassination, Ramos, stung by the criticism for his failure to solve political crimes, said, "Part of the basic doctrine that we believe in is command responsibility," implying that, as Commander-in-Chief, President Aquino shared that responsibility. Several days later, in announcing that she would take "sweeping measures aimed at eliminating the alarming proliferation of firearms and the impunity of crimes in our society," Mrs. Aquino testily responded to her critics by adding, "You would think from their griping that my only duty as President is to ride shotgun for my Cabinet Secretaries."

In July, ostensibly to jack up the National Intelligence Coördinating Agency but also for reasons of internal military politics, Mrs. Aquino fired the head of NICA, retired Brigadier General Luis Villareal, and gave the job to Major General Rodolfo Canieso, an Army chief who recently reached retirement age. Many Filipino military men and Western attachés felt that Canieso, long recognized as one of the best officers in the country, should have been given Ramos's job. (Villareal, known for his fierce anti-Communism, was one of Ramos's toughest critics, privately blaming him for the Army's garrison-bound habits and for his lack of strong leadership.)

Soak up the view.



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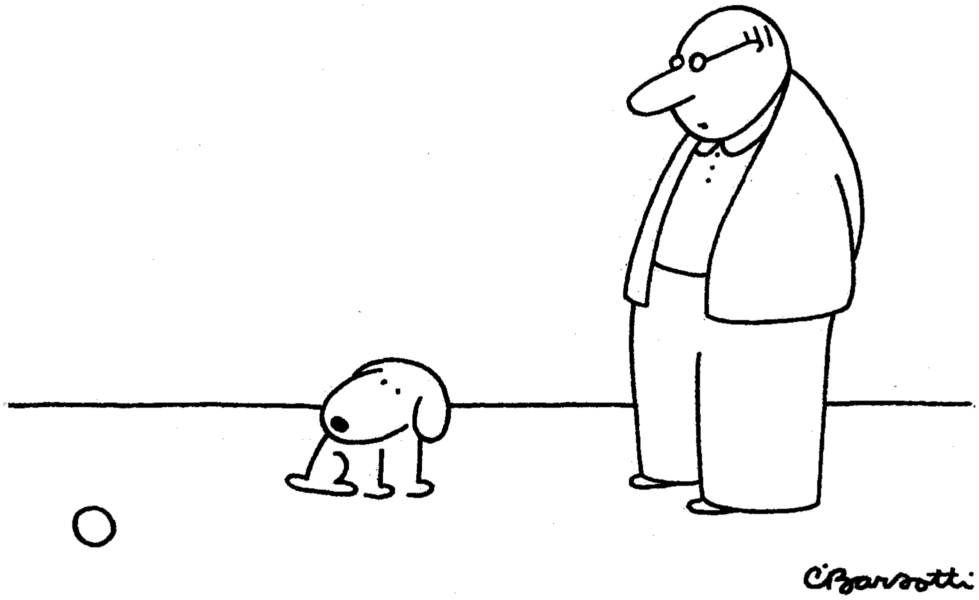


"It's O.K. I'm not really in the mood, either."

I spoke with Canieso while he was still running the Army, and he made no bones about the problems the military is facing in fighting a double war, against the Communists and against the Muslim separatists, which he considered of almost equal seriousness—half of the Army's strength is now fighting in the Muslim south. "The Army is by no means prepared to fight a major two-front war," Canieso said. "Even under the best of circumstances, it will take a year or two to retrain and restructure our forces." Through a combination of fighting and diplomacy, including negotiating the surrender of many Muslim units by promising them autonomy, thereby neutralizing them, Marcos succeeded in quieting the crisis in the south; in December, 1976, a ceasefire was agreed upon in Tripoli, Libya, with the help of the Organization of Islamic Conference, and a tentative agreement was reached to grant autonomy to thirteen of twenty-two provinces in Mindanao and adjacent islands. But the agreement was never spelled out or fully implemented. After President Aquino took over, she was criticized for "reopening the wounds" by engaging in new negotiations with a prominent Muslim leader named Nur Misuari, who had been more or less sidetracked but has now reëmerged as a key figure. The talks with Misuari and other Muslim leaders in the past year or so have failed to make any substantive progress, although Dr. Alfredo Bengzon, who is Secretary of Health and is also the chief peace negotiator with both the Communists and the Muslims, is giving top priority for the moment to the Muslim question and hopes to resume negotiations soon. Tensions have been heightened by reports that not only the Libyans but more recently the Iranians have been supporting the Filipino Muslims' cause financially and by smuggling them arms.

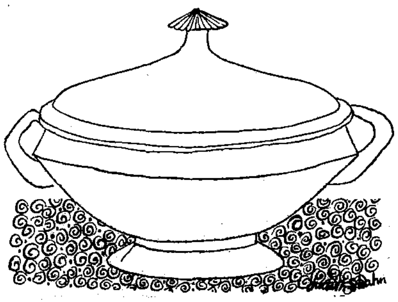
Some ranking officers, including Major General César Tapia, the able head of the Southern Command, don't consider the threat posed by the Muslims to be as serious as Canieso maintains, pointing to their factional strife and to the rising strength of the Christian settlers in the south, who are better organized and armed than they used to be. The Christians oppose anything but a limited degree of autonomy for the Muslims, who, in fact, have a predominant population in only five provinces. The total armed strength of the Moro National Liberation Front, the principal separatist group, and of other organizations fighting for autonomy or full independence is estimated to be about fifteen thousand; but there are at least another twenty thousand weapons secretly held by individual families who are active separatist sympathizers, and as many or more guns in the possession of vigilantes, bandits, pirates, and other outlaw groups in the chaotic and uncontrolled southern areas. Adding to the turbulence has been a wild gold rush in parts of Mindanao over the past several years, which has helped finance the military operations of both the Muslim rebels and the Communist insurgents and has also brought several hundred thousand mostly poor Filipinos streaming into the area, some of whom have become overnight "peso millionaires" as a result of successful gold-panning. Free-lance panners and semi-skilled or professional miners are now said to extract a billion dollars in gold annually from the country, and virtually all of it is smuggled out and sold abroad, because the Philippines prohibits private gold trading. According to numerous reports, Marcos and his associates recovered a large amount of gold known to have been hidden in various parts of the Philippines by the Japanese as they were facing defeat in 1945. A special recovery unit of the Army established a secret mint in Quezon City (part of Metro Manila) to smelt and refine the recovered gold, which Marcos and his friends then shipped out of the country and placed in various foreign banks. Its total value, I was told, is estimated to be thirty billion dollars, which is roughly the equivalent of the Philippines' national debt.

IN her half-hour address to the new Congress at its inaugural session on July 27th, President Aquino concentrated on the two principal themes of the Communist insurgency and the national debt. Before she arrived to deliver what was the toughest, angriest, and most nationalistic speech of her Presidency to date, three thousand soldiers were deployed in and around the Congress building, on the outskirts of town, to keep thousands of right-wing and leftist demonstrators gathered in the area from approaching too closely. This left no doubt as to how seriously the President and her government regarded the security situation, which has become even more serious in the weeks since then. Mrs. Aquino summed up her feeling by declaring, "Our country is threatened by totalitarian slavery on the left and reversion to Fascist terror and corruption on the right."

In referring to the huge national debt, and to the new agreement recently negotiated by Secretary of Finance Jaime Ongpin with more than four hundred commercial banks to reschedule approximately half of the nearly twenty-nine-billion-dollar debt, Mrs. Aquino strongly criticized the banks, chiefly American ones, for the tough terms they imposed. "We were treated not much better than other debtors, even those who had rejected the austere discipline mandated by restructuring," she asserted, alluding chiefly to Mexico and Argentina. Over the next six years, the Philippines has to repay twenty billion dollars of debt principal and interest, amounting to forty per cent of the government's total expenditures and almost half its anticipated export earnings. The overthrow of Marcos and the return of the nation to democracy "gained us applause but not substantial accommodation from our foreign creditors," she said. "The saga of democracy has made great television but no appreciable change in their business priorities." In a hint of possible repudiation of at least some of the debts, which a number of her advisers and some members of Congress have recommended, the President added, "We vow never again to let the patrimony of this nation lie at the feet of these 'noble houses' that have finally shown the true face of foreign finance."

The day of her speech, the Communists exploded a land mine in the path of a military convoy in northern Luzon and killed eighteen soldiers who were en route to reinforce a beleaguered Army detachment. The incident—its timing seemed no accident—demonstrated the growing ability of the outnumbered and outgunned insurgents to develop sophisticated homemade weapons, including such mines, which have been used effectively since the two-month ceasefire ended with the collapse of peace talks last February. Despite the handicaps the insurgents face, their strength has, until the past year, been growing annually by nine per cent, according to Defense Secretary Ileto; having recently declined slightly, it still totals twenty-three thousand men, though no more than half may be regular members of the New People's Army. N.P.A. units are now active in all but a dozen or so of the nation's seventy-three provinces and on seven to ten major fronts at any given time; they can operate in company size of a hundred or more combatants but usually move about in platoons, which link up for major ambushes and then redisperse. In a number of areas, including parts of Mindanao, most of Samar, and such key places as the Bondoc Peninsula, in Quezon Province, south of Manila, they have succeeded in establishing "consolidated zones" where they have set up their own shadow governments, much as the Vietcong and North Vietnamese did over a decade and a half in Vietnam before moving into the "strategic offensive" and the "final stage" of the war. José María Sison, the founder of the Communist Party in the Philippines, who was one of the political prisoners released by President Aquino when she came into power, has said that this final insurrectionary phase is at least five years away. Even those who remain optimistic about the government's ability to check the insurgency admit that, despite their own internal problems and mistakes, the Communists have, as Ileto put it to me, "managed well in balancing their armed-struggle strategy and tactics with their parliamentary approach, though at the moment, since the failure of the peace talks, the emphasis has been more on armed struggle. But they remain flexible in what I call the Filipino approach of exacting taxes and dispensing justice locally and following the Vietnamese formula of talking and fighting, alternately or at the same time. Here it's called 'Join Bayan and also fight.' "

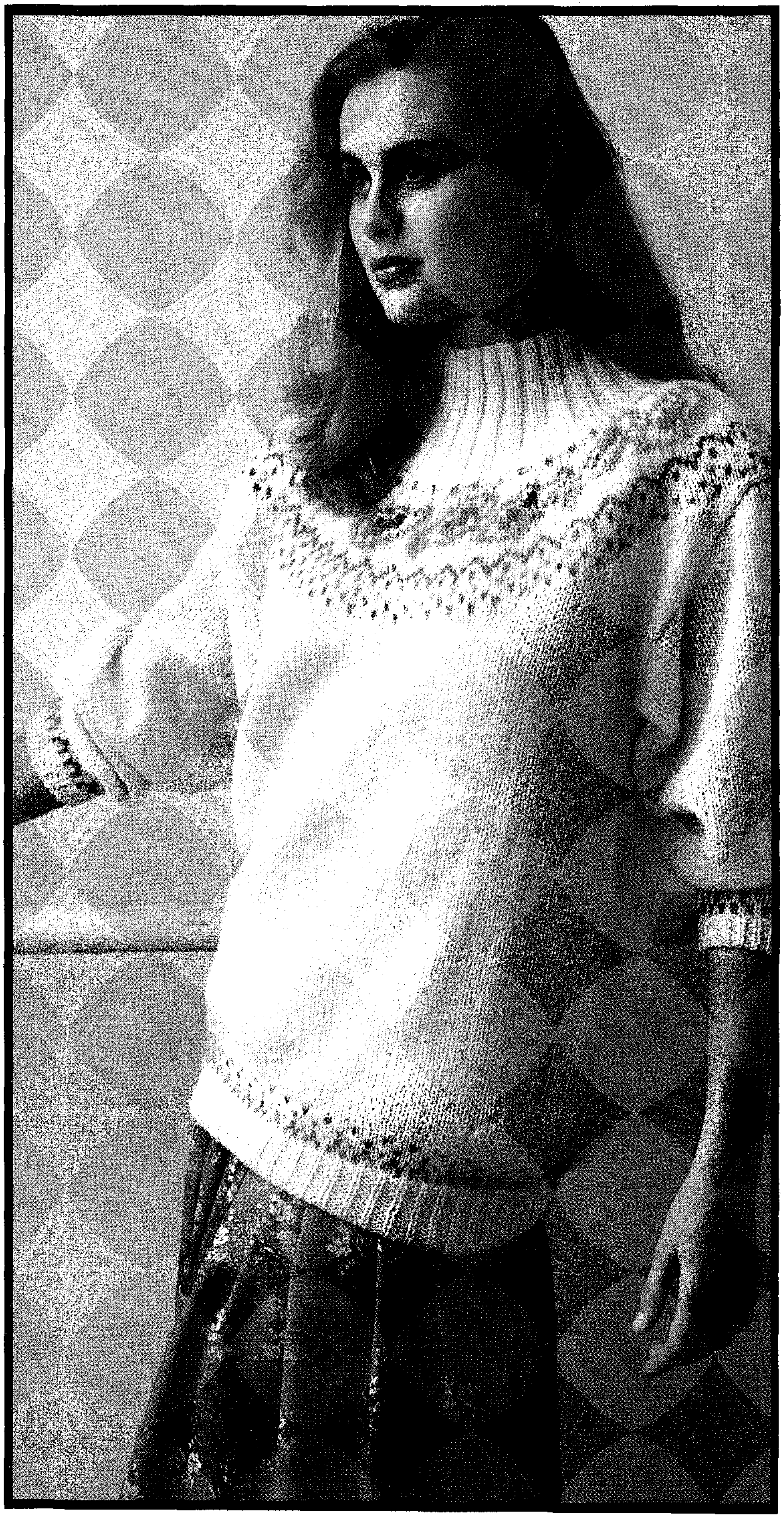
In a statement issued after the legislative elections, the National Democratic Front, to which the Bayan party belongs, reaffirmed the dual approach by declaring, "The revolutionary people must multiply their efforts to master all forms of struggle and win more victories, whether in the battlefield against the enemy's armed forces, or on the streets, or even in the very halls of the reactionary Congress." In a talk I had with a provincial Communist Party official from Negros named Carlos, he admitted that the Party had been unprepared for the legislative elections. "It was new to us, and we didn't know how to organize or even how to vote—the electoral orientation of our rank and file was simply poor," he said. "The lesson is that we can't dismiss traditional politics and be too puritanical in our own political approach. There is not yet a clear perception of the left's role. The centrist influence has been strong since Cory took over—she's both a centrist and an élitist—and she also enjoyed the bandwagon effect that has lasted since the revolution. The people were caught between her centrist influence and the forces of the right, and this created a cleavage. The elective struggle is still attractive to the Filipino people, and we haven't realized it sufficiently."



After his release from prison, Sison first devoted himself to Party activity. He was the principal founder of Partido ng Bayan, along with the late labor leader Olalia, but then Sison left for Europe, where he has remained for most of the past year. As an American friend of mine put it, he has been "gainfully occupied" in working for the N.D.F., though, by his harsh criticism of Mrs. Aquino, he has at the same time pretty much burned his bridges and may not be allowed back in the country, at least not legally. He and Luis Jalandoni, a former priest in Negros now defrocked and married to a former nun, have been travelling all over the Continent raising both money and support for the N.D.F. and for the New People's Army as well, engaging in what is an apparent new effort by the Communists to broaden their appeal internationally. Jalandoni has taken out Dutch citizenship and has been living with his wife in Holland, but he is constantly on the move—in August of last year, while I was attending the conference of the Nonaligned Movement in Harare, Zimbabwe, he showed up there and kept busy throughout the week-long meeting whipping up valuable support from the hundred Third World nations that took part. I was told that he has received pledges of financial and moral assistance from several Communist and left-wing parties in Europe, including the Green Party in Germany and the Greek Communist Party, and that he is contemplating moving his headquarters to Athens so as to be closer to Tripoli and to link up with the Libyans in their backing of the Filipino insurgency movements, especially of the Muslims; from time to time, there are reports of links being established between the Muslim M.N.L.F. and the Communist Party of the Philippines, but if these links exist they seem at best tenuous.

The chairman of the Communist Party who succeeded Sison after the latter's arrest a decade ago is Rodolfo Salas, a hard-line Communist who has always emphasized the military approach. Salas was himself arrested a year ago and remains in jail. He is still believed to be the formal Party chief, though his place in the countryside has been taken by Benito Tiamson, who, like Sison, is a graduate of the University of the Philippines but, unlike Sison, who was chiefly a theorist and adapted the Party to a Maoist line, is more of a Salas-type hard-line fighter. Among the ten members of the executive committee of the Central Committee are Jalandoni; Antonio Zumel, a former journalist who was a member of the Communist peace-talks delegation; and Romulo Kintanar, another hard-liner who has been active for years in leading the strong Party movement in Mindanao. Two top Party leaders who spent several years in China but returned to the Philippines in 1986—Santiago Santaromana and Ericson Baculinao—are now said to have joined Sison and Jalandoni in Europe.

In the late thirties and early forties, the Communist Party of the Philippines, organized under a different name, was Moscow-oriented. But in the early fifties the Party broke up, following the defeat of the Hukbalahap anti-Japanese and then anti-government guerrillas by Defense Minister Ramón Magsaysay with the help of the C.I.A.; the election of Magsaysay as President; and the arrest of the Party's principal leaders. The current Party was created in the sixties by Sison as a Maoist organization, which subsequently formed the New People's Army as its military wing. A small remnant of the Moscow wing of the Party eventually was legalized under Marcos and remains legal today under President Aquino, while the current Communist Party of the Philippines, headed by Salas and Tiamson, is illegal, and has an estimated membership of fifteen thousand. Over the past two or three years, it has moved away from its Maoist position and has adopted a more independent line, while also renewing its ties with Moscow and Eastern European nations. In the past, there have been no firm indications that it is receiving any arms aid from any source, though there have been sporadic intelligence reports that some shipments of weapons have been smuggled in from Vietnam, South Yemen, North Korea, Libya, and possibly Iran. Now and then, rumors—as yet unsubstantiated—crop up of Russian submarines being sighted off the Philippine coast and landing supplies. Late in August, however, Ramos announced that guns and ammunition had been smuggled



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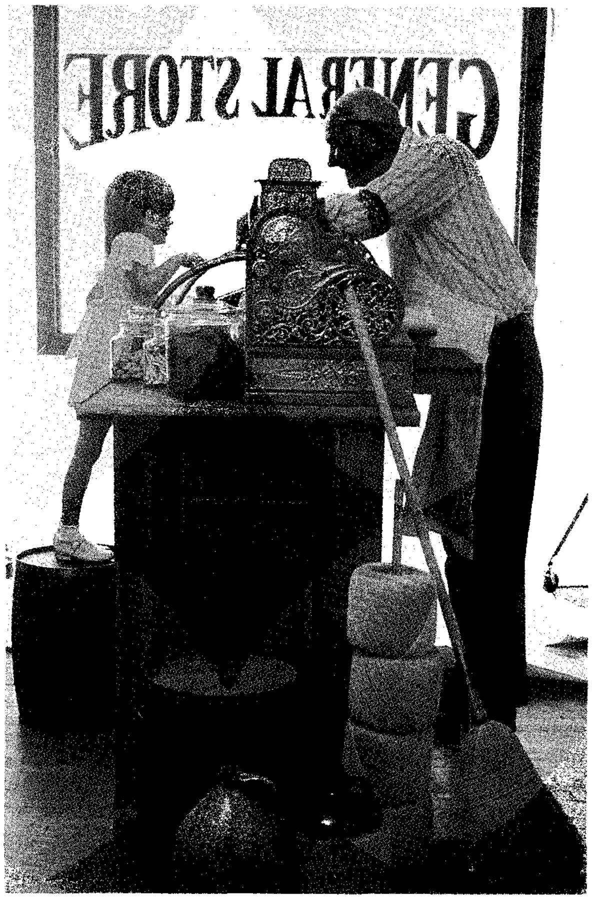

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into the southern islands from undisclosed places abroad, with funds raised by Sison and Jalandoni in Europe.

Over and above such possible military aid, what is significant is the increasing amount of attention the Soviet Union has been paying to the Philippines. This began under Marcos, who sent his wife on visits to China and the Soviet Union and established formal relations with both Communist nations, as well as with Vietnam. Mrs. Marcos made a special point of building up close cultural ties with the Chinese and the Russians. President Aquino has maintained these relations but has done little else about them. There is no doubt that the Soviets are interested in closer ties, particularly since General Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev's now famous speech in Vladivostok, in July, 1986, when he expressed his intention to make the Soviet Union a Pacific power and to work for peace. Moscow has a strong naval base at Cam Ranh Bay, in Vietnam, and a powerful Pacific navy. In addition to their embassy in Manila, the Russians are seeking to establish consulates in Cebu and in Davao, and are building a new home and office for the Soviet trade representative in fashionable Forbes Park, where the American Ambassador's official residence is also located. Correspondents of Tass, the Russian news service, regularly visit the Philippines, and their press releases are written and distributed in Tagalog, though the United States Information Agency uses only English. It seems apparent that the Soviets are trying to create as much nationalist sentiment as possible against the continued presence of the American bases, and, significantly, the Russians are said to be negotiating for use of the Kawasaki-Philseco shipyard, near Subic Bay, for repair work.

It remains doubtful that President Aquino—even after the left-wing labor demonstrations and the serious coup attempt in August followed by the Cabinet crisis, and despite her having "toughened up" recently, as one American official put it—is as yet fully aware of the breadth and depth of the opposition and dissension she is facing, from both the left and the right. The possibility of a government paralyzed by political stalemate and then subject to further explosive reaction, including more coup plots, certainly remains. As Antonio Abaya, a former Marxist who runs a bookshop in the business district of Makati, in Manila, and writes occasional newspaper columns, commented as far back as last December, Mrs. Aquino "must appreciate the fact that the Old Politics of pork barrel and patronage is no longer adequate" and must "begin to understand and involve herself in the New Politics, and its single most important element is the phenomenon of Marxism-Leninism." Late in April, in another column, Abaya wrote that "President Aquino is still ill at ease in the position she did not want in the first place," and that "forced against her wishes into unwanted power, she elects not to exercise that power decisively and resolutely. Thrown willy-nilly into the macho and cynical world of political eye-gouging, she prefers to follow her unabashedly feminine and Pollyannaish instincts, inviting the intrusion of all kinds of honchos and villains into her domain."

It is unfortunately true that the House of Representatives is even more "atomized" than the Senate, and offers even fewer prospects for the passage of vital reform measures—especially land reform. According to the Institute for Popular Democracy, a think tank for non-traditional party groups, more than half the elected congressmen, roughly divided between pro-government and independent if not anti-government factions, belong to traditional political families or clans whose members have held seats either in the pre-Marcos years or during the Marcos era and have a long history of influence based on patronage and family connections. The Dimaporos and Duranos, for example, are both represented by sons or sons-in-law, and many other members are either landlords themselves or have ties to landlord dynasties, and thus one way or another have élitist or warlord connections. Sheila Coronel, another writer for the *Chronicle*, has observed that the halls of the legislature are full of "politicians from the past, now fifteen years older and grayer, resurrected from the mothballs of oblivion back to the center stage of our political life." A considerable number of those elected to the House were former Marcos supporters who ran as independents or opportunistically joined Mrs. Aquino's broad coalition, loosely held together for the moment by her brother Peping Cojuangco. But without Mrs. Aquino assuming a direct leadership role herself, or at least through effective liaison agents from the executive branch, neither her brother nor Speaker Mitra will readily be able to keep the government functioning smoothly on a regular basis.

WITHOUT a substantial opposition of traditional conservatives, true independents, or conventional left-wingers in either the House or the Senate, an active and innovative opposition will probably emerge from among pro-government members who, as one new senator has put it, "feel discriminated against and rejected." This is bound to happen as weeks and months pass and it becomes apparent that there is only so much room at the top, so much patronage to dispense in committee appointments, and so on. The net result, again, will be to impede progress, especially on bold reform measures. Dr. Emanuel Soriano, a former president of the University of the Philippines, who has been in Mrs. Aquino's inner circle for more than two years and, for the past year, has been her national-security adviser, agrees that she faces serious problems in trying to manage and govern, but he retains a cautiously hopeful long-term view. As a social scientist and management expert, Dr. Soriano thinks in terms less of controversial reforms than of practical administrative ones, such as legislation that will provide more local and regional autonomy, including the right of villages and municipalities to raise and disburse their own revenues and the right of such areas as Mindanao, with its Muslim minority, and the tribally isolated sections of northern Luzon to set up semi-autonomous governments under some sort of central authority.

A few others, among them Senator Vincent Paterno, a former businessman and management expert, hope that enough like-minded senators and congressmen can get together to act as "catalysts" or "expediters" and push through the sort of legislative reforms that Dr. Soriano has in mind. "We should not be special pleaders or lobbyists seeking Brownie points," Paterno said when I saw him shortly after his election. "What we have to do is establish a close working relationship with members of the Cabinet and the executive staff, and negotiate positions that will realistically achieve our economic goals. We should not be seen as either puppets or obstructionists but as activists seeking valid solutions to our many problems. Unless we do something like this, and act as public servants rather than just politicians, President Aquino will be eaten alive

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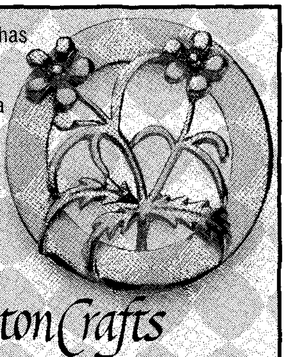
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by both houses of the legislature."

Unfortunately, faced with so many internal threats and problems, including the rise of a whole new generation that was born and brought up under martial law, the Philippines, with its limited democratic experience, is also caught in another dilemma. Surveying the current scene and anticipating the conflicts and confusion that are almost certain to arise in the untested new legislature, one veteran political leader from the Marcos years, who now belongs to the opposition in the House, summed up the predicament in the statement "We do not have the luxury of time. If we delay in formulating and implementing a legislative agenda, it may be too late." One of Mrs. Aquino's new senators agreed, sounding like a member of the opposition though he is one of her allies. "The people will probably give us a year," he said. "Then things will take a turn for the worse, and dissatisfaction will erupt into demonstrations, and, probably worse, into a violent confrontation." Antonio Abaya put it even more sharply. "We are ineluctably heading toward disaster," he wrote in his late-April column, which he entitled "The Impending Collapse of Bourgeois Society." "If the Aquino government does not intend, or does not know how, to get off the beaten paths and worn-out clichés of traditional Philippine politics, then we should spare everyone unnecessary expense and suffering by printing and sending out gold-embossed invitations to the NPA/NDF/CPP/PnB (Bayan) to take over." Such assessments may be too gloomy, but a fair analysis of the insurgency and of the government's inability to date to contain it, militarily or politically, and an appraisal of the prevailing unrest and discontent and the administration's failure to deal effectively with the fundamental issues of poverty and equitable land distribution do not suggest a much rosier prognosis. Certainly not in the short, critical term ahead, and, unless things change drastically, not in the long term, either.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

•

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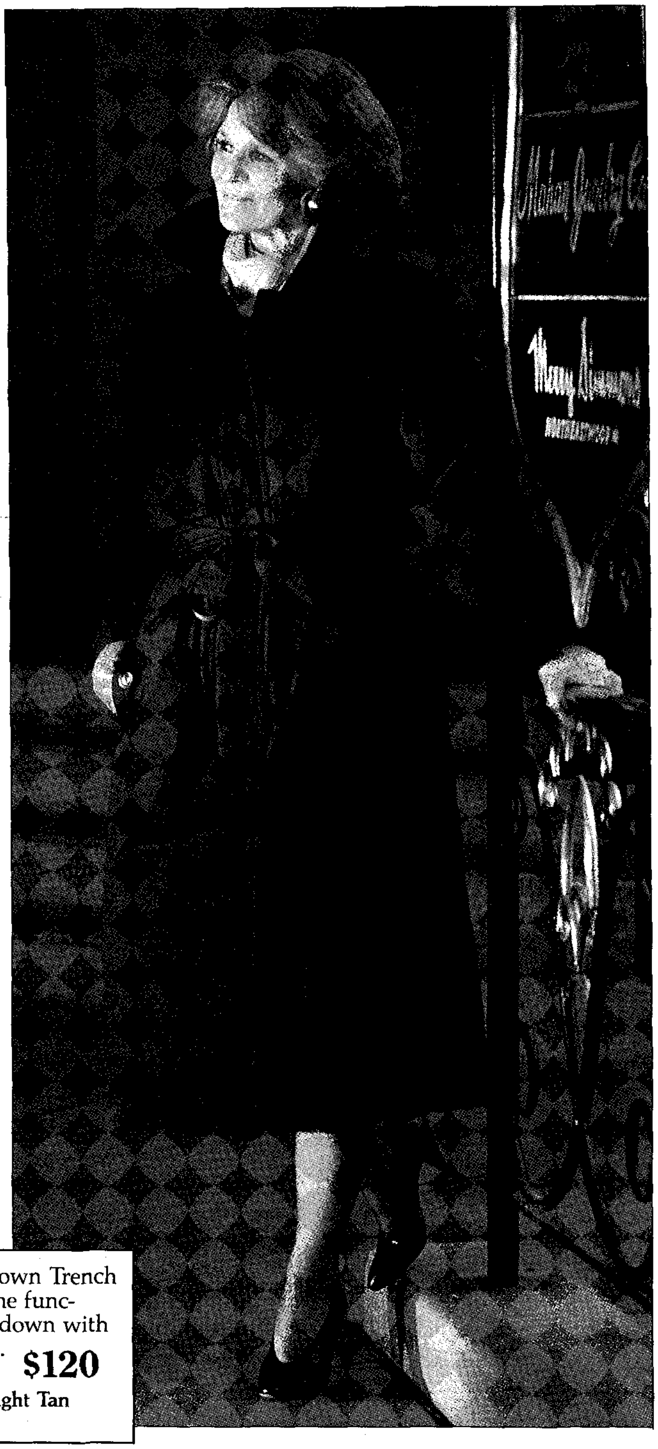

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BUDDIES

FOR three years now, Jim and Donna Newton, of Columbus, Indiana, have booked space at the Columbus Ramada Inn for a three-day annual meeting of a national organization that they founded, called Wee Scots. The Wee Scots collect Scottie-dog memorabilia, which can be anything from a paper napkin to a rare nineteen-thirties Hungry Dog Lux Pendulette clock with a wagging red tongue. Many of the Wee Scots own real Scottie dogs, too, but that isn't a membership requirement. This year, the meeting was held in June, and about a hundred members attended, from all sections of the country. The black letters on the Ramada Inn's illuminated sign read "HOOT MON—WEE SCOTS ARE BACK."

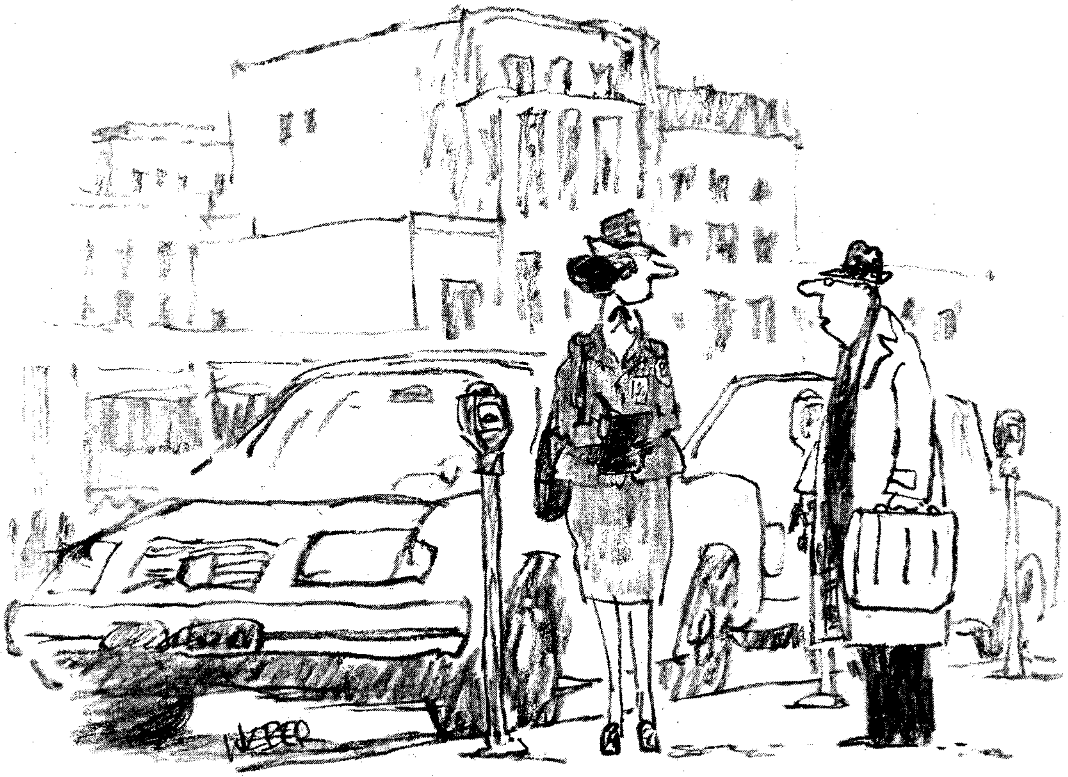
THURSDAY NIGHT: The Welcome Center at the Ramada Inn is a generic motel hospitality vault, powerfully air-conditioned. On a stand near one wall is a carved wooden anaglyph that says "Welcome Friends" and shows a Scottie silhouette with a piece of plaid ribbon glued to its neck. Each of six round tables has a white cloth and a centerpiece—a wooden tray trimmed with red-and-black Scottie-patterned fabric. Although there are chairs, many people prefer to sit on the floor—at Scottie level. The Ramada Inn allows no pets, but because the Wee Scots have held their annual meeting here since 1985 they enjoy an exemption from the rule. Many members who own dogs bring them, and walk them through the Welcome Center to be admired. No breeding snobbery is evident: unlike dog fanciers who strive to refine a breed, Wee Scots like just about any Scottie—champion or runt, fat old bitch or mule-eared puppy.

A triptych bulletin board is covered with pictures of members' Scotties, and seated next to it are a live Scottish terrier, J.D.; his owners, Jim and Donna Newton; and the Newtons' daughter Michele, who is in her early thirties. Donna and Michele look alike, with the full soft-edged figures and clear pink skin one often sees in the rural Midwest. Arthritis has left Donna with an idiosyncratic gait—she rocks a bit as she walks—but in repose she is a queenly presence. Her hair is short and gray, and she wears pastel colors; her name badge is pinned to a blue floral-print blouse. Jim Newton, who is wearing an extra-large Wee Scots T-shirt, is manly on the scale of Victor McLaglen or John Wayne. He is a computer-programming specialist at the Cummins Engine plant in Columbus. Donna used to work at Cummins, too, as an office clerk. In 1982, she was laid off. "I was over fifty, but certainly not over the hill," she would later write. "I decided to take my hobby, dust off my journalism skills"—she had been editor of her high-school paper—"and start a collector's club of Scottie memorabilia."

Donna solicited members through ads in the *Antique Trader Weekly*, the *Tri-State Trader* (now *Antique Week*), and *Depression Glass Daze*. Thirteen people joined. In the fall of 1983, she sent the charter members the first issue of the *Scottie Sampler*, an eight-page quarterly newsletter "dedicated to meeting the needs of the collector while promoting the study and research of Scottie dog memorabilia." The issue featured a treatise by Phyllis D. Smith, the editor of *Cambridge Crystal Ball*, about Scottie glassware produced by the Cambridge Glass Company, of Cambridge, Ohio, between 1930 and 1955. Of the elusive milk-glass Scottie bookends that were listed in the company's 1949-53 catalogue but that collectors suspect never actually existed, Mrs. Smith wrote, "If you have found one, please let us know!"

Donna was an only child, born in 1931 in Indianapolis. She didn't have a Scottie dog when she was young; she remembers no favorite Scottie toys; she cannot honestly say that F.D.R.'s Scottie, Fala, made much of an impression on her. "My childhood was just normal," she says. "Piano lessons, Girl Scouts, Rainbow Girls." But when she was eight years old her family's house burned to the ground. "Because of that," she explains, "I have no physical things from my childhood." After the fire, she began collecting postcards. It was her first major collection—about a thousand items—and she still has part of it; many of the cards have been traded away or deaccessioned to Michele.

In the early nineteen-



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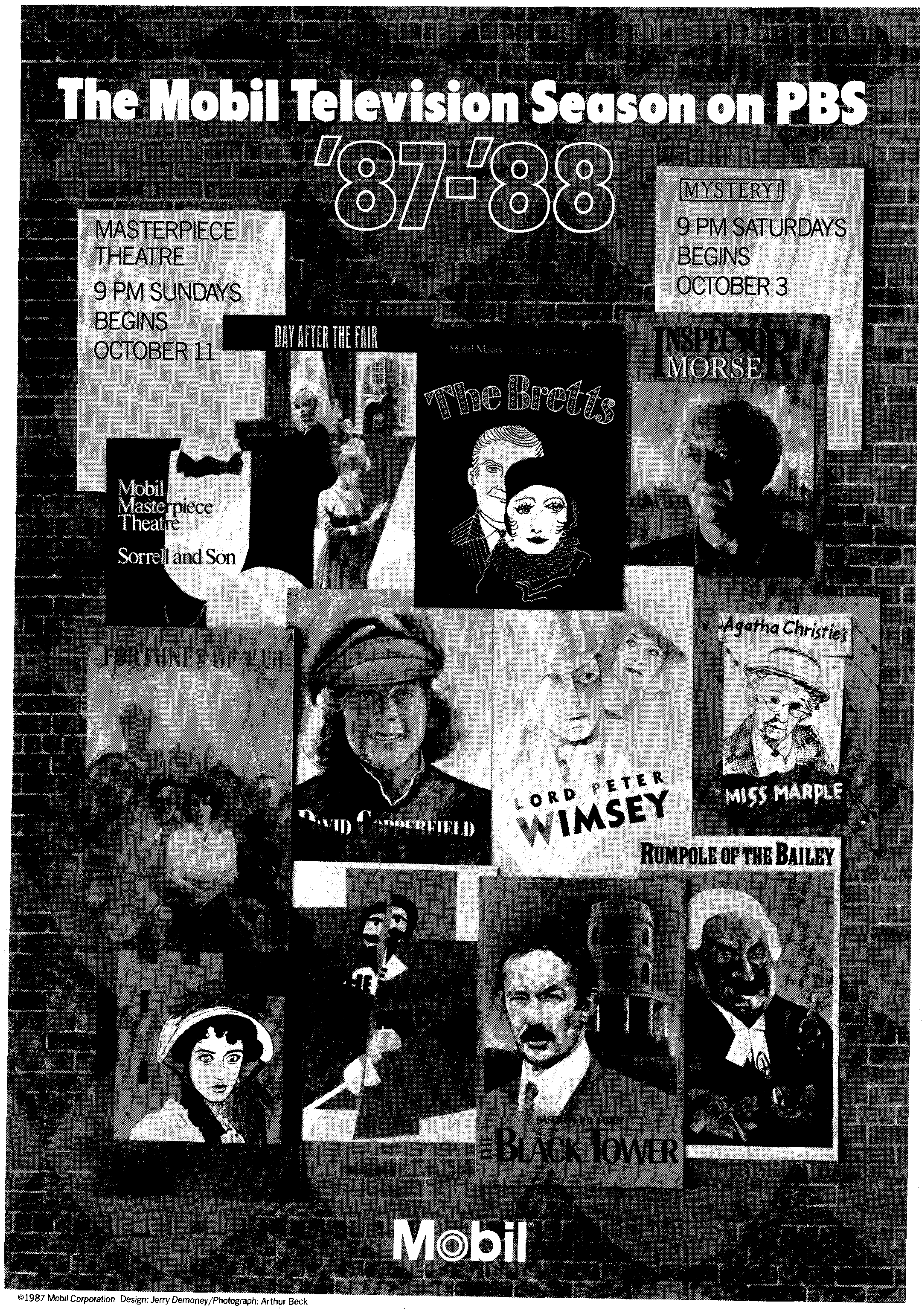
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fifties, while teaching Sunday school in Indianapolis, Donna met Jim at church. He had a girlfriend at the time, but when he joined the Navy the girl jilted him. Donna sent him letters —one a day. "Suddenly," Donna wrote later in her column in the *Scottie Sampler*, "the sailor realized the one-a-day letters from his new friend had helped him see the sunshine once more. He began calling the writer 'the Pill' because she had become his one-a-day remedy for the blues. The end of this story [was] a walk down the aisle with his 'Pill.' "

Michele was born in 1955, and a second daughter, Kay, was born in 1956, while the Newtons were still living in Indianapolis. In 1974, Jim got his job at Cummins, they moved to Columbus, both daughters went away to college, and Donna began collecting in earnest. First it was toothpick holders and Degenhart glass (reproductions of turn-of-the-century knickknacks). Then, in 1978, Donna and Jim got a Scottish-terrier puppy, and named him Sir James of Donnashire —J.D. for short. "He was my first inside dog," Donna says. "I know it seems kind of silly for two such big people to get such a little dog, but we fell in love with him." Within months of his arrival, J.D. inspired the purchase of a Scottie-shaped glass creamer (a Grape-Nuts premium from the forties), and on every birthday or anniversary Donna and Jim seemed to get —and give each other—lamps, bookends, tie racks, candy tins, all in J.D.'s image. Donna let her membership in the National Toothpick Holder Collector's Society lapse.

She was able to found her Scottie collection on a five-dollars-per-purchase limit. "Back then," she recalls, "you could get a nice piece of SyrocoWood for a dollar or two— three dollars if it was in perfect condition." (Now a pair of bookends can cost as much as twenty-five dollars.)

Like most beginning Scottie collectors, the Newtons were beguiled by SyrocoWood—compressed sawdust that was commonly used in the nineteen-forties and nineteen-fifties to make bookends, brush holders, and perpetual calendars. Produced by the Syracuse Ornamental Company, of Syracuse, New York, SyrocoWood objects look hand-carved but are made in molds. The company used to advertise its Scottie sculptures as "Fine Craftsmanship at Popular Prices."

In 1982, Cummins briefly relocated Jim in Charleston, South Carolina. The

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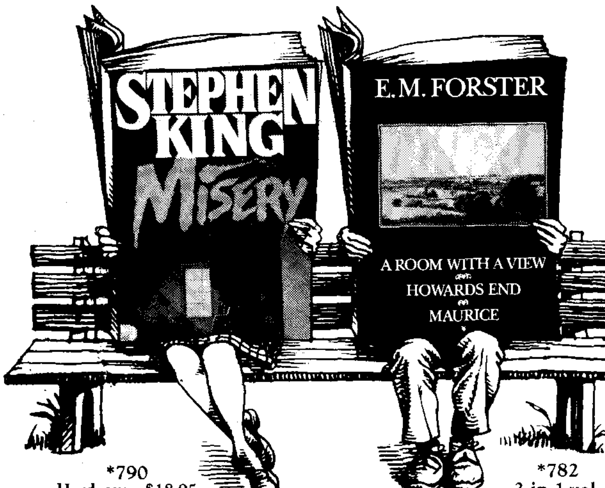

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move away from the antiques-rich lower Midwest worried Donna, but the South turned out to be a boon. There were fewer Scottie things, but choice examples, including the first of Donna's eight lamps—a frosted-glass bullet-shaped one with painted-on Scotties.

By the time Jim was transferred back to Columbus, late in 1982, Donna had become less indiscriminate in her buying, and more concerned with refining her collection. On a trip to Los Angeles, she found a signed McClelland Barclay green bronze desk set with a Scottie figurine in the center. Barclay, a leading commercial illustrator and sculptor of the twenties and thirties, is known outside the Wee Scots world for creating the image of the "Body by Fisher" girl for General Motors. Wee Scots know him as the founder of McClelland Barclay Art Products, Inc., whose ads described its merchandise—bookends, smoking accessories, trinket boxes—as "worthy examples of the master sculptor's art."

Donna was also interested in Black & White Scotch collectibles, and built up a formidable portfolio of two hundred advertisements by Morgan Dennis, known for his drawings of Blackie and Whitey. Dennis also illustrated the Texaco advertisements that show two Scotties—"The Listen Dogs"—with their ears cocked, trying in vain to hear a knock in an engine lubricated with Texaco oil. To the advertising community of the thirties he was Dennis the Dog Man. Collectors now think he was one of the foremost Scottie artists, along with his contemporary Marguerite Kirmse, a Scottie breeder noted for her etchings and bronze sculptures.

Donna estimates that by the end of 1986, when Wee Scots was three years old, she had a collection of fifteen hundred pieces, "not counting new items and crafts." High on her "want list" then were a large Hubley doorstop (cast iron, life-size, weighing fifteen pounds); a really good hooked rug (hooked rugs and quilts are among the hardest-to-find Scottie collectibles); and a rare Royal Doulton plate, made between 1915 and 1925, that shows a Scottie against a mountain background in a pastel landscape. She is still looking for all three.

Wee Scots was a quick success. By mid-1985, the club had seven hundred and forty-four members, from every state but Montana, and that year Wee Scots sponsored the first-ever all-Scottie collectors' show. As the club grew, so did the *Scottie Sampler*, from a newsletter to a twenty-page tabloid, with reports on auction prices, a "Signs of the Scot" column that prints pictures of Scottie mascots and logos around the country, an occasional report on "Hollywood Scotties" (Bette Davis and Stu Erwin owned Scotties), and a column called "At Home With J.D.," written by Donna from her Scottie's point of view. On August 1, 1985, a couple from Billings, Montana, joined Wee Scots, and Donna could write, "We cover the USA."

In 1983, Donna had started a mail-order business, called Country Scottie, which sells old Scottie collectibles and newly manufactured ones: velours-terry towels, pot holders, wine-bottle bags. The idea of new collectibles raises some eyebrows among purists, and even J.D., in his *Sampler* column, expressed bewilderment: "Hoot Mon! Where did all the new 'buddies' come from that have invaded the house?" "Buddies" is J.D.'s term for Scottie artifacts.

NEARLY everyone brings both a camera and a photograph album to the Welcome Center, but one of the vexing things about Scotties is that they are difficult to photograph. It can be hard to get the dog to cock its ears in the traditional pose. (One club member recommends firing a diversionary flash before taking the real shot.) And the Scottie's black coat reduces most pictures to pointy-eared shadows. "Scotties eat up light," someone says. Nevertheless, David and Gerrie Slaughter's album shows their dog Pepper posing throughout what David calls their "home of a thousand and one collectibles," in Lanett, Alabama. David, a big, bearded truck driver, dressed in Bermuda shorts, a Hawaiian-style shirt, and a cap that says "Happiness Is a Scottish Terrier," points out the Scottie-motif bathroom wallpaper, a Scottie handcarved from Mexican rock, and a Christmas tree hung exclusively with Scottie ornaments.

The album that everyone agrees is the most moving is Bill Graff's, titled "In Memory of the Graffs' Heather. May, 1974-87." Graff carries the album from table to table, and introduces it by telling viewers that Heather was put to sleep the week before. His voice is without perceptible emotion, yet it is clear that he had, and has, strong feelings about his dog. He has made Heather's memorial from an extremely rare collectible—a wood-bound book with the word "SNAPS" and a black Scottie silhouette glued on the lacquered front. Graff explains that the album was a Boy Scout project in the nineteen-forties. The pages are green construction paper, yellowing with age, and he has pasted in snapshots of Heather with a ball, Heather in her plaid winter coat, Heather with a rabbit, Heather at the piano, Heather sniffing a turtle, Heather sniffing a dead fox squirrel. People ask questions.

"Did she like to swim?"

"Was she allowed on the furniture?"

"Did she go after birds?"

"She was a character," Graff says each time he turns a page. "Heather was a real Scottie."

FRIDAY MORNING: Barks and yips outside the motel. Early in the morning, the grass behind the Ramada Inn has rabbits on it everywhere. As the Scotties and their owners come outside, the rabbits hop west, toward the Bigfoot one-stop convenience store and gas station, and east, toward the twenty-four-hour waffle shop, but their scent lingering in the dew is delicious to Scotties, who were bred to hunt ground animals. Buster, a twenty-eight-pounder from De Pere, Wisconsin, roots through the lawn until his beard, feathers, skirt, and trailing pants—as the sections of a Scottie's coat are called—are soaking wet. Behind him are Debby and Stan Senalik, Debby holding the leash, Stan carrying Buster's bag—a Sunbeam bread wrapper containing brush, bandanna, extra leash, biscuits, and a bone.

On the other side of the Ramada Inn, Ivan (Chubby) Hess, from Avondale, Pennsylvania, stands on the balcony of his second-floor room, looking down at his eighteen-foot turquoise-and-white-and-gold Serro Scotty Sportsman trailer in the parking lot. He has wedged wood blocks under the whitewall tires and realigned the gold plastic hubcaps so that the bow-tied Scottie silhouette at the center of each hubcap is right side up. The trailer's awning, which has a red "S" on it, is raised, the jalousie windows are cranked open, and the colors are flying from three poles above the hitch: the flag of the United States, the flag of Pennsylvania, and the flag of the Serro Scotty Owners Association, Inc.

From the balcony, Hess sees Gerrie and David Slaughter, who are carrying a load of tumblers, placemats, and paperweights they have just bought from a collection in the trunk of another Wee Scot's car. The Slaughters stop when they see the trailer.

"Have you seen the inside?" Hess shouts.

The Slaughters look around for the source of the voice.

"Be right down!" Hess calls.

When he reaches the parking lot, he says, "It's a 1971 Sportsman." He points out the insignia on the sides and front—a Scottie standing behind red letters that spell "Serro Scotty"—and the Scottie silhouettes on the twin propane tanks.

He takes the Slaughters up a single step, past a gold decorative Scottie plate on the stairway wall. His wife, Pat, is inside, seated at a little kitchen table with a needlepoint-pattern book open to the familiar pointy-eared shape. The interior is a Scottie tour de force: Scottie bath towels, oven mitts, chef's apron, placemats, salt and pepper shakers, doorstop, and a Scottie-and-heart tile, with the homily "Friendship keeps hearts in touch." Between a set of Scottie bookends is a single book, "The Complete Scottish Terrier."

Hess explains apologetically that he bought the trailer only recently and it isn't yet thoroughly outfitted. Some kind of annex—a screened-in room or a simple Faulkner awning—is essential, he says, because he and his wife cook everything outdoors except for morning biscuits, which are made in the oven.

All weekend, the Wee Scots come to the parking lot to see the trailer. Chubby and Pat Hess confide to the other club members that they did not bring an official display for the display room, because this is their first Wee Scots convention and they were afraid of looking amateurish. But everyone's interest in the trailer eases their anxiety. If there were a rookie-of-the-year award, the Hesses would win it for their devotion to what is surely the largest of Scottie collectibles.

Can something as big and costly as a trailer really be termed a collectible? Customarily, collectibles are defined in relation to antiques. Terry Kovel, co-author, with her husband, Ralph, of "Kovels' Antiques & Collectibles Price List," explains that, by law, "an antique is something over a hundred years old—something that can be brought into the country duty-free." That definition has lost all but its legal meaning. "Now we simply say an antique is something you buy in an antique store." She knows of some four hundred collectors' clubs and subscribes to over sixty publications, including *Crown Jewels of the Wire*, for collectors of old telephone-line insulators. There is nothing, absolutely nothing, Terry Kovel can think of that is not being collected. Once, on a radio show, she remarked that the only non-collectible she could think of was dirt. A listener called the station to boast of an extensive collection of vials of dirt from around the world.

Friday Afternoon: The Wee Scots flea market, scheduled to begin in the motel's Lakeside Parlor at twelve-thirty, is a dozen Formica-topped tables piled with miscellaneous merchandise too cheap, too new, or too common for display or auction. That doesn't stop the Wee Scots from wanting it: although listed as a one-hour event, the flea market is over fifteen minutes after the door opens. Virtually everything has been sold—bookends, tumblers, a hairbrush, a 1952 magazine ad for the Ford Motor Company, showing Mac, a Scottie, saying, "Aye, and thrifty, too!"

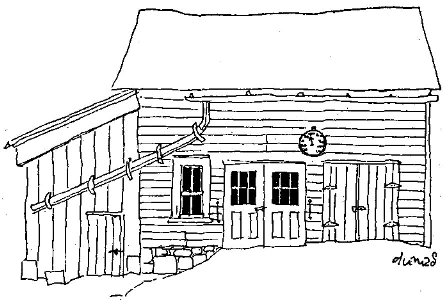
Van Jones, of Cincinnati, the Newtons' co-coördinator for the weekend, elbows his way through the crowd. "*Ugly* Scottie!" he calls out in a booming voice, holding up a gold ceramic dog-shaped lamp designed to glow dimly on a television set.

"Did you buy the lamp or are you selling?" a first-year Wee Scot hollers back.

"Make me an offer."

Jones sells the lamp for fifteen dollars, and the novice who bought it is referred to for the rest of the weekend as "the one who bought Van's gold Scottie."

The Displays: The average Wee Scot spends weekends travelling to flea markets and auctions, hoping to find a few desirable items. Now, in the East Parlor of the Ramada Inn, the rarest Scottie objects, in pristine condition, are arrayed on doilies and tablecloths. David Slaughter says, "I just go crazy." Many tables are omnium-gatherums. Others are given over to single categories: Scottie jewelry, needlework, ephemera—advertisements, etchings, Christmas wrapping paper, postcards, playbills, matchbooks.



Harry and Phyllis Larson's display, eventually given the "most educational" award, is an intensely focussed curatorial coup, limited to old clocks—ultra-rarities. Among them are four carved-wood Black Forest clocks of the type Harry calls "rolling eyes": a Scottie's right eyeball rotates to indicate the hour, and his left to indicate the minute. The Larsons also have two of the three known models of SyrocoWood Pendulette clocks, on which the Scottie's tongue—or in the case of the Dog House Pendulette (the one they're missing) the whole head—moves from side to side as the clock ticks. Scottie Pendulettes were made for the Keebler Company by the Lux Clock Manufacturing Company, of Waterbury, Connecticut, between 1925 and 1941. The factory turned out three thousand clocks a day during the thirties, but fire destroyed its records, so no one knows how many Lux clocks were Scottie Pendulettes. There couldn't have been many—a Lux Pendulette is among the scarcest and most coveted of Scottie collectibles. Phyllis, who is wearing a red-and-black necklace of replica Cracker Jack–prize Scotties, says that she is the real Scottie collector in the family, with more than seven hundred assorted pieces back home. Harry is a clock man, with an equal interest in owl clocks, all kinds of dog clocks, and clocks without any animal features. None of the pieces on their table are for sale.

Nor will Jerry Gallagher, of Plainview, Minnesota, let go of his Christmas figurines—Santa with a black Scottie (made in Japan) and Santa with a gray Scottie (made in Germany). "I found the German one at a show in Sioux Falls, South Dakota," he says, and he dates it circa 1910. "Cost me a hundred and eighty-five dollars—worth every penny."

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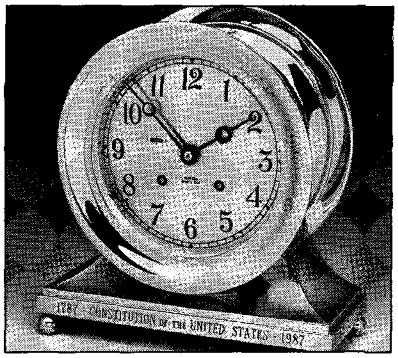
THE NEWTONS' TABLE: Any dedicated reader of *Scottie Sampler*, familiar with an article that Donna wrote about herself and Jim in the spring, 1987, issue, would naturally expect their exhibit to offer samples of their fifty different Scottie-decorated glass tumblers, hundred and thirty-six varieties of Scottie playing cards, or Black & White Scotch collection, including a rare bottle-holder with race car and checkered flag (especially important to Jim and Donna because Indianapolis is only forty-seven miles away). Where is Donna's beloved Wedgwood plate with the reproduced Marguerite Kirmse etching? Where is Jim's greatest discovery—the set of five ceramic Scotties playing tuba, sax, bass fiddle, violin, and accordion?

All these things are at home. "If I had my way," Donna says, "the collectors' show would be all displays and no selling." However, the show gives Donna her best opportunity to sell her Country Scottie line of new things. "Here is our attempt at self-sufficiency for Wee Scots," she says of the new pins, T-shirts, bottle stoppers, cocktail napkins, notepads, calico-appliqué wall hangings, and small wooden Scotties on wheels. Country Scottie fills a little over a hundred orders a year.

To see Donna Newton look across the aisles at her friends' displays is to see a Donna Newton whose business has taken her away from what she loves about collecting. She has little time now to go to flea markets, and she misses the innocent enthusiasm of her early days as a collector. Besides, "It isn't as much fun as it used to be," she wrote in a recent *Scottie Sampler*. "When you go to flea markets . . . are you finding as many Scottie treasures as you did five years ago? Do you enjoy paying three times the price they are



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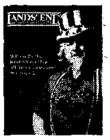

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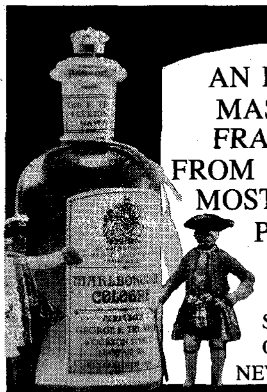

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worth when you do find them?" She wondered if her promotion of Wee Scots had driven up prices and looted the marketplace. "Maybe it is time for Jim and I to quit taking credit for doing something nice for Scottie collectors," she added. "Maybe without knowing it we have spoiled everyone's fun." But then Donna's natural optimism took over. "Charge forward," she exhorted her readers. "I know we haven't found them all!"

FRIDAY NIGHT: After dinner, Donna Newton goes to the podium to welcome the Wee Scots. These are her friends; she has been with them all day long. But because this is the most important Wee Scots event of the year an official speech is called for. Donna blushes as she looks around the banquet room filled with people from across the country, and begins to cry. Her audience murmurs kind encouragement as she wipes her eyes; then, breaking the tension, a voice calls out, "It wouldn't be a convention if she didn't cry all the way through it!"

Donna composes herself. "It's hard to believe," she says, glancing down at her notes, "that an ordinary couple, too old, too fat, too simple, and one very cheap"—she winks at Jim—"can keep you all coming back each year." She goes on to explain what she calls "the Wee Scots concept": fun, sociability, education. "For many of us, Wee Scots has become a family."

THE AUCTION: At eight-forty-five, Leighton Turner saunters into the Lakeside Parlor. A lanky man with big, limber hands suited to poking and pointing, he will be the evening's auctioneer. The auction is an opportunity to buy in direct competition with expert Scottie collectors. At an ordinary country auction, you might be able to get a large-head Austin Scottie sculpture for a song, because no one else there knows its value. (Almost all Wee Scots are looking for Austin sculptures, which were made in an unusual way: cast in molding plaster, which sets very slowly, they were hand-carved while still wet, to produce a finished work that looks like bronze.) Tonight's auction is where world Scottie values will be established.

As recently as five years ago, anything with a Scottie theme was sought by collectors. Now, Donna explains, "We are upgrading our collections." Many collectors insist on items that respect the appearance of real Scottie

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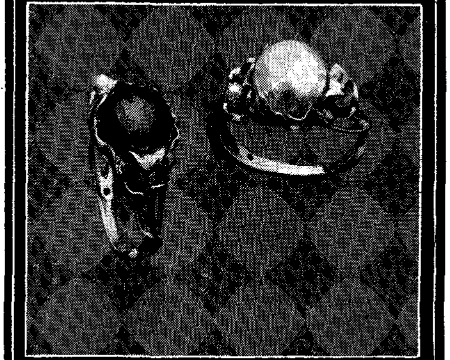

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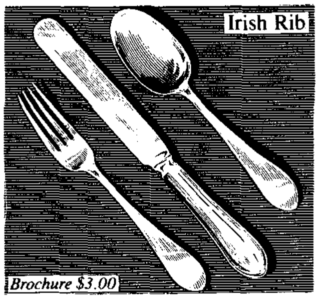

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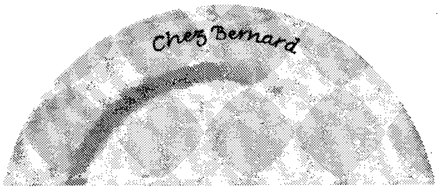


dogs. "I, for one, stay away from all floppy ears," Donna says. "Even if it's all right for a puppy's ears to flop, I don't think I want floppy ears in my collection." Even some of the common SyrocoWood smoking accessories aren't of much interest to veteran Wee Scots. Among the most sought-after things now are old windup toys and children's rockers (known as shooflies).

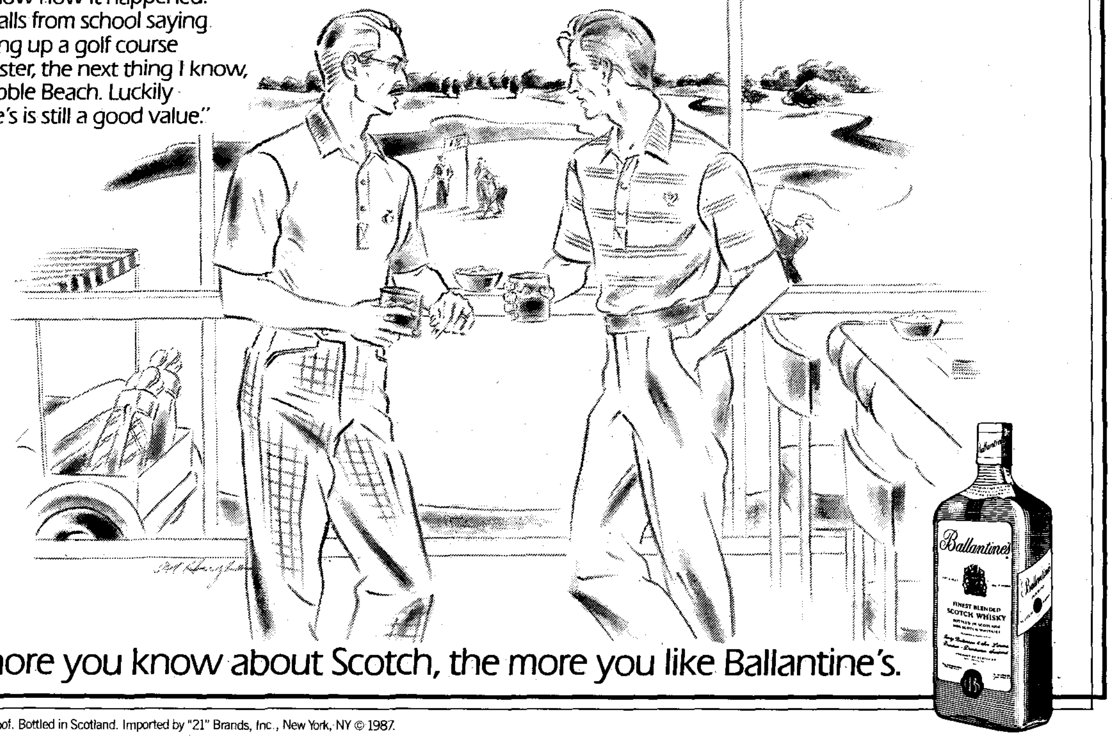
The hundred items to be auctioned, all brought to the convention by Wee Scots, include three Black & White Scotch jack-in-the-boxes, out of which pop a Scottie and a West Highland white terrier making mechanical noises—a barking duet. Once, these could have been expected to bring as much as three hundred dollars. With three up for bids, the price is certain to drop.

Leighton Turner is a professional auctioneer, not a Wee Scot, but he plays with many of the Scottie items before the bidding starts: he taps out a tune on a toy xylophone; he feigns surprise when the terriers pop out of a jack-in-the-box. The xylophone goes for eighty-five dollars. A pair of tiny Scottie-shaped bedroom lamps, without shades and showing wear, are up near two hundred dollars. Jinx Schkade (she pronounces her last name "Scottie") buys a white polypropylene trash bag decorated with little red Scotties, for seven dollars. One of the jack-in-the-boxes, in mint condition, brings two hundred and fifty dollars; the others go for a hundred and thirty-five dollars and a hundred dollars; and a collector nods in approval, saying, "I buy no dogs that do nothing."

SATURDAY MORNING: Columbus, Indiana, a city of thirty-three thousand, has a seventy-dealer bi-level antiques mall behind the Columbus Inn downtown, and there are antiques malls in nearby Gnaw Bone, Seymour, and Nashville, Indiana. Hand-stitched quilts barely reach the triple-digit price range; you can find Fiesta ware in every color, including the scarce gray. Expecting the Wee Scots, one dealer has set out a display of Scottie postcards with inflated three- and four-dollar price tags. But the cards go unsold. As Maureen (Scotti) Thompson, of Waukegan, Illinois (formerly of Arbroath, Scotland), is fond of reminding dealers, "Scots are canny with their cash."

Columbus itself is a museum of architecture. It has fifty major buildings designed by modern architects such as Eero Saarinen, I. M. Pei, Robert Venturi and John Rauch, and Harry Weese. In 1942, Eliel Saarinen, of Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, designed the First Christian Church of Columbus, and brought in Charles Eames to design the furniture. In the fifties, the Cummins Engine Foundation set up a program that pays for distinguished American architects to do public buildings here. Today, Columbus is a startling patchwork of restored-Victorian and modern architecture, and its downtown is punctuated by Henry Moore's bronze "Large Arch" and Jean Tinguely's "Chaos I."

Columbus is where Donna Newton wants to build a Scottie museum. But she does not want anything cold and formal. "Nothing brick and glass," she says. "Perhaps Jim and I could buy a big old house. I want a warm, comfortable museum where people can come, sit and chat. I would like it to be educational, with displays about F.D.R. and Fala. And did you know Eisenhower had Scotties, too? Telek and Caacie, given to him as pups, Telek for his birthday in 1942. Even the Lindbergh family had a Scottie. It



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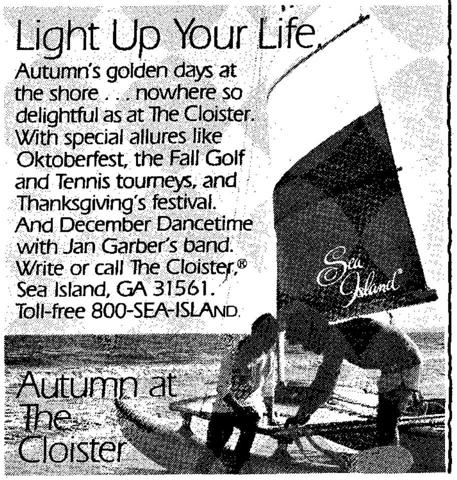

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seems to me there are more Scottie collectibles than any other breed, except perhaps the cocker. Realistically, I know we would need a large sum of money to do it right. But we could certainly build a mini-museum onto a home." Several Wee Scots—without children, or with children who aren't interested—have already asked Donna to take care of their Scottie collections when they die. Donna is not worried about the ultimate disposition of her own collection. Her daughter Michele, who has written many articles for the *Scottie Sampler*, and works at the Powers Museum of local history, in Carthage, Missouri, is an experienced curator.

THE SATURDAY-NIGHT BANQUET: From steam-table chafing dishes the Wee Scots help themselves. At the end of the line is a chocolate sheet cake with a chocolate Scottie drawn on its white icing. There is a miniature bottle of Black & White Scotch at every place in the dining room; but when someone twists the cap off his, pours the Scotch into a glass, and drinks it, his tablemates are surprised: he just swallowed a collectible. There are pastel Scottie mints the size of animal crackers, handmade by Jim Newton. When a woman asks "Is this soap or candy?" her tablemates shout "It's a Scottie!"

Apparently indifferent to the chatter at his table, Geoffrey Waller, a respiratory therapist from Chicago, sits quiet and stiff-backed. He seems present under duress, as if dragged here by his wife. Toward the end of the banquet, during a fashion show (first-prize winner, a handmade red-and-green taffeta hostess apron with a Scottie appliqué), Waller vanishes. As the show concludes, Van Jones, the m.c., puts a cupped hand to his ear and says, "If you listen very closely, if you are very quiet, you might hear the sound of heather rustling in the wind. Listen to the Scotties' call." And from the hallway outside the Lakeside Parlor a blast of air whines out of a bagpipe, and the piper—Geoffrey Waller—marches in.

In his Glengarry bonnet with cock's feather on top, kilt, horsehair sporran, and spats, he glides before the crowd, as stiffly sprung as an honor guardsman. (An Army veteran who has piped for Gerald Ford, Jimmy Carter, George Bush, Illinois Governor James Thompson, and Prince Charles, Waller became a Wee Scot through his interest in British Isles militaria, of

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which the gentlemanly dog of Scotland is a corollary.) Waller plays "Amazing Grace," and after it fades away he is joined by Debbie Trueblood, a slender, brown-haired nine-year-old from Villa Park, Illinois, wearing a kilt of the Henderson tartan. She is barely as high as the piper's waist. She dances the Highland fling to "The Marquis of Huntley." Then Waller pipes "Ye Banks and Braes" and "Gardens of Skye."

SUNDAY MORNING: Out on the sloping lawn behind the Ramada Inn, at eight-thirty, the Wee Scots club is gathering for the weekend's finale, the parade of Scotties. The members who have brought their dogs marshal them single file, in pairs, and even in a phalanx of six. Jim Newton joins the line with J.D., who is wearing a bright-blue neckerchief. Donna Newton stands off to one side, taking pictures. She is crying again. Geoffrey Waller, in kilt and pipe-major sash, stands at the head of the line, pipes ready. Behind him, Holly Trueblood, Debbie's mother, hoists the heraldic flag of Scotland—a rampant lion on a field of gold. The chaotic drone of the bagpipe takes form as "Scotland the Brave," a processional that rouses other motel guests out onto their balconies in their pajamas.

As parades go, this one is meagre; it travels no more than a couple of hundred yards. And although there are tennis courts and a small recreational lake behind the motel, the parade site is hardly banks and braes; you can hear the din of highway traffic from I-65. But two dozen Scottish terriers, tails up and wagging, noses to the grass, are hunting for rabbits.

—JANE AND MICHAEL STERN

•

CAN SEX ONCE A WEEK HELP FEMALE INFERTILITY?—*Southfield (Mich.) Northwest Newsday.*

It wouldn't hurt any.

•

CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Sheriff's Calls in the Evergreen (Colo.) Canyon Courier*]

INDIAN HILLS—A deputy saw a saddled horse running toward some stables.

•

SEARS hand push lawnmower. Works fine. $3,900.—*Adv. in the Burbank (Calif.) Times.*

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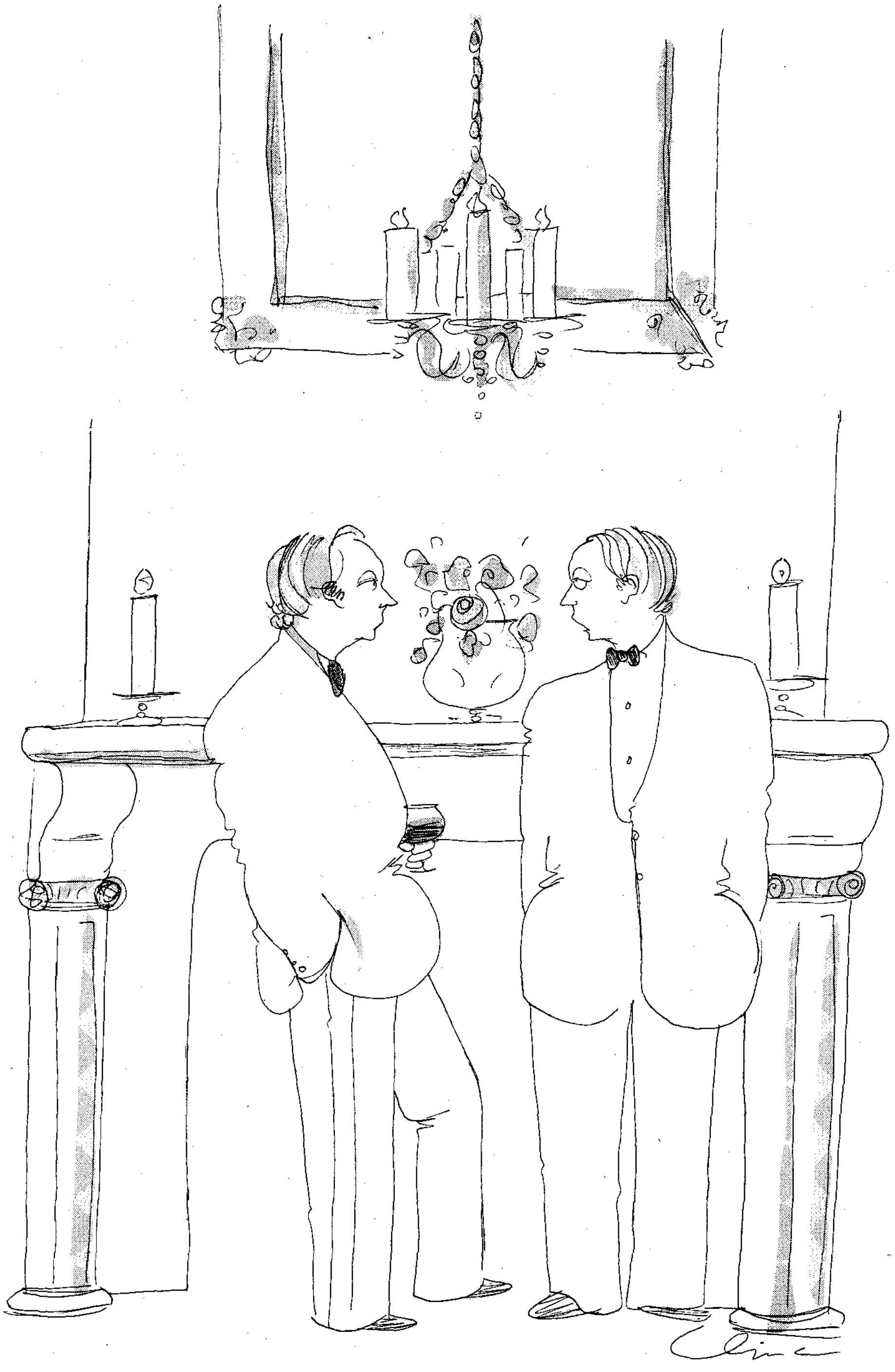
REFLECTIONS

THE OTHER DAY

(AS CULLED FROM THE NEW YORK "TIMES" OF AUGUST 9TH)

NAURU, an eight-square-mile island with a population of around eight thousand, lies roughly halfway between Sydney, Australia, and Honolulu. From 1888 to 1914, Germany owned it, and after the First World War the island was placed under the trusteeship of New Zealand, Australia, and Great Britain. The trusteeship was continued, under the auspices of the United Nations, until 1968, when Nauru attained independence. Recently, the Nauruan government sent a group of its officials, together with Christie Weeramantry, a lawyer, to the United Nations to see whether international law would allow Nauru to sue its former trustees for stripping off nearly all the island's soil between 1922 and 1965 and hauling it away. The soil was immensely rich in phosphate—the main natural ingredient of fertilizer—from thousands of years of bird droppings. Once lushly verdant, Nauru is now a largely barren, rubble-strewn atoll that might, except for its human habitations and some stretches of vegetation, have just risen from the sea.

Weeramantry says that more than sixty-five million dollars' worth of phosphate was taken from the island along with its soil, that the Nauruans got only two and a half million dollars in royalties from the de-soilers, and that the islanders had to pay one of the trustees, Australia, twenty million dollars to keep the phosphate-laden soil that was left on Nauru. A spokesman for the Australian Mission to the United Nations replied, in effect, that a contract is a contract, and that per capita the Nauruans are well off from their phosphate royalties. If the Nauruans win their claim, it will be the only time that United Nations-appointed trustees have been held accountable for colonial misfeasance. Before Nauru was left bare, its alternative name was Pleasant Island.



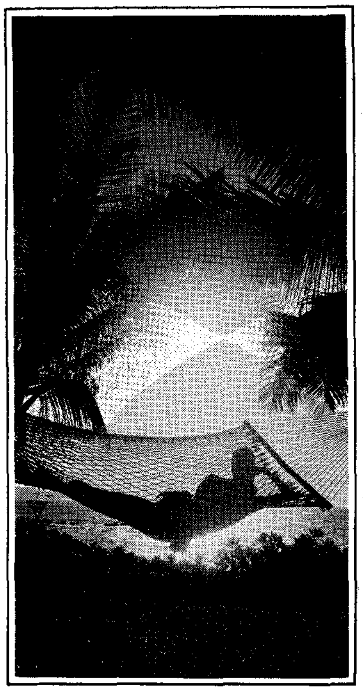
"Does the fireplace work?"

●

Edwina Haynes, a twenty-five-year-old resident of Belle Glade, Florida, was shot in the back—according to local police, by her lover—and the bullet injured her spinal cord and pierced her liver. She had no health insurance. Taken to Glades General Hospital, in Belle Glade, which doesn't have a staff neurosurgeon, she waited thirteen hours for treatment. Dr. Richard Thomas, director of the hospital's emergency services, said that his office telephoned fourteen neurosurgeons and six hospitals to get help for Miss Haynes. Some of the doctors, he said, responded with remarks like "I'm not interested in her, because I'm not interested in a lawsuit." The twentieth call, to Tampa General Hospital, a hundred and fifty miles away, quickly brought a promise of help, and she was flown there at once. Two days later, the hospital's spokesman said, "Her vital signs are stable following surgery." She is recovering. In Dade and Broward Counties, premiums for neurosurgeons' malpractice insurance average a hundred and ninety-two thousand dollars a year.

●

Resorts International's casino in Atlantic City has put signs up at its



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five entrances and its cashier's cage saying, "Bet with Your Head, Not Over It. Compulsive Gamblers Can Receive Help by Calling 1-800-GAMBLER." Harrah's Marina Casino in Atlantic City has placed signs by the elevator bank in its hotel and in the lounge reserved for people who come by bus to gamble. Beneath the phone number, the sign says, "Before you put it all on the line, put them on the line. Compulsive gambling is an illness that affects family and friends as well as the victim. When the fun stops being fun, it may be time to start thinking about getting help. If you feel you may have a problem with gambling or know someone who does, please call this number. Your call will be treated with the utmost confidentiality." Martha Mason, Harrah's community-relations manager, said that the hotel would soon have the hot-line number and message in all its guest rooms and in its casino booklet describing how to gamble. H. Steven Norton, executive vice-president of Resorts, said that gambling is a "form of entertainment for disposable income." He also said, "We don't want to bankrupt people," and explained that any loss of income for Resorts from its success in helping compulsive gamblers no longer be compulsive (but presumably still be gamblers) wouldn't have a significant impact on the casino's revenues. "Often those revenues are negated in the form of bad debts," he said.

Hailing the hot line as a breakthrough, Arnold Wexler, the executive director of the Council on Compulsive Gambling of New Jersey, noted that of the hot-line callers so far seventy per cent gambled in casinos, sixty-six per cent gambled at racetracks, forty-seven per cent gambled through bookmakers, and twenty per cent gambled on state lotteries. Compulsive gamblers gamble across the board, so to speak. This year, the Council on Compulsive Gambling got a hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars from New Jersey for its work, and it will get two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars from it next year. The Atlantic City Casino Association and some of the twelve casinos in town have contributed forty-six hundred dollars to the council this year.

•

The White House said that the Iran-Contra hearings have hampered United States intelligence officials in their efforts to collect secrets as usual

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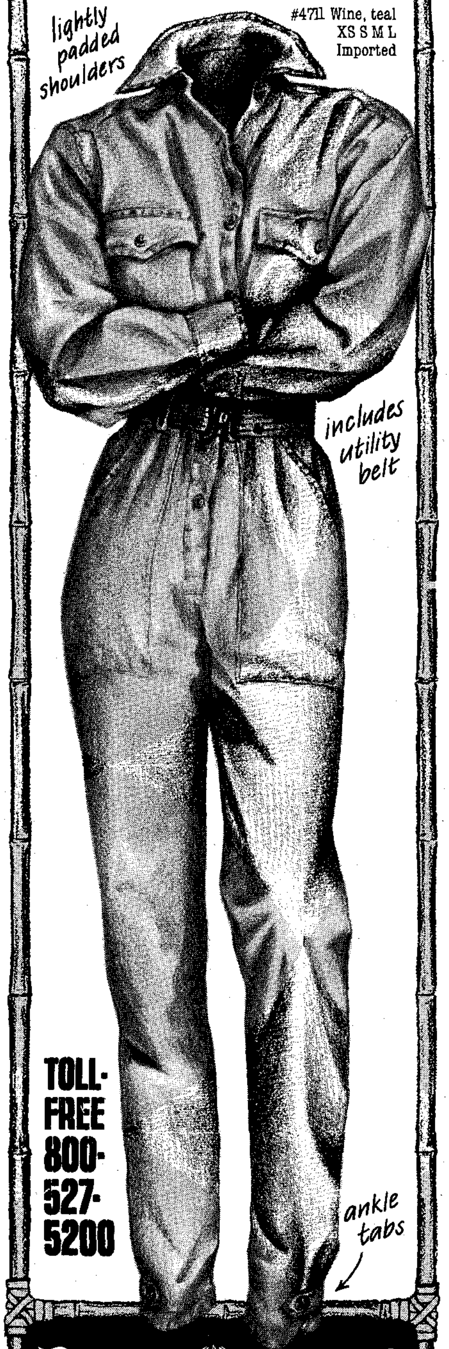

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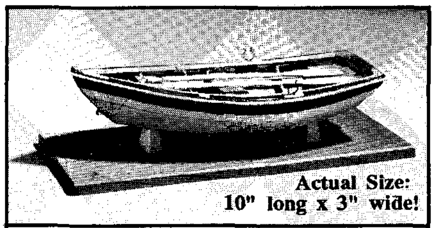

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from intelligence officials of allied nations. Some allied officials are reluctant to share their secrets with the Central Intelligence Agency, the White House disclosed, although it didn't explain why. The principal holdouts it cited are Costa Rican intelligence officials, who are inclined to keep their secrets to themselves after watching the televised hearings via satellite transmission to San José.

Senator William S. Cohen, Republican of Maine and a member of the Senate Iran-Contra committee, agreed that allied intelligence officials might now hesitate before coöperating with American intelligence officials as fully as in the past. But he said that the committees' attempts to rebuild and improve relations between Congress and the White House, by way of revealing the problems that existed between them and creating a new spirit of mutual understanding and respect, were of more importance than any breach in the professional relations among spies.

Other members of the Iran-Contra committees asserted that they had done their best during the hearings to avoid broadcasting any more national secrets than was essential if they were to put together what had happened in the Iran-Contra affair, and that none of great significance had come out. Beyond their concern for protecting the nation's vital interests, they were determined, they said, not to repeat the gross mistakes committed by their congressional predecessors during the House and Senate hearings in the mid-nineteen-seventies on abuses of the law and of the principles underlying this republic by the C.I.A., the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and various military intelligence services. The members of the committees who were concerned about this said that in those hearings, which were conducted not jointly but separately (and are considered by some observers to have been conducted more thoroughly and effectively than the Iran-Contra hearings), great damage had been done—or, at least, was believed to have been done—to our intelligence apparatus, because too many embarrassing secrets emerged. Cascades of secrets poured out of television sets around the world in the course of those hearings. (The secrets, of course, concerned thousands of instances of official crimes, ranging from breaking and entering—without warrants or court approval, as required by law—and stealing private papers that showed no evidence of any viola-

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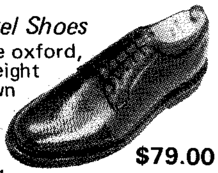

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tions of the law or any intent to violate the law, on through mass surveillance of people who were asserting their constitutional right of freedom of speech and their right peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances in their protests against the war in Vietnam, the bombing of Cambodia, and the National Guard's killing of four innocent students at Kent State University, and, finally, to President Nixon's efforts, with the help of the intelligence agencies, to persecute and prosecute anyone who opposed, or appeared to oppose, or might oppose in the future, him and anything that he had done or might do.) Members of the committees who feared harming our intelligence community by revealing too many of its secrets in the Iran-Contra hearings explained that they didn't want to repeat what had happened back in the nineteen-seventies because the result had been low morale and bureaucratic timidity.

•

Silvio Rodríguez and Pablo Milanés—Cuban singers who have each written more than a hundred songs, which are recorded on twenty-odd albums and are known as "La Nueva Trova Cubana," or "the new Cuban balladry"—are to make one-half of an appearance in New York, by way of a Milanés performance in a "Concert for Peace and Friendship" at the Delacorte Theatre, under the auspices of Joseph Papp, as part of the Festival Latino. Rodríguez and Milanés are musical emissaries of the Cuban government, and in that capacity have performed, together and separately, from Chile to Mexico City, before Cuban troops in Angola, at music festivals and concerts and on television in the Soviet Union and throughout Eastern Europe. A performance by Milanés at the Presidential palace in Lima in 1985 is said to have broken a political deadlock between the President of Peru, Alan García Pérez, and Fidel Castro.

Among the singers' most popular works are "political" songs, like "To Salvador Allende in His Battle for Life," "Song of Urgency for Nicaragua" ("Nicaragua pains the eagle," because "the children go healthy to school" and "this way of justice and caring are not to its liking"), and "Song for Latin-American Unity":

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The darkness of other shores.
History takes with it its own chariot,
Which will carry many of us along.
It will run over
The one who wishes to deny it.

Milanés and Rodríguez are also widely known south of our border for their "tender and lyrical love songs." One of these, which is traditionally accompanied by sing-along audiences, is entitled "Would That" and is a "haunting evocation of romantic obsession and despair":

Would that something happen to blot you out suddenly,
A blinding light, a burst of snow.
Would that death at least take me away
So as not to see you as much, so as not to see you always
In every instant, in every vision.

The two singers are Cuban national heroes. "The success of Silvio and Pablo," Castro has said, "is the success of the Revolution."

•

The population of Burlington, Connecticut, has risen from twenty-five hundred to sixty-five hundred inhabitants in the past twenty years. To keep up with the growth of the town, its tax assessor, Grace M. Platt, said, taxes had to be raised or new taxes levied. For some reason, it seems, more people paying more taxes at the old rate would not cover the town's new costs. "Somebody has to pay for them," Mrs. Platt said. Residents of Burlington are paying for them through, first, surcharges on the views from their property. "If a lot has a beautiful view, then it has more value than other lots—it's part of the value because it's going to be worth more," Mrs. Platt explained, and she added that a good view might increase a property's value from five to ten per cent. Second, residents of Burlington who live in "contemporary"-style houses now have to pay more taxes than residents who live in old houses, because, Mrs. Platt says, new houses are worth more than old ones—though not, apparently, if the new houses are in the style of old houses, such as Cape Cod cottages and saltboxes, since new taxes are not charged for such houses, whatever their market value.

State Representative Ronald L. Smoko, a Democrat and co-chairman of the House Committee on Finance, Revenue, and Bonding, said, "Property should be assessed at fair market value, and a good view certainly increases value. But there would seem to

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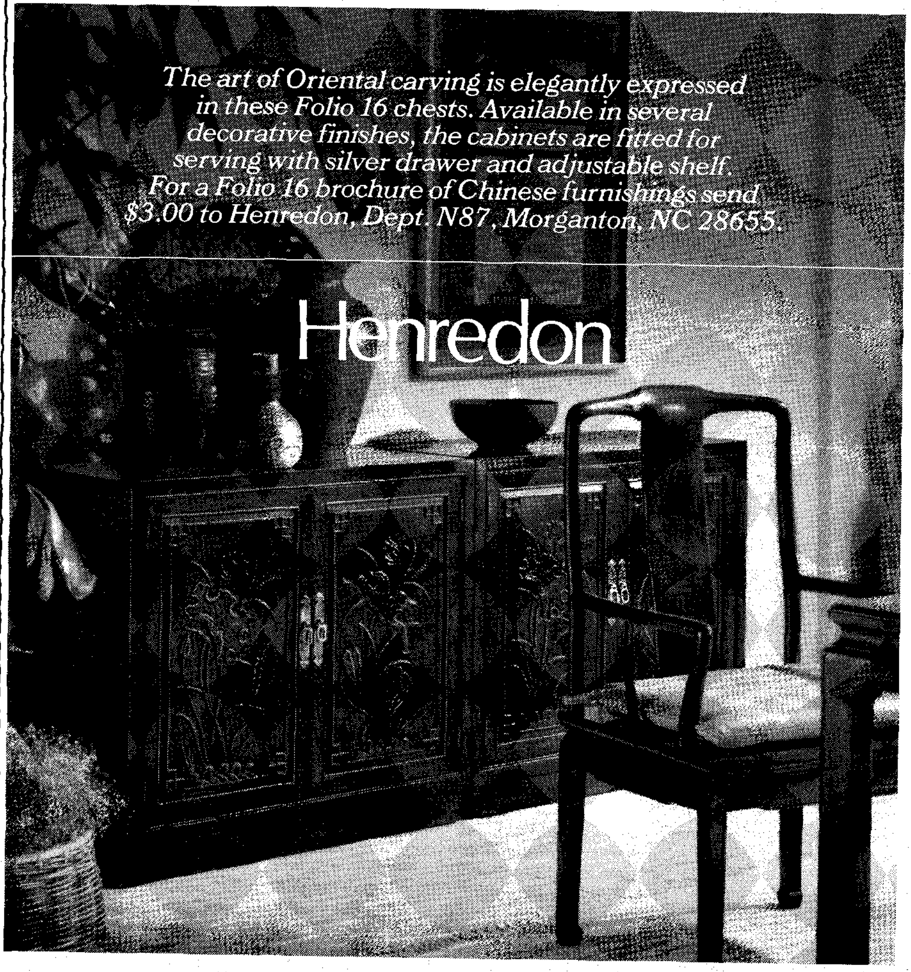
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be a violation of state statutes if somebody were to arbitrarily increase the valuation based on a subjectively arrived at judgment." Fiske Ventres, a real-estate developer who has built many houses in and around Burlington, and lives there, said that the surcharges for views may violate taxpayers' civil liberties. But Ventres, whose house and land, he says, present no view to brag about, suggests that anyone who plans to build or buy a house in Burlington might do as he did, and save the extra cost of a "home with a view," which, he figures, runs to an average of twenty-five thousand dollars more than a house without a view. "Then, after dinner, you can walk up to the top of the hill and tell the people living there, 'I'm enjoying your view,' " he said. John Kryszpin enjoyed his view—extending more than twenty miles across the undulating Connecticut countryside into Massachusetts—until he was billed eleven hundred and fifty dollars for it. "I won't pay it," he said. Dr. John Parks, a dentist, pays more than a thousand dollars in double surcharge taxes—for the view from his contemporary house. In the opinion of some local residents, the tax dispute is the most ferocious battle to have been fought in the area since British troops and their Indian allies massacred settlers at Forty Fort in 1778. The issue, Parks suggested, may have been fostered by the town's oldcomers, whose families have lived there for generations, to stop newcomers from making Burlington contemporary. As for Parks' new tax levy, he said, "I won't pay it."

•

The John Birch Society filed a financial report for 1984 from its headquarters, in Belmont, Massachusetts, with the state attorney general's office, in Boston, listing the society's assets at slightly over twenty-six thousand dollars and its debts at more than nine million dollars. Charles R. Armour, president of the society, said, "The situation of the society today, as opposed to a year ago, is like night and day. Our membership and our many friends came through with sizable support." Armour said that membership fees and donations had reduced the deficit by a million and a half dollars. He did not explain why the John Birch Society, which has been at the throat of the Red Menace for nearly thirty years, is two years behind in obeying the law of the state that owns Plymouth Rock. The director of the

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attorney general's Division of Public Charities promised to press the society about its laggard filings, and said that although the society isn't "a charity in the classic sense," it must report its income and outgo annually, since one of its proclaimed purposes is education.

•

Donald Johnston, a onetime Army M.P. who rose to become chief executive officer of the J. Walter Thompson Company—a hundred-and-twenty-three-year-old advertising agency that is usually referred to by members of the press, and by the JWT staff, as "venerable"—will retire soon, after thirty-six years with the company, the last thirteen of them as head of it. Johnston is sixty years old. Martin Sorrell, the chairman of a British company called the WPP Group P.L.C., which is dwarfed, financially speaking, by J. Walter Thompson's parent, the JWT Group (it includes, besides JWT, the medium-sized advertising agency Lord, Geller, Federico, Einstein; Simmons Market Research Bureau; and Hill & Knowlton, a large public-relations firm), had mounted a hostile takeover bid for the entire JWT Group. Sorrell is forty-two years old and English, and has an M.B.A. from Harvard. He has a "prep-school face" and a high-pitched laugh, and has been described by a business analyst as a "tough little cookie." Johnston fought the takeover furiously, but Sorrell won, and bought the JWT Group for five hundred and fifty-six million dollars.

Some advertising people feel that Johnston, who wears his Michigan State University class ring, is something of a "Boy Scout." Others think that he is as calculating as a chess player, possibly because he once gave each of JWT's senior managers a copy of Machiavelli's "The Prince." He is also known as a man who doesn't let his emotions show. According to a former subordinate, Johnston never shouted. Instead, he expressed his anger subtly. This man went on to explain, "His jaw would jut out, and the muscles would bulge, the eyes would get steely blue. His voice would drop and he would get cold and curt." Johnston's anger was said to have been noticeable, if only faintly, when his sub-executives brought him bad news—especially bad financial news—about JWT. Apparently, several messengers felt his quiet wrath. In 1978, the Ford Motor Company, one of JWT's largest accounts, discovered

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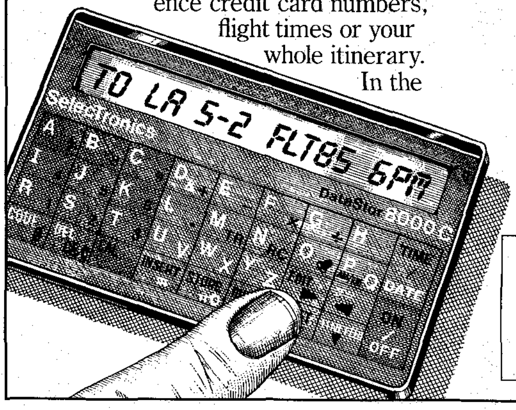

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that several hundred thousand dollars in volume discounts hadn't been passed along to it. Because of Johnston's close relationship with Ford executives, he was able to keep the account—in part by paying Ford its money and in part by replacing the head of JWT's Detroit office with an up-and-coming young man named Joseph W. O'Donnell. In 1982, millions of dollars' worth of false entries were discovered in JWT's books at its headquarters, in New York. A woman employee was blamed, and she sued the company and Johnston for fifty million dollars in libel damages. Between 1978 and 1982, eight of JWT's corporate officers quit or were fired. Since 1980, some twenty senior managers, including three chief financial officers, have left. Also in 1982, the Securities and Exchange Commission began examining JWT's books for the previous five years; the investigation is still in progress. In the advertising business as a whole, pre-tax profit margins have been around ten per cent for the past seven or eight years. JWT's have for the most part been just over six per cent.

J. Walter Thompson USA, the company's domestic agency, won a hundred and eleven "creative" awards in 1982, and the following year it picked up three hundred million dollars in new business. In 1984, *Adweek* chose the agency as "Agency of the Year," and it was considered the hottest shop on Madison Avenue (although its shop is on Lexington Avenue). Most of these successes were credited to Burton J. Manning, whom Johnston had brought into the New York headquarters of J. Walter Thompson USA from the Chicago office in 1980 as chairman and chief executive officer. In 1986, Johnston summoned O'Donnell and put him over Manning, who resigned. Last January 20th, O'Donnell confronted Johnston, charging that some of JWT's employees were guilty of unethical financial dealings and of creating a "loose moral atmosphere" in the company. O'Donnell also wrote a letter, signed by him and some other senior executives, to the outside board members, charging that there was a "very disturbing management pattern where ethical shortcuts are condoned and if found out, are covered up." In a subsequent meeting with Johnston, O'Donnell told him that some of the company's employees in Malaysia and Belgium were being paid partly in expense vouchers. On January 23rd, JWT's board of directors fired O'Donnell. By June, Johnston had fired all the men who had signed O'Donnell's letter. On assuming command of the JWT Group, Sorrell kept Johnston on the company's payroll for the duration of the transition, to help soothe nervous clients' apprehensions.

•

The nine-member Pennsylvania State Judicial Inquiry and Review Board recommended that the State Supreme Court dismiss nine lower-court judges for taking money, ranging from three hundred dollars to five hundred dollars per judge, from Roofers Local 30-30B. Accepting such sums of money, the board said, was not illegal under state law, but it suggested "the appearance of corruption." The board added, "It makes no sense to leave on the bench a judge whose own conduct has nullified one of the most basic qualifications for the job he or she holds." One of the accused judges denied that he had taken the money. The board asked that another accused judge, Senior Judge Thomas N. Shiomos, be forever barred, because of his misdeeds, from serving on any Pennsylvania court. The board did not come to decisions in the cases of five other judges, two of whom are under federal indictments charging them with extortion in connection with taking the money from the roofers.

Leland Beloff, a former member of the Pennsylvania State General Assembly, who until a couple of weeks ago was a member of the Philadelphia City Council, was sentenced to ten years in prison and fined a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in the federal District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania. He had been convicted of extorting fifty thousand dollars from a real-estate developer in return for introducing in the City Council a bill that contained special favors for the developer. In the same trial, Beloff was convicted of conspiring with Nicodemo Scarfo, said to be the godfather of Philadelphia, to extort a million dollars from a second real-estate developer in exchange for legislation permitting the developer to build a seventy-million-dollar hotel and shopping complex along the Delaware River near Independence Hall. In addition, Beloff was convicted, again in the same trial, of extorting from a third real-estate developer a rent-free nine-hundred-and-forty-five-dollar-a-month apartment in

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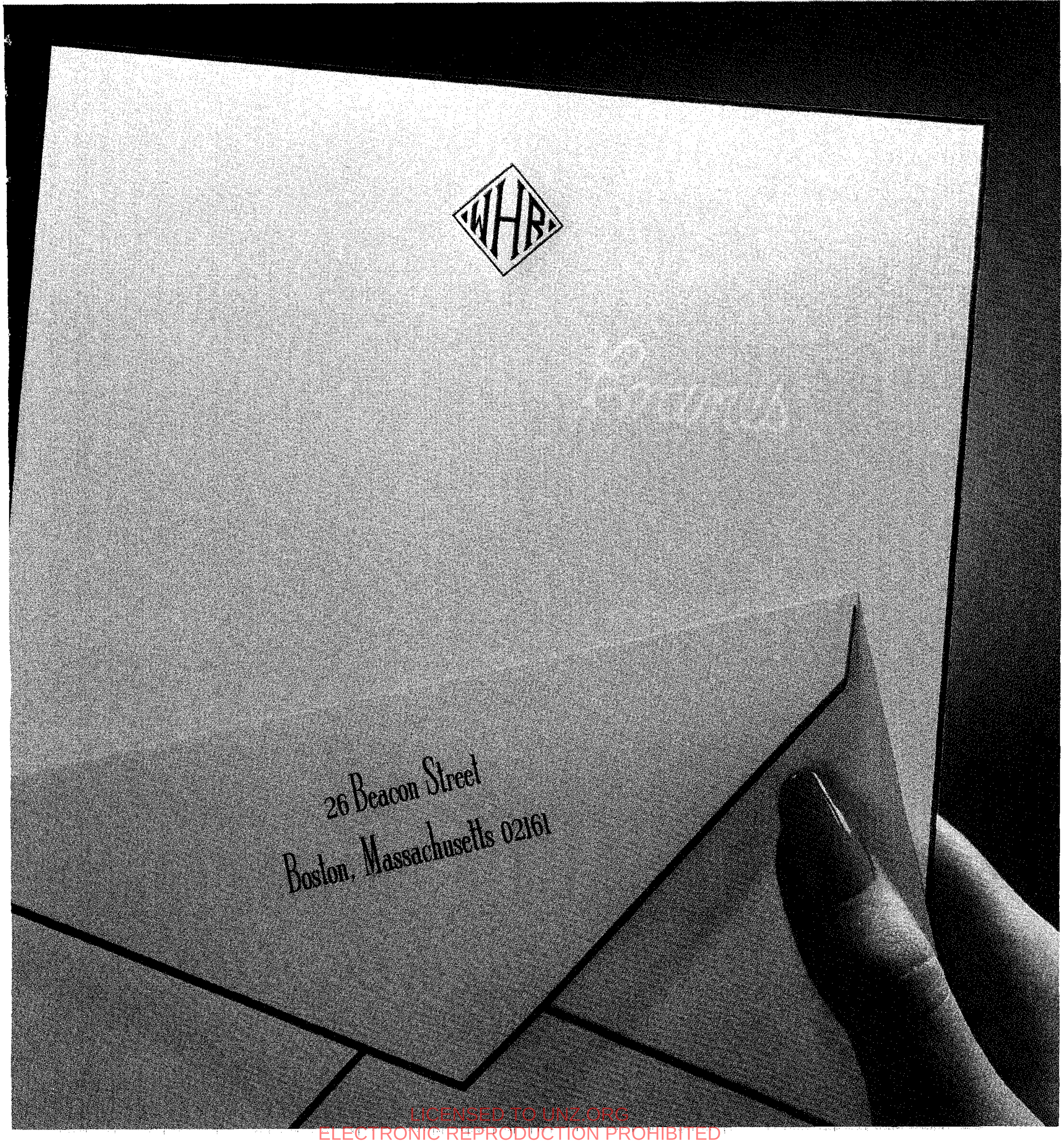

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Philadelphia for his mistress. Beloff and his wife, Diane, have also been indicted by a federal grand jury and are awaiting trial on charges of vote fraud. Scarfo, who is in prison under an indictment, handed up by a federal grand jury, for drug dealings, and under indictments, handed up by state grand juries in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, for three murders, was convicted of extortion along with Beloff, sentenced to fourteen years in prison, and fined a hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

•

Last March, the Canadian government's Deschenes Commission published a report on war criminals who were assisted in emigrating to Canada by various Allied officials after the Second World War, principally through the use of false identity papers. Now a five-hundred-and-sixty-page study, prepared for the commission by Alti Rodal, an Oxford-trained historian who lives in Ottawa, states that in the early nineteen-fifties United States intelligence officials provided false papers for Nazi fugitives who were ostensibly being sought by all the once allied governments. William Kelly, a Royal Canadian Mounted Police officer who was then processing applications for would-be émigrés to Canada living in West Germany, noticed that some of the identity papers accompanying the applications were neatly typewritten, unlike other such papers that had passed across his desk, and came from the same address in the American Zone of Occupation. He reported the peculiar discovery to his superiors, who ordered an investigation. It revealed that a committee composed of Canadian, American, and British intelligence officials—among them H. A. R. (Kim) Philby, the double (or, at times, triple) British agent who later fled to the Soviet Union, only hours before England's M.I. 6 would have found him—were using Canada as, in Mrs. Rodal's phrase, a "dumping ground" for Nazis who were no longer useful to them. At the time, Lester B. Pearson, then a senior official of the Canadian Foreign Ministry and afterward Prime Minister, objected, saying, "The Americans should take such people to the United States rather than unload them on others." The unloading went on for ten years. Nazi immigrants to Canada in that period included Karol Sidor, former commandant of the Hlinka Guard, the dreaded

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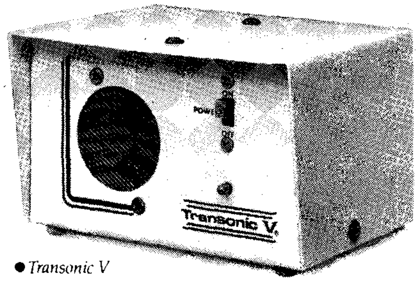

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Slovakian Storm Trooper unit, who arrived in 1949, following a direct personal appeal from Pope Pius XII. (Sidor had been promoted from his post as commandant of the Hlinka Guard and sent as a delegate from German-occupied Slovakia to the Vatican.) Mrs. Rodal's study, which was heavily censored before it was released by the Canadian government, doesn't report whether any of the war criminals who were admitted to Canada are alive or where, if they are, they are living today.

•

In the tiny English village of Askrigg, tucked above a narrow reach of the River Ure, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, a British Broadcasting Corporation film crew is making a ten-part television series out of some leftover "scraps" and some new material put together by Bill Sellers, a producer-director, and Alfred Wight, who is better known—far better known—as James Herriot, the veterinarian author of "All Creatures Great and Small." One fragment of the series is based on a Wight-Herriot-Sellers anecdote entitled "The String." Old William Hawley's calf is sick, and Siegfried, Herriot's veterinarian partner in "Creatures," tells Hawley to find a piece of string as long as his outstretched arms. "How on earth could a piece of string be used to cure this calf?" Hawley says as he hands over the string. Siegfried ties it around his waist, saying, "Lost a couple of buttons off my coat at the last place—cow got her horn underneath them. Always happening."

Carol Drinkwater, who played Mrs. Herriot in the earlier television series, left the cast to write. Lynda Bellingham, her replacement, is familiar to English television viewers from her Oxo beef-cube commercials on television. Sellers said, "I would like to show artificial insemination of a bull on a cow, because it happens often in the books. But maybe I'll lose my nerve, as I did in the two ninety-minute TV films." Sellers had no problem with his nerve when it came to showing on camera a pig without an anus. Although such pigs are apparently not rare, Jack Watkinson, a veterinarian from Leyburn, across the moor in Wensleydale, couldn't find one, so a normal pig's exit was "painted out" with sticking plaster. Herriot never writes for more than thirty minutes a day.

—Richard Harris

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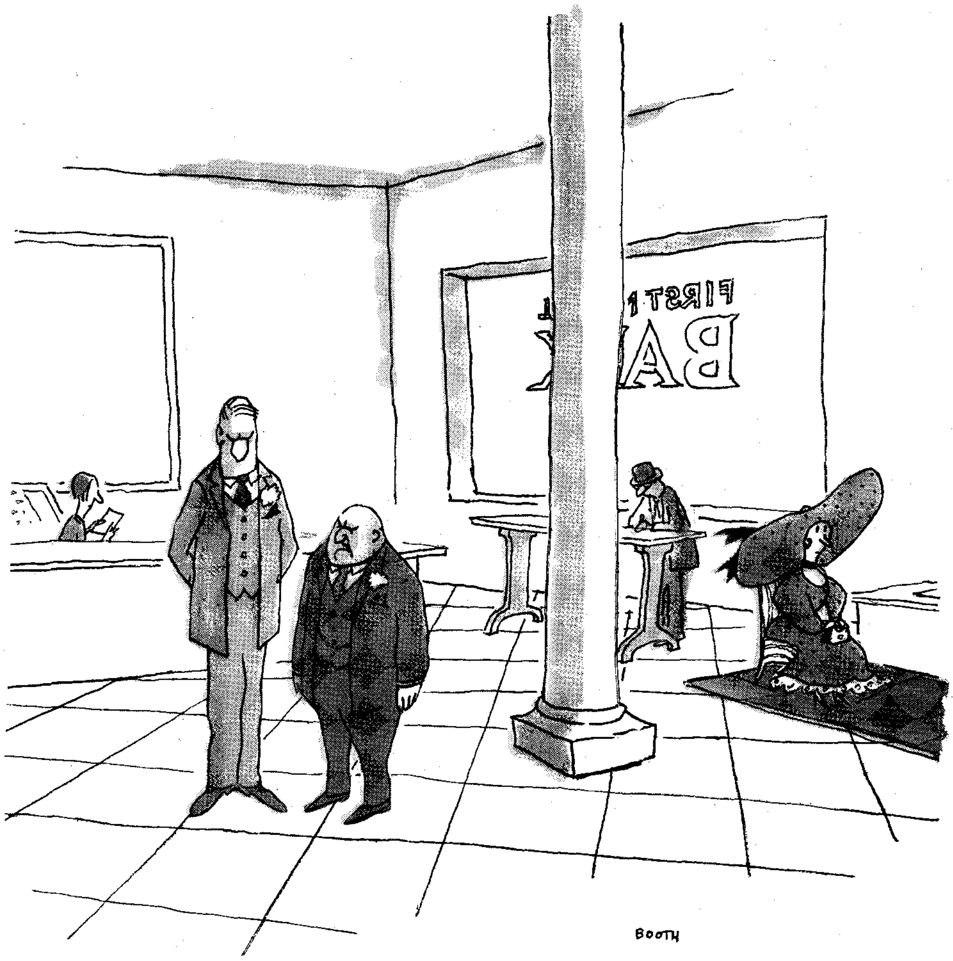
Temporary Madnesses: Forster, Mailer, Hepburn

THE previous film produced by Ismail Merchant and directed by James Ivory—a light-comedy adaptation of E. M. Forster's "A Room with a View"—was the exception to their rule of phlegmatic literary knockoffs. Now they're back on track with "Maurice," also from Forster, which painstakingly reproduces the limp, drawn-out construction of the novel. Forster, who was born in 1879, wrote the book in 1913 and 1914, but it wasn't published until 1971, a year after his death. Set just after the turn of the century and concluding in 1912, it's about a young man's struggle to come to terms with his homosexuality. What makes the novel a museum piece is Forster's determination that his hero, Maurice (pronounced Morris), should not be gifted or especially intelligent, should not be an artist or come from an aristocratic background. He wants Maurice to be an average middle-class Edwardian who lives in the suburbs—a proper hale-and-hearty fellow, narrow-minded and snobbish, like others of his class.

The idea is simple: Forster means to show that homosexuality is natural, by having this ordinary, not particularly sensitive stockbroker discover that he's attracted only to men. And then Forster tries to do something less simple and more romantic: he wants to demonstrate that Maurice's full physical commitment to his homosexual drives is his redemption—that his acceptance of the truth about himself burns away his snobbery and callousness and cruelty, that it turns him into a more perceptive man, a better man. The trap for both the novel and the film is Maurice's blandness. He isn't convincingly homosexual; he wouldn't be convincingly heterosexual, either. He isn't convincingly alive—he's a device that doesn't work. And so the actor who plays him—tall, blond James Wilby—comes across as passive and slow. (You'd think being a gay man was tantamount to being retarded. And the movie treats this as tony.) It isn't until the picture has been on for almost two hours, and Maurice has been through three years of platonic frustration with his upper-class Cambridge friend Clive Durham (Hugh Grant), that he finally has an orgasmic night; it's with Durham's under-gamekeeper, Scudder (Rupert Graves). Then he realizes what he has been missing and what he wants. Once Maurice begins to be decisive, Wilby can come to life as an actor. The role is unformed until this point—we've been watching Maurice's behavior, but we don't know him. Forster was so determined to make this hero the opposite of himself that he failed to think his way inside him, and the Maurice on the screen is uninhabited, a tailor's dummy, until too late.

The novel is about the importance of the flesh, but when Forster gets to the big scenes he doesn't describe anything—he wimps out. And so does the pallid, faithful movie. (Maurice's two nights with Scudder bring a flash of nudity, but the most sensually charged images are the early ones of Durham's and Maurice's platonic roving hands.) Yet, despite James Ivory's fidelity to Forster, we're likely to experience the book and the movie in quite different ways. When you read the novel, you're alone with Forster's befuddled special pleading, and when you see the cloud-borne happy ending coming you take it as a programmatic wish fulfillment. You know that Forster has conned himself into imagining he's thinking daring, fresh thoughts when he has really got lost in a daydream of a homosexual utopia where carnal love is forever. At the movie, we're not let down the way we are by the book; we don't have the expectations of Ivory that we have of Forster. And temporal considerations take over: it's a great relief that Maurice has finally got laid, even if we don't get any sense of his emotions. And it's a relief that Wilby can finally show he's not just a miscast slug.

Forster wanted to rescue homosexuality from its public association with effete weaklings, and in spite of himself he wrote an enervated novel. And here's a movie about a supposedly athletic, sound-of-body stockbroker, a man with real lust in him, who will give up his family, his friends, and his business to go off to make a new life with Scudder. Yet all we see is costumes and set decoration, mansions



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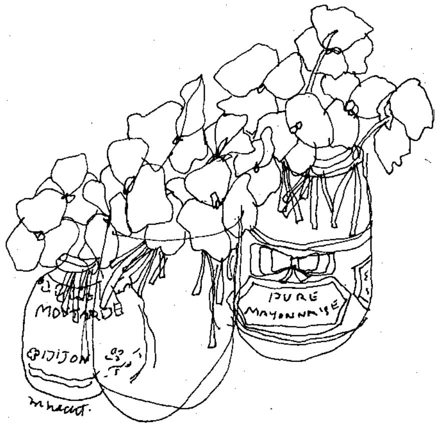
and grounds. A few of the performers manage to make an impression: Judy Parfitt as Clive Durham's strong-faced mother; Peter Eyre as the vicar—the persevering Mr. Borenius, out to confirm Scudder. But Billie Whitelaw, for all her subtlety as Maurice's mildly foolish mother, is almost buried in the film's slack, novelistic rhythms, along with other acting eminences, such as Denholm Elliott, Ben Kingsley, and Simon Callow, who are not so subtle here. And though Forster made the point that Maurice's arrogance toward his two sisters was part of his priggish conventionality, Helena Michell and Kitty Aldridge, who play them, are treated as part of the furniture. The younger men come through intermittently. Hugh Grant's Durham recalls the young Louis Hayward; Grant has a nifty profile—it suggests a sexy aesthete-rotter. He's amusingly untrustworthy; he makes his villainous role as the quasi-homosexual who sells out to heterosexuality fairly believable. (In the "terminal note" that Forster appended to the book manuscript in 1960, he acknowledged that he might have been unfair to Durham.) As for the gamekeeper—the pagan man-of-the-earth fantasy that D. H. Lawrence was also (in the late twenties) to commit to paper—Rupert Graves, who has a large head and looks rather stocky next to the tall Wilby, doesn't seem to belong to the period, but he brings the role a somewhat redemptive boyishness. (He was the heroine's brother in "A Room with a View.")

The screenplay, by Kit Hesketh-Harvey and Ivory, follows the book even when this seems a loony waste of screen time, such as when Maurice complains, well into the movie, of the servant Scudder's having refused his tip. If we'd seen Scudder refuse it, maybe we'd understand *why*, even if Maurice didn't. But there's an atrocious bit of invention near the start: Maurice as a boy, on a school excursion to the beach, is getting a graphic (but not at all helpful) lecture on sex, and the schoolmaster draws diagrams in the sand. Ivory brings on a young girl. She looks at the drawings in amazement and is pulled away by an adult, who says, "Come, Victoria." It distorts the meaning of the scene, for the sake of a broad joke that was squeezed dry decades ago. That isn't all that's squeezed dry. Part of what gave boys'-book adventure movies like "Beau Geste" and "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and "The Deer Hunter" a romantic charge was their underlying homoeroticism. In this boys'-book movie, the homoeroticism is overt, but it's so suffocatingly discreet that the charge is just about gone. (Classical music in the clinches will do it every time.) Ivory is a stylist in all the subsidiary ways. You feel that the table settings are right—that he would jump if a fork were out of place. And he has a fine, trained eye for light and composition. But when it comes to capturing the feel of repression and of bursting desire he isn't there.

NOBODY talks about movies and moviemaking more hypnotically than Norman Mailer, but that doesn't seem to do his own movies a lick of good. The new "Tough Guys Don't Dance," which he adapted from his 1984 novel, is screwed up in a different way from "Wild 90" (1968), "Beyond the Law" (1968), and "Maidstone" (1969-71), all of which he acted in, hosted, and paid off for years. Reaching for raw truth, he didn't prepare scripts for those films; the dialogue was improvised, the acting was "existential," the cinéma-vérité cameraman was left to catch what he could, and the results were ragged. Now Mailer believes that "in a movie the plot is the motor, it is essential." He told the *Times*, "It took me two months to write the novel—the screenplay took six months." This murder-mystery movie certainly has a plot: cocaine smuggling, double crosses, five or six murders. And it has a smooth photographic style, and professional actors (Ryan O'Neal, Isabella Rossellini, Lawrence Tierney, Wings Hauser, Debra Sandlund, and John Bedford Lloyd) who deliver scripted lines on sets that have been color-coördinated. But it doesn't have a motor—you don't care who kills whom or why. Even when you see the killings, they have no impact.



When you read Mailer's "An American Dream" or "Why Are We in Vietnam?," you enter his imagination, and it's like being in some all-encompassing movie. Mailer's pop audacity—his melodramatic streak—can easily make you think he'd be a natural as a moviemaker. And you may think that his sense of dread would be just right for a film noir. But Mailer has already made the movie: he's movie-drunk when he writes a novel; he's not movie-drunk when he makes a movie. And he has no idea how to achieve atmosphere on film. During the opening titles, the cinematographer John Bailey provides melancholy wintry seascapes of Cape Cod, shots of the shoreline with grass and snow, and then views of the pure-white architecture of Provincetown. We seem to be seeing the desolate remnants of a clean, exalted way of life. But when the seedy characters show up and talk, and we're meant to feel the corruption that has seeped into the town—meant to feel that the place is a haunted house—Mailer doesn't make it happen. There's no interaction between the locale and what the actors are doing.

For a real director, shooting a movie is a concentrated, demanding effort—the culmination of months, perhaps years, of preparation. For Mailer, shooting a movie is a vacation; as he put it to *Variety*, "after forty years of writing, you don't feel like coming to the office every day, and making movies satisfies my desire for action." When you saw Mailer's earlier movies, you knew that there was no director on the set, and, different as "Tough Guys" is, there's no director on the set here, either. There's a man trying to turn himself on and expecting moviemaking to do it for him. He may be having a good time, but does he expect us to get off on his taking a vacation? He doesn't seem to grasp that it's his job to build the sequences and shape the performances.

The writer hero (O'Neal) is ravaged from hard living with a rich wife and three years in the pen for dealing drugs, but he can tell his tough old father (Tierney) that in those three years no man used him for a punk. His having remained anally inviolate is the proof of his manhood. Women victimize him, though—at least, the dirty-sex, Pia Zadora blondes (like Sandlund) do. He has a love-hate bond to

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them. He needs to escape to a true-love earth-mother brunette (Rossellini). This is paltry stuff; it has an eerie, dated quality, like a copy of *Playboy* left out in the sun for fifteen years. The women are subhuman, and most of the actors look stranded—lost and undirected. You can almost see their eyes searching for help. The only performers who don't seem embarrassed by their roles are the stolid, occasionally funny Tierney and big, square-faced Wings Hauser, who, as the rampaging, glittering-eyed chief of police, acts as if he were the monster in a monster movie. In his crude way, Hauser has a clearer idea of what the movie is than anybody else has. Mailer is plumbing the higher depths, and he tries a little of everything: a house with the interiors painted to resemble vaginal walls, a sick-soul-of-America-party orgy, a séance in which a woman envisions herself decapitated, the knifing of a dog, secret burials at sea, confessions, a stroke, a suicide, and a psychic flashback in which the hero can see events at which he was not present. After a while, the movie turns into a burlesque of itself. It has to. It opens with O'Neal delivering the line "I keep saying to myself, 'Death is a celebration.' " Yet the ludicrousness of a nugget like that isn't dull. The tawdriness of Mailer's self-exposure and self-glorification has a low-level fascination.

Writing is hard for Mailer because he goes at it with all he's got; moviemaking is easy for him because he takes shortcuts. He seems to be trying to put his unconscious on the screen without the mediation of his conscious mind, and the result doesn't have the texture of a fantasy. It's thin—thinner than pulp, lacking the shock and suggestiveness of pulp. Mailer isn't enough of a moviemaker to draw us into the story on a primitive level: we're not caught up in the hero's fear that he may be a murderer, and so we're outside the movie from first to last. What Mailer provides is an intellectual's idea of a pulp thriller. You stare at it knowing it's hopeless yet not really wanting to leave.

JOHN HUSTON, who died on August 28, 1987, was the subject of what is perhaps the best novel about moviemaking ever written, Peter Viertel's "White Hunter, Black Heart" (a Dell Laurel reissue; $4.95). It was published in 1953, when Viertel's emotions about working with Huston on the rewrite of the script for

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"The African Queen" (1951) were still raw: Huston is its hero and its villain. The portrait of him is marvellously, scathingly full, and convincing. It fits with what we intuit from the movies he made, and it fits with the drawling courtliness he had in his TV appearances, his patriarchal innocence as Noah in "The Bible," and the curdled face he presented to us in his decaying-old-sinner roles in films such as "Chinatown" and "Winter Kills." Viertel's account ties it all together, and when you look at Huston in one of his later, gloating roles you can understand Viertel's obsession with him. More wide-ranging than other "Hollywood" novels, "White Hunter, Black Heart" is a running argument between the screenwriter, Pete, and his intimidating boss, the director, John, about art and the movies, passion and responsibility, money and race and destructiveness. It's like "My Dinner with André," except that it isn't friendly and civilized, and the two men express their polar points of view in the middle of action—it's like "My Dinner with André" crossed with a Hemingway novel.

Katharine Hepburn's just published memoir "The Making of 'The African Queen;' or, How I Went to Africa with Bogart, Bacall and Huston and Almost Lost My Mind" (Knopf; $15.95) is conversational and slight. At first, it doesn't seem as if she had anything new to say. In London, where the group (including Viertel and the producer Sam Spiegel) assembles, she's rather put off by Huston's "studied old-Kentucky-colonel charm." She points out that "he put one constantly on the defensive" and that "when Huston is present everyone focuses attention on him, exactly as when there is a small child in the room." And in Africa he's an irritation and a bore: "Oh God, those stories. I don't know how many words came out a minute—but articulation with this genius is a real problem and he's so concentrated that nothing throws him. He doesn't even seem aware of whether anyone is listening." But midway through the book her tone begins to change: "John . . . has read everything under the sun and remembers most of it. And loves to talk and discuss. I like to do this too. The hours passed—delightfully. He tells me the most wonderful long stories." Pretty soon, she notices that "his strong wrists and strong smooth hands are like a young boy's" and—the big thing—"he likes to live." Hepburn

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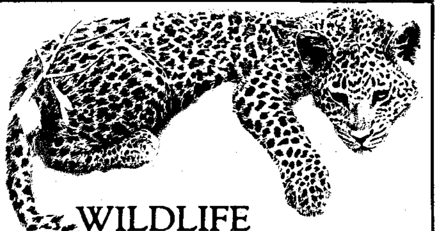

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prepares us early on by indicating her uncertainty about her relationship with Spencer Tracy: "Did he leave because he was bored or did he leave because he couldn't bear to say goodbye? The eternal question." You know where this memoir is heading when she writes, "John talked. I don't even remember what he talked about but it was magic."

"The Making of 'The African Queen' " is about Hepburn's intense involvement with Huston, and the "and almost lost my mind," in the title, is her pointing up that she knew he was impossible, but was smitten anyway. (He was forty-four and well known to be a charmer monster; she was forty-three.) During a break in the filming, Huston decides to go hunting for elephants; this is Hepburn's account of her reaction:

> I thought to myself, Well! The probability is that I will never be here again. And rather than loll about the hotel, I think that I would like to go with John. Spiegel nearly had a fit. And quite right he was.
>
> "Katie—setting off with John in a little plane—how can you—*how*? You may be killed. Then what . . . ?"
>
> "Well, John may be killed."
>
> "The hell with John. I can't control John, you know that. But you. . . . You're a reasonable, decent human being."
>
> "Yes, Sam—I have been—and I don't think it pays. I want adventure—I want to hunt elephants with John. Not to kill, just to see."
>
> "Oh my God, Katie. Talk to Bogie. . . ."
>
> Bogie came.
>
> "Katie, what's happened to you? You're a decent human being."
>
> "Not anymore I'm not. If you obey all the rules you miss all the fun. John has fun."
>
> "John," says Bogie. "That son of a bitch has gotten to you."
>
> "He's seeing Africa."
>
> "You're making a picture."
>
> "Yes, I'm making a picture, but I'm seeing life at the same time."
>
> "She's gone," he said to Sam. "Under the spell."
>
> . . . That night I worked on John's clothes. His pants—fly-buttoned—had no buttons. I got some buttons and sewed them on. They had just rotted off in the damp. Next morning we left.

Viertel's novel provides a much fuller account of the elephant hunt. But at the start of the novel he has already been through the seduction Hepburn is experiencing, and her impressionable romanticism is outside his range. Her Yankee reticence is blended with an actress's dizziness. Here's her account of a night when she has been violently sick, and the crew, which has been carousing, tries to serenade her:

> But I was past serenading and they finally went to bed. And funny old John. What did he do? He came back to my cabin.
>
> "Just stay asleep, Katie dear. Stay asleep. Asleep—asleep . . ." And he rubbed my back with his smooth, strong hands. And my head and my neck and my hands and my feet. Such a blessing. Took the trouble from me. It is true—the laying on of hands. So quiet—so sweet—soothing. He was gentle. I slept. I don't remember when he stopped. Dear friend.

I don't know that I would read this sort of gush by anyone else. But this is Katharine Hepburn writing about herself and John Huston; it's an icon showing herself in a new light, and it has an element of giddy surprise. So do a couple of the photographs and the captions she has written. On page 104, she sits smiling blissfully, with Huston leaning over her shoulder—his face is ardent, he might be inhaling the perfume of her hair. And the caption is "Oh, John. Isn't he sweet?" On page 122, they're on a bike together, both smiling, and the caption is "On John's bike . . . I've obviously lost my mind." (To know why it was madness, one should read the Viertel book.)

We don't find out what happened—only that, returning to London, "John and I had a paperback, 'Miss Hargreaves,' which we were reading. We read the whole novel on the trip back. Good part for me. We bought it. We never made it."

—Pauline Kael

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testing the weight of it.
Who in the corps of carp

or the schools of fantails
and angelfish, jewels

of the first water,
can match his leaps?

—Nancy Willard

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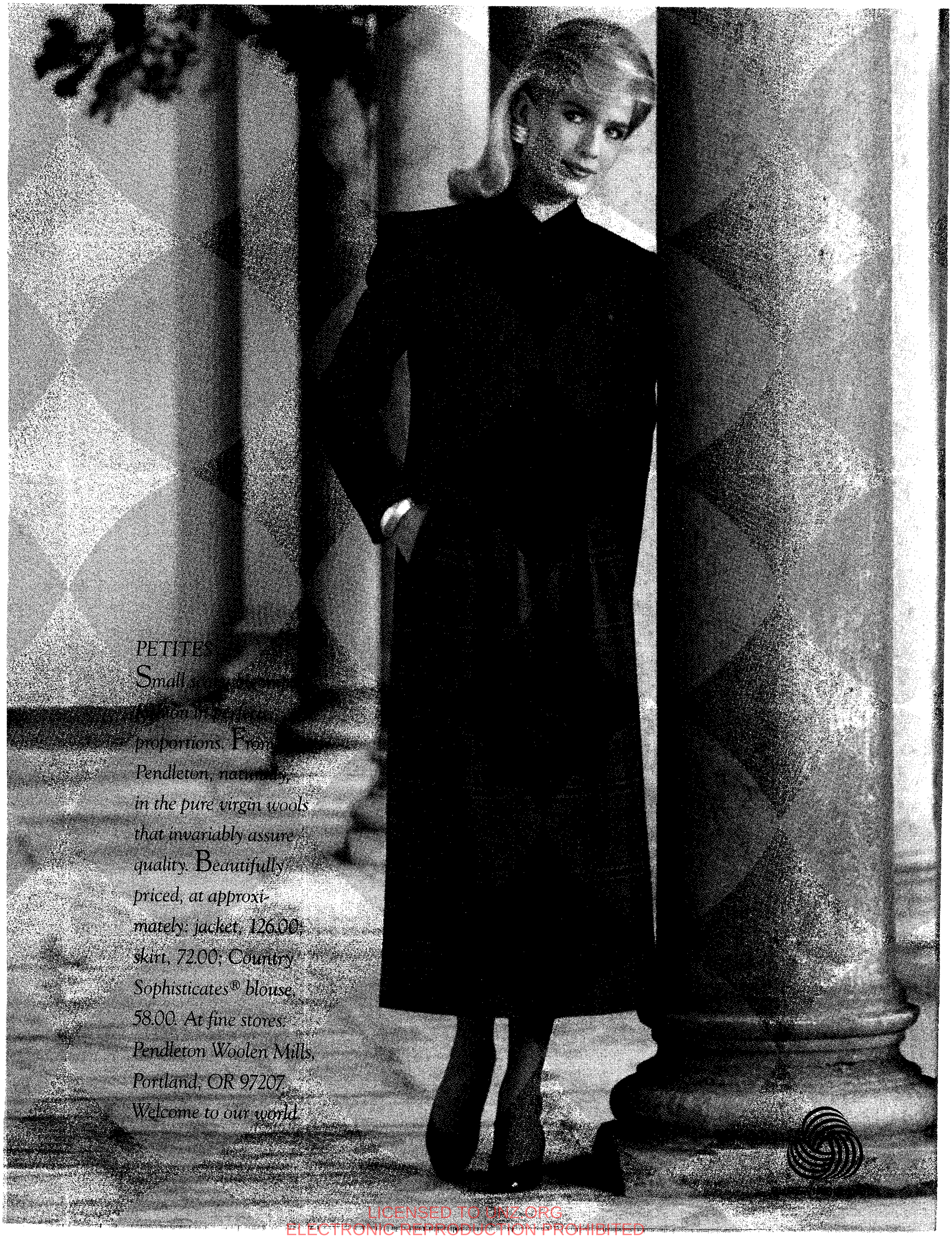

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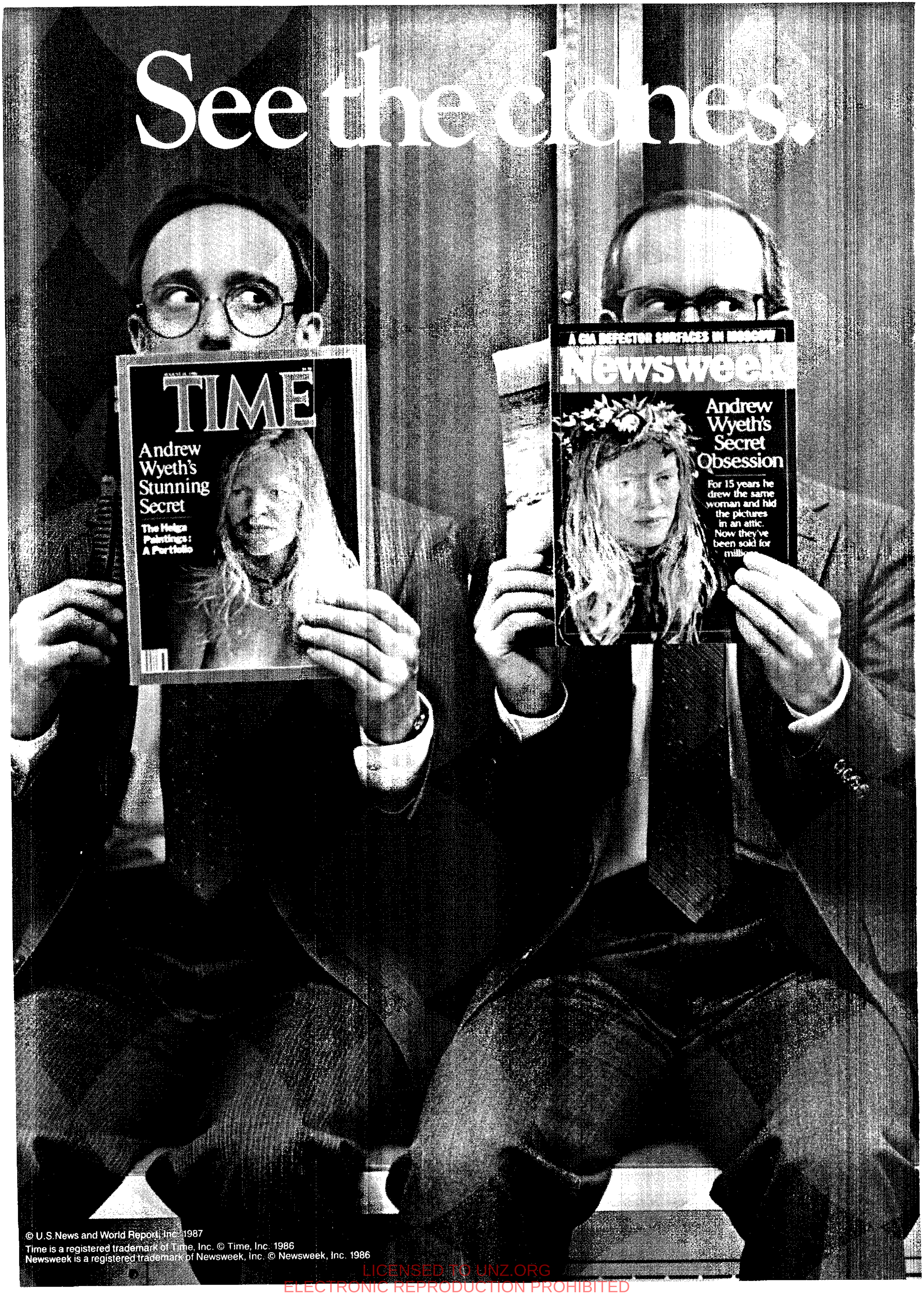
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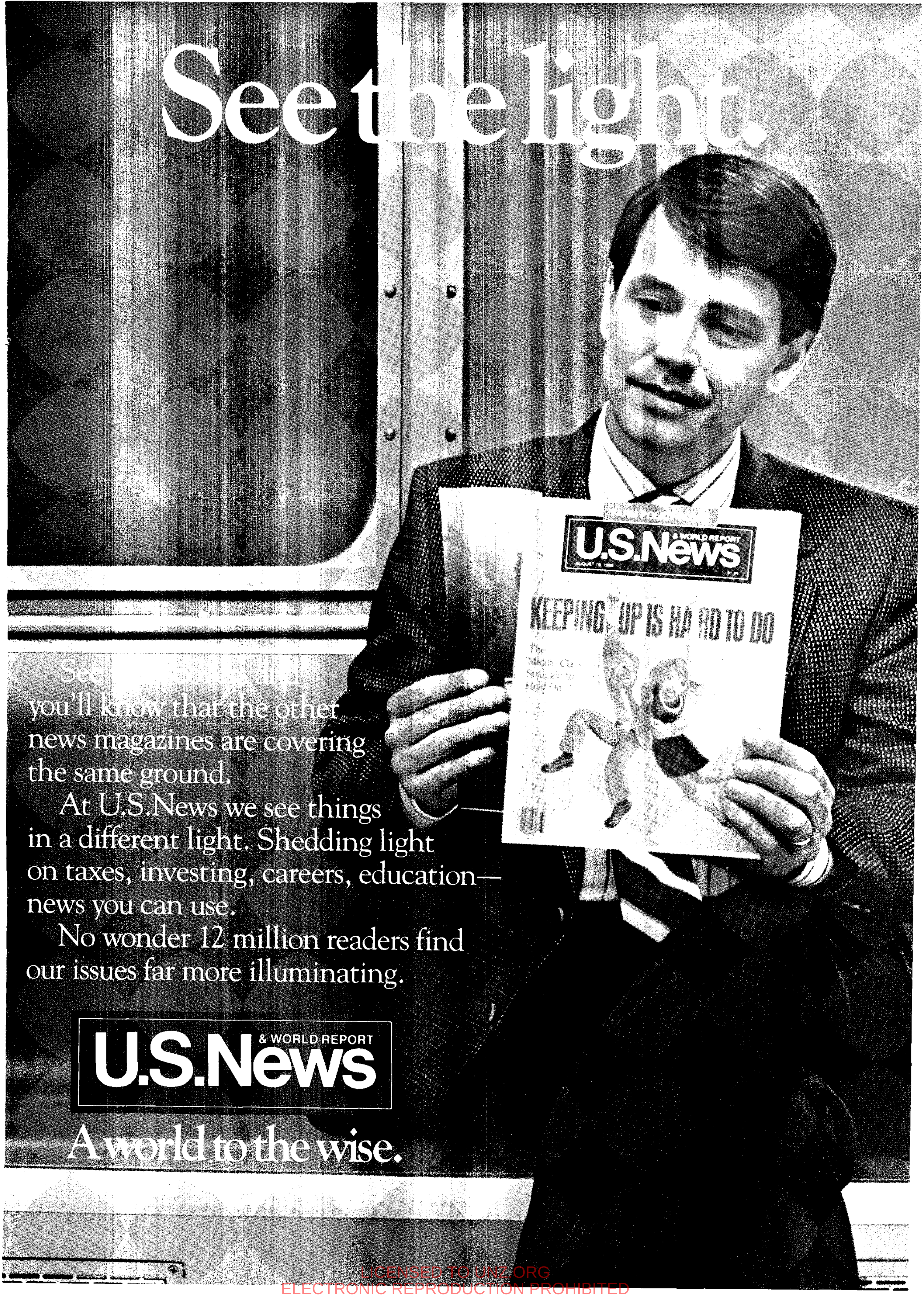
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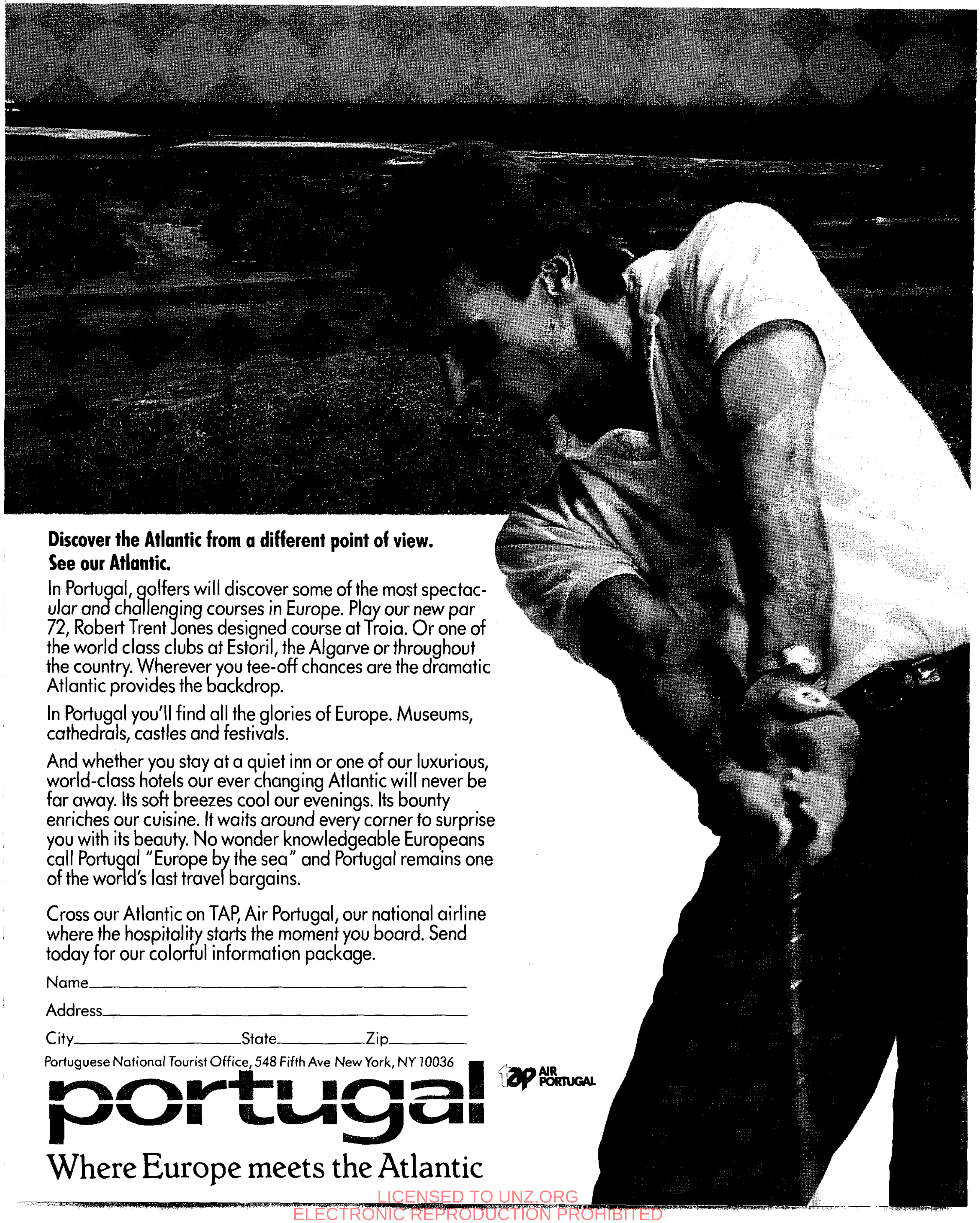

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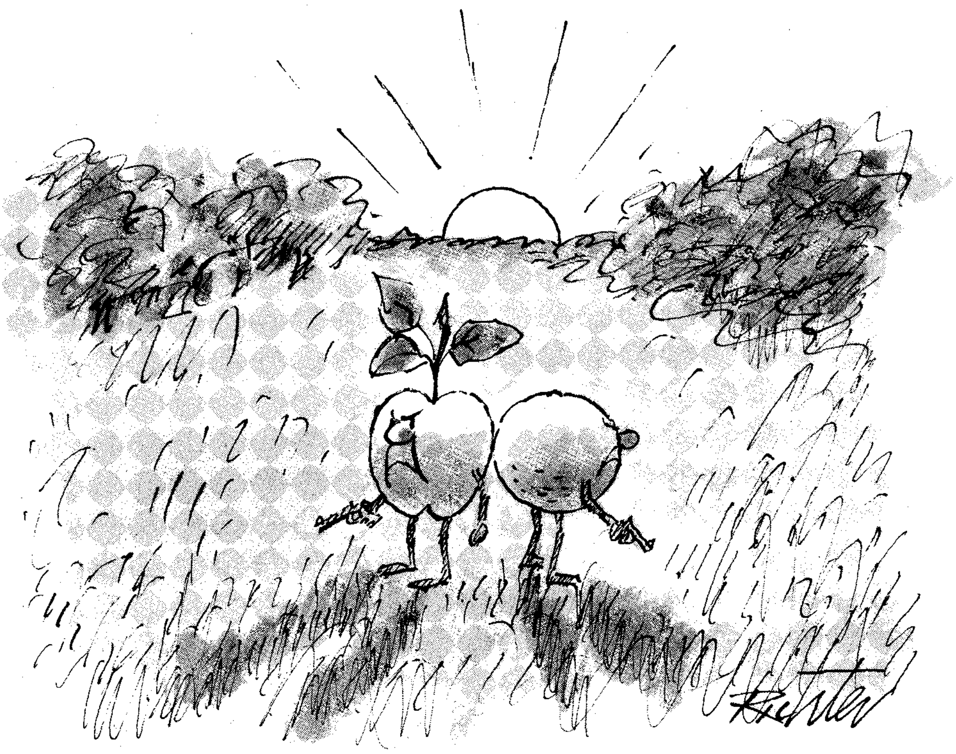
A Final Door

TRUMAN CAPOTE's "Answered Prayers: The Unfinished Novel" (Random House; $16.95) is an enigma and a ruin. Like the mysterious house at Skully's Landing in Capote's first novel, "Other Voices, Other Rooms," this shattered, forlorn thing teases the imagination by suggesting that there's more—much more—in it than we've been allowed to see. The unfinished novel, no less than the haunted house, invites us to give body to the dispersed, unfulfilled spirits we sense there. "Answered Prayers" had achieved its spectral aura long before the author's death, in 1984, doomed it to eternal formlessness. In what was, as far as we can tell, its original conception, the novel was to illuminate the shadowy world of what were once called "the beautiful people" in a style that would re-create, in a heightened, poetic way, the texture of gossip—that art of secrets, half-truths, and rumors by which these fabulous creatures narrate themselves. And almost from the moment he signed the contract, in 1966, Capote started spinning that feathery stuff around his own work, mystifying it thoroughly, as if the mystification were the art itself. In a way, it was.

In interviews and essays Capote gossiped about his book—before even a word of it had been written—in hushed, solemn tones: it would be Proustian, immense ("triple the length of all my other books combined," he wrote in 1972), the work he meant to be remembered by. After briefly exposing the work in progress, publishing four tantalizing chapters in *Esquire* in 1975 and 1976, he returned to whispering about it, embellishing the myth of a masterpiece struggling into being. He wrote of a "creative crisis" following the appearance of the *Esquire* excerpts, a spasm of doubt which "altered my entire comprehension of writing, my attitude toward art and life and the balance between the two, and my understanding of the difference between what is true and what is *really* true," and which, he claimed, prompted him to rewrite two chapters of "Answered Prayers" and drop another ("Mojave," the first of the *Esquire* chapters); he presented his next book, "Music for Chameleons," which was a ragged miscellany of semi-factual pieces, as the result of his experiments with a new style and a preview of the breakthrough that would be "Answered Prayers." Throughout, he kept dropping hints about chapters and passages completed, and a master plan that would justify everything: he'd show us where the treasure was when he was good and ready, and we would know that he'd had the map all along.

But there's no more to "Answered Prayers" now than there was in 1976—no new chapters, no revisions, just three fragments about which nothing has changed in eleven years except the form of their publication. Like the creepy Southern mansion in Capote's first novel, this final project, for all its air of mystery, seems merely to have got stuck in time, arrested at a shockingly early stage of development. There were never any more rooms in Capote's house of gossip, and its voices, though they all have different tales to tell, are curiously identical—conspiratorial but desperately weary, like the Landing's effete Cousin Randolph, whose great secret is that he doesn't really exist: "Faceted as a fly's eye, being neither man nor woman, and one whose every identity cancelled the other, a grab-bag of disguises, who, what was Randolph? X, an outline in which with crayon you color in the character, the ideal hero: whatever his role, it is pitched by you into existence. Indeed, try to conceive of him alone, unseen, unheard, and he becomes invisible, he is not to be imagined." The Capote of "Answered Prayers" is that vaporous: trying to produce a true self-portrait, he seems terribly alone, unable to imagine himself. Maybe that's why he expended so much energy in babbling provocative nonsense about the book: the lies and feints and teases were his grab bag of poltergeist tricks, ways of pricking our imaginations so that we might, somehow, pitch him back into existence.

"Answered Prayers" was, after all, the one book of Capote's long and varied career which required genuine self-knowledge, not only because it was intended to be "*really* true"—it was based on the author's personal letters, diaries, and journals from more than twenty years of his life—but also because, formally, the material was too scattered and ephemeral to survive without a fully articulated identity at its center. Capote, who always had a sure sense of structure, clearly knew this. (He once described the book as "like a wheel with a dozen spokes.") It's also clear that he was looking, against all his instincts as an artist, for ways to get around it. The first section he published in *Esquire*, "Mojave" (which ultimately appeared as part of "Music for Chameleons"), was a bleak little anecdote, written in the third person, about an affluent bad



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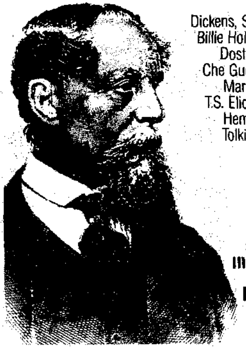

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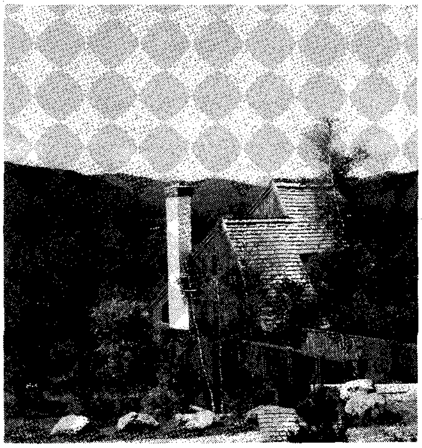
marriage. The author claimed that "Mojave" had been intended to appear in "Answered Prayers" as a short story written by the book's narrator, but there's no good reason to believe that; it's more likely that the story is a remnant of an early, discarded approach to the novel. The second excerpt, "La Côte Basque," reads like another failed stab at finding the novel's form and voice—a better try, though still tentative, guarded. There's a narrator now, who has a name, Jonesy, but no personality: the character is purely a listener, a recorder of gossip. Without a strong central consciousness, this section—the one that got Capote into trouble with his society friends—is weightless, insubstantial, at best a tour de force of bitchy remarks, name-dropping, and scurrilous tales overheard in the course of a long lunch at a fashionable Manhattan restaurant. It's entirely a technical exercise, enlivened only (and mildly) by the author's evident delight in being naughty, and Capote must have sensed that something was missing—that the spirit was somehow wrong, and that the artful orchestration of gossip would never, in itself, amount to much in the ambitious aesthetic terms he'd set for himself. Lunch at La Côte Basque in 1965 is a meaner-spirited affair than "Breakfast at Tiffany's" in the innocent fifties; middle-aged ladies, crusted with jewels and spite, referring to each other as "bull dykes" and "tramps," just don't lend themselves to the sort of graceful, delicate literary effects that Capote brought off so effortlessly in his novella about the buoyant young gold-digger Holly Golightly.

The gorgons and icy mannequins who munch and dish their way through "La Côte Basque" may represent the kind of people Capote hung around with. They aren't, however, the kind his fiction was usually about. The subjects of his early work were typically outcasts, losers, children, and the childlike old—rarely safe, settled adults who knew their place in society (much less Society). Capote, with a defensive, belligerent sense of his own freakishness, seems to have believed always that the only identity lies in the imagination and that only those outside society could develop their imaginative powers freely. That's an awfully romantic view—most baldly expressed in Capote's fablelike second novel, "The Grass Harp," in which a motley handful of dreamers and eccentrics gather in a tree house to escape



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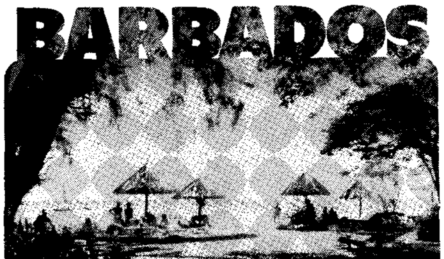

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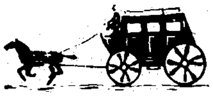

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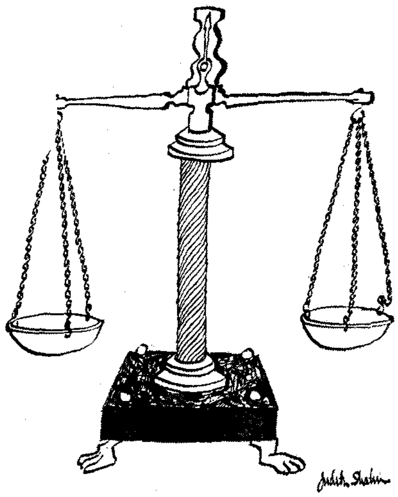
the pressures of conforming to their small town's respectable life—and a particularly useful one for someone who defined himself as a writer of fiction, an imaginative artist, from early childhood, as Capote apparently did. By all accounts, his adolescent dedication to mastering literary technique was intense, and it was certainly successful. His earliest stories, published when he was just twenty-one, are almost oppressively perfect: they glitter with the vanity of a fully achieved identity, a vindicated self, and have no content. What he had, really, was an identity that was based on his skill at manipulating forms and was, in a sense, itself purely formal: he was the very image of the craftsmanlike writer, forties style.

Capote's investment in technique, in the varieties of literary play, was so great that he didn't even notice when bits of another, more essential self started creeping in, haunting his work. Twenty years after "Other Voices, Other Rooms," he wrote of the novel, "I was not aware, except for a few incidents and descriptions, of its being in any serious degree autobiographical. Re-reading it now, I find such self-deception unpardonable." He may not have been aware, either, that the stories he was writing in this period revealed him, too. The protagonists of the unsettling horror stories "The Headless Hawk," "Shut a Final Door," and "Master Misery" are all adults, with homes, acquaintances, and jobs, who are routed from their normal lives by the recognition of a void in themselves. A woman sells her dreams and, unable to get them back, wanders the streets like a displaced person, with "nothing left to steal;" an advertising executive, forced into introspection by a callous blunder and a series of ghostly anonymous phone calls that always say "You know me," discovers



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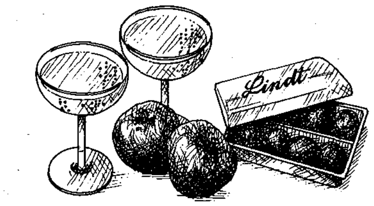

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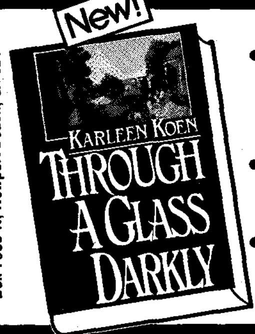

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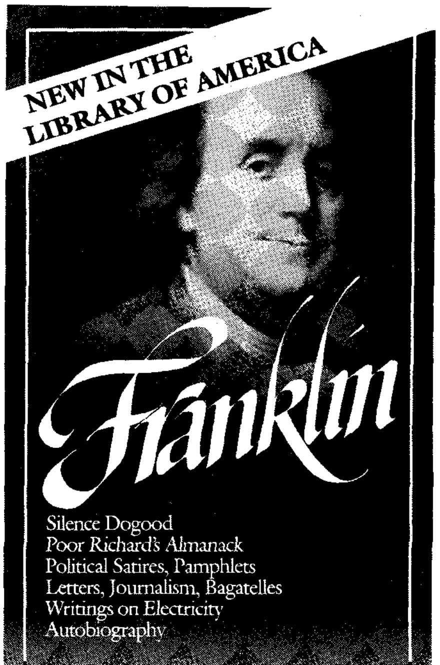
that "he did not know where to begin thinking about himself, did not know where to find the center." And they're all, like Cousin Randolph, nightmare images of selves whose forms have been eroded by time, whose spirits have scattered like pieces of broken dolls because they had no core, nothing inside strong enough to bind them.

This core is precisely what "La Côte Basque" lacks; it might have been written by the vacant, aimless adman of "Shut a Final Door." Perhaps Capote recognized at this point that he'd better find the center fast—at least for aesthetic reasons—and that it had better be himself. In the next section to appear, "Unspoiled Monsters" (intended as the first chapter, and printed that way in the current volume), the narrator Jonesy has become P. B. Jones, and this time he's a real presence: the character is mercilessly, even masochistically, detailed—pinned down like a laboratory frog. Jones is a minor writer who slept and grovelled his way to a small early success—the publication of a book of stories called "Answered Prayers"—and has since descended, in the absence of either the inspiration or the acclaim to sustain his writing, into a restless life of hobnobbing with the rich and, when the need arises, selling them whatever services they imagine he can provide. Living at the Y, trying to write a novel (also to be called "Answered Prayers") that will give his wasted life the justifying form of art, and venturing out only to peddle his body through an escort service presided over by a woman named Miss Self, Jones indulges in some pretty fancy self-loathing. He admits immediately to having a "numbed, opportunistic nature" and, from then on, seizes every opportunity to elaborate: "I was a kind of Hershey Bar whore—there wasn't much I wouldn't do for a nickel's worth of chocolate;" "I thought of myself as a serious young man seriously gifted, not an opportunistic layabout, an emotional crook who had drilled Miss Langman till she geysered Guggenheims. I knew I was a bastard but forgave myself because, after all, I was a *born* bastard—a talented one whose sole obligation was to his talent;" "I am cowardly—in the frivolous sense and also the most serious; I can never be more than moderately truthful about my feelings toward another person, and I will say yes when I mean no;" "You're a loser, an asshole dumb drunk loser,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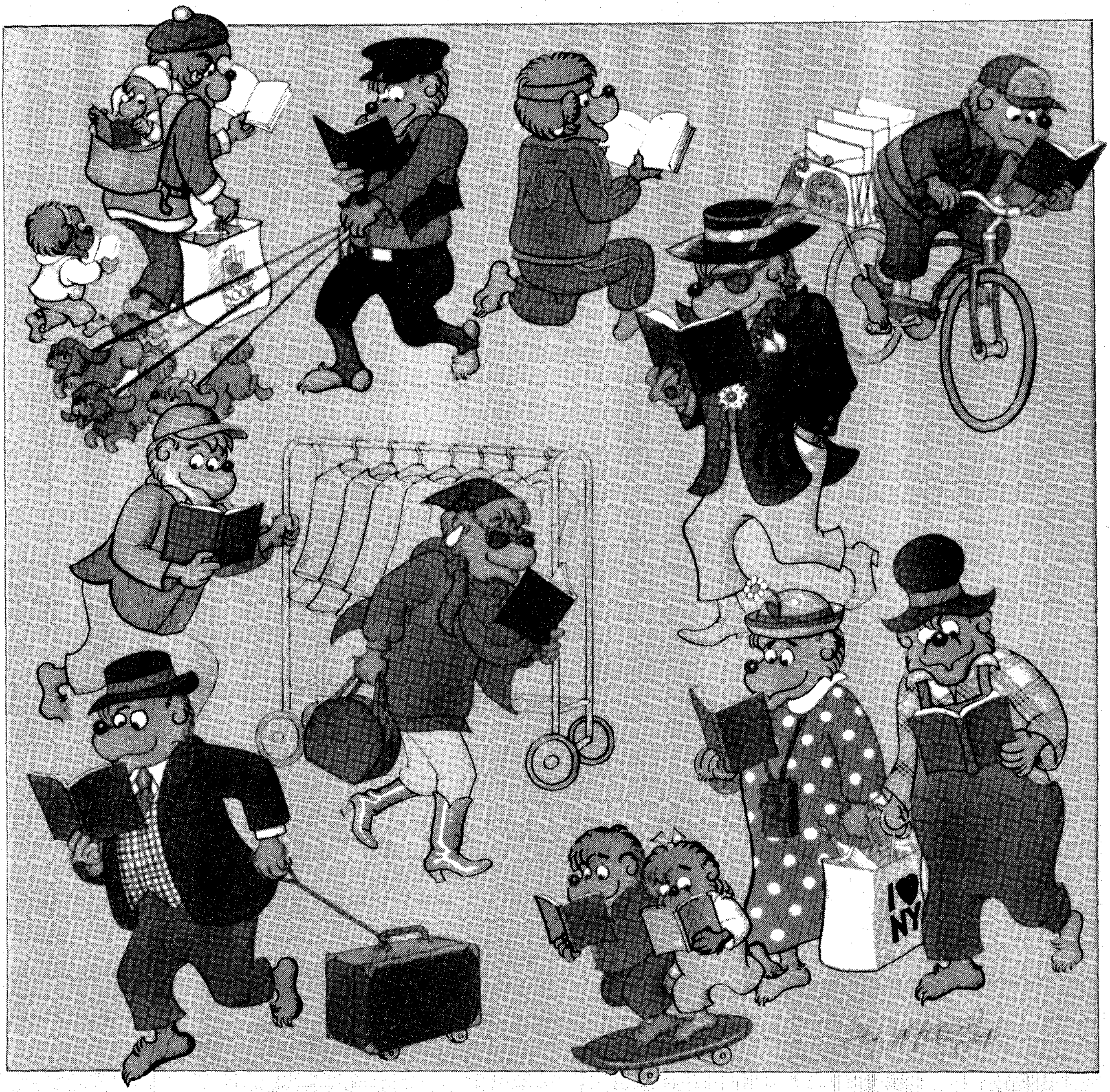

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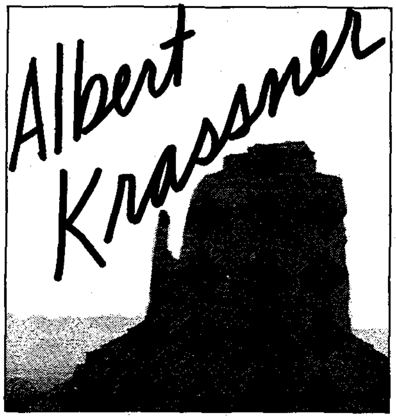

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P. B. Jones;" "I am a whore and always have been." This is *some* center: Jones's self-disgusted voice gathers the ephemeral, unrelated anecdotes and nasty one-liners of a lifetime into a tight package of hopelessness, a gossip column in the form of a lament.

"Unspoiled Monsters" and the next chapter, "Kate McCloud," which is in the same style, are probably the clearest indication of what a full "Answered Prayers" would have been like: it would have been unbearable, even at a lot less than triple the length of all Capote's works. Its stillborn state is a mercy, both to its author and to us. By the time he got to "Unspoiled Monsters," he had obviously exhausted most of his literary tricks, had abandoned the subterfuge of journalistic objectivity (perhaps because, with "In Cold Blood," he had produced a piece of third-person reportage of unsurpassable formal perfection), had shut all the doors that might have allowed him to escape himself and his (to him) only true identity, as a writer of fiction. This was, after all, a man who insisted that "In Cold Blood" was a "nonfiction novel;" who wrote of "The Muses Are Heard," his 1956 account of an American company performing "Porgy and Bess" in Russia, "I imagined it as a brief comic novel;" who even called the casual nonfiction doodles in "Music for Chameleons" "short stories." Most of his readers undoubtedly didn't care; but Capote often seemed obsessed with giving everything he wrote the holy name of fiction, as if he needed to justify himself. We can feel his panic in the pages that remain of "Answered Prayers," the only serious fiction he addressed himself to in the last two decades of his life, as he searches for an identity distinct from his previous ones as pristine romantic stylist and cold, dead-accurate reporter, because neither of them would serve. The style he found in "Unspoiled Monsters" is raw, self-pitying, and typically hyperbolic. In "creative crisis," he O.D.s on the vanity of human wishes. He's telling us that he has always been a whore, that *everyone's* a whore; that his works are dust, transitory as gossip; that the self is fiction, of the meanest, emptiest, most trivial kind; and that the glorious, redemptive fiction he once staked his life on is heartbreakingly unapproachable, a mythical form, a monster like the chimera.

There is no more depressing portrait of an artist struggling with his limitations than this. It's too extreme

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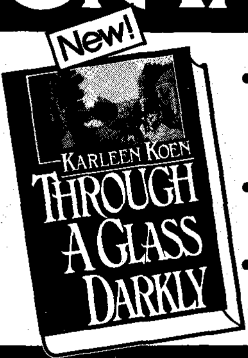

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to be convincing, but it seems to have convinced the artist himself—probably because, in an eerie way, the writing of "Answered Prayers" was a fulfillment of his early fiction's prophecies of the terrifying emptiness of maturity. It must have seemed to him that his work and his life had described a circle whose center he'd never seen. In a sense, this is true. "Answered Prayers" provides ample evidence of diminished skills and coarsened spirit—nothing left to steal, even from himself. But there's something rather brave in this nightmare self-imagining, even if part of its intent is to spur us to argument, to make us tell him that it isn't so. He always claimed that he had written the final chapter of "Answered Prayers" first (though no one ever saw it), and that it was "a genuinely happy ending": he had at least imagined the redemption of all the pain and waste and ignorance and despair in this book of his life, some ultimate vindication. In an introductory note to this volume, Joseph M. Fox, who was Capote's editor at Random House, speculates, not very productively, about whether Capote had ever written the last chapter (along with others he'd spoken of) or had written and then destroyed it. All that matters is that he didn't leave it in this world—as if, with the peculiar integrity of despair, he could not finally utter what the experience of writing "Answered Prayers" had caused him no longer to believe. It's terrifying that a writer so gifted could suffer such a failure, but oddly heartening that Capote, at the end, refused to fake it, as he surely could have—as he *would* have—in his confident youth. In what he omitted from "Answered Prayers" Capote, for once, stayed true to his spirit—bleak and bitter as it had become—and shut the final door on his easy mastery of technique. He just turned into Cousin Randolph and disappeared, and "Answered Prayers," broken, with cold winds howling through its deserted rooms, achieved its inevitable, its perfect form.

—TERRENCE RAFFERTY

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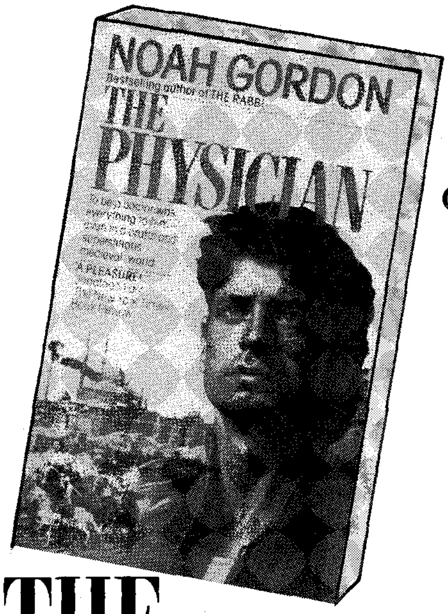
Prison officials did not know the inmates were actually outside the prison perimeter fence until more than half an hour after the incident began, Warden George Sullivan said.

Confusion over what exactly had occurred delayed the emergency repose team being notified, Sullivan said.—*Albuquerque (N.M.) Journal.*

Wake up, team!



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RICHARD HARRIS

Richard Harris was what one editor here used to call a hard case. His judgments often seemed harsh. He did not give the benefit of the doubt. He tended to find almost any situation worse than it had first appeared. When he came across a sunny scene, his eye invariably fell on what was in shadow—the unworthy motive, the cowardly evasion, the failure to measure up. He viewed the world with an unfiltered gaze. Applying that gaze as a reporter for this magazine, he was able to turn out penetrating and prodigious articles on the American legislative and judicial process. The work exhausted him, but it never mellowed him. When he died last month, at the age of sixty-one, he was still a hard case.

He struggled to hit his stride as a writer, and then, when he had, he struggled with every piece he wrote. During his first several years at *The New Yorker*—when he tried his hand at a variety of subjects, mostly around the city—he had such difficulty getting pieces into the magazine that he often said he was considering publishing a book entitled "The Rejected Works of Richard Harris." Then, in 1964, nine years after his first piece ran in *The New Yorker*, he published an article called "The Real Voice"—a long, meticulously reported account of the efforts led by Senator Estes Kefauver to pass a bill regulating the drug industry. He had found his calling. When "The Real Voice" was published as a book, one reviewer said it should "enter literature as a classic of muckraking, alongside the works of Ida Tarbell and Lincoln Steffens."

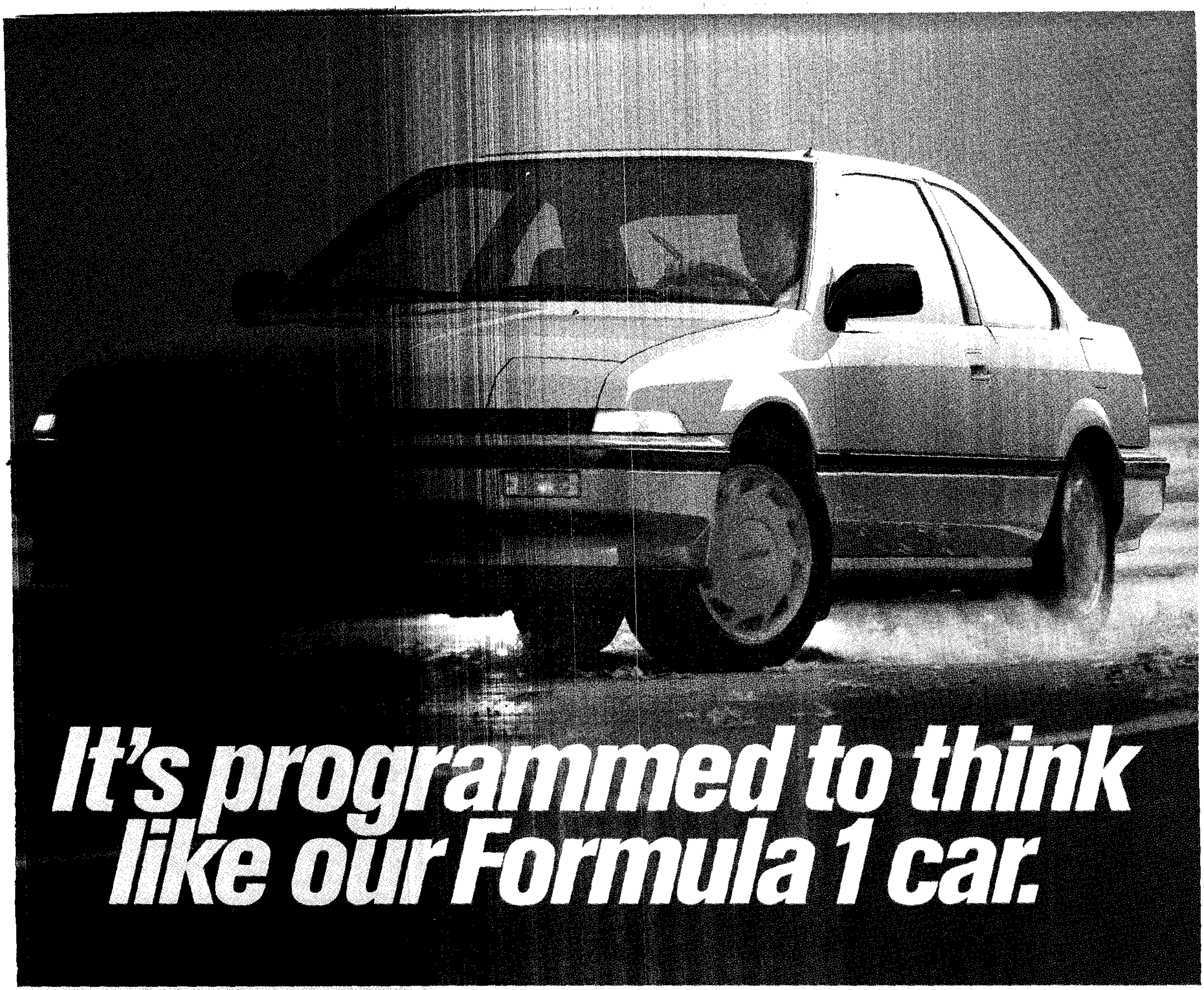
Thereafter, Harris concentrated on government and politics and the judicial process. He wrote about the forty-five-year effort of the American Medical Association to prevent government-subsidized medical care. He wrote a series on where the rights guaranteed in the first ten amendments to the Constitution stood in modern America. He wrote articles on the F.B.I. and on a delegate to the Republican National Convention and on a senatorial campaign in Tennessee. He wrote a number of pieces on the Watergate crisis. Whatever the subject, the pieces had Harris's imprint. They were exhaustively researched. They were written in strong, uncluttered prose. They were unsparing. They tended to find the situation worse than it had first appeared. The book that came out of his series on the Bill of Rights was subtitled "Tales of Tyranny in America." In a piece about the Justice Department's transition from the Johnson Administration to the Nixon Administration he warned, three years before Watergate, that the policies of Nixon's Justice Department amounted to a step toward "abandonment of the rule of law." Near the end of that piece he wrote, "Most people no longer seem to care—if, indeed, they know—what is happening to their country."

He cared a lot. Like many deeply skeptical reporters, he was a closet idealist, accustomed to almost constant disappointment. He was, someone close to him once said, "a gloomy optimist." Unlike Diogenes the Cynic, who walked around in broad daylight with a lantern "in search of an honest man," Harris actually hoped to find one. Occasionally, he did. In a couple of cases, the honest man turned out to be, of all things, a United States senator.

Although he spent years at war with people in this country who called themselves conservatives—a war mainly over his constant warnings that they were doing their best to abridge individual liberties—he was himself a man of conservative instincts. He set great store by old-fashioned, idealistic values. His idealism was reflected in some of the titles he used, even though he would have pointed out, somewhat testily, that they were used ironically: "A Sacred Trust" and "Honor Bound" and, most of all, "Justice." In an essay on the Watergate prosecutions he wrote about justice this way: "The decency of a society, it is said, can be measured by its criminal laws. In a crude society, the purpose of those laws is to secure order. In a civilized society, the purpose is to secure order and freedom. And in a good society, the purpose is to secure order and freedom fairly."

There are intense reporters who can turn off the unfiltered gaze, but Harris was not among them. An acquaintance could disappoint as easily as a congressman could. Harris looked at, say, a publishing house he was dealing with the same way he might look at the Department of Health and Human Services. He often found himself having to cross people off his list. He was a man of great charm—his comments were often witty, his manners bordered on the courtly—but he did not consider the spreading of good cheer to be among his responsibilities. He was often angry. In 1978, he got angry enough at *The New Yorker* to walk out. The next time he submitted anything was this summer, when, in the space of a few weeks, he handed in two pieces—both departures in form from his previous work. (The second one begins on page 90.) When the first piece came in, a friend at the magazine said, "Considering it's Harris, I suppose you could say that if he stayed away only nine years he wasn't *really* mad."

The people who knew him well—people who hadn't been crossed off the list, people who had somehow found their way back on, even some people who believed they were probably off for good—thought of him as a splendid companion and a fiercely loyal friend. His friendships were intense. His friends were sometimes exhilarated by contemplating the possibility that they were actually living up to his expectations. For his part, he seemed to relish his friends the way he relished those occasional honest men he came across in his work—valuing them all the more, perhaps, because discovering them had been a pleasant surprise. If they were in need, he showed up as if under contract—honor bound. But the gaze never softened. The conversation was provocative. The jury remained out. "He made it difficult," the person closest to him at his death said last week, "but he was worth the trouble."



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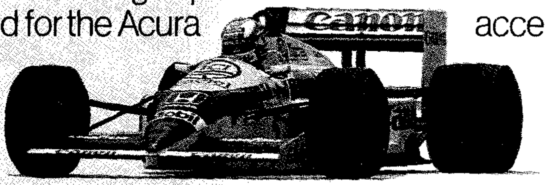

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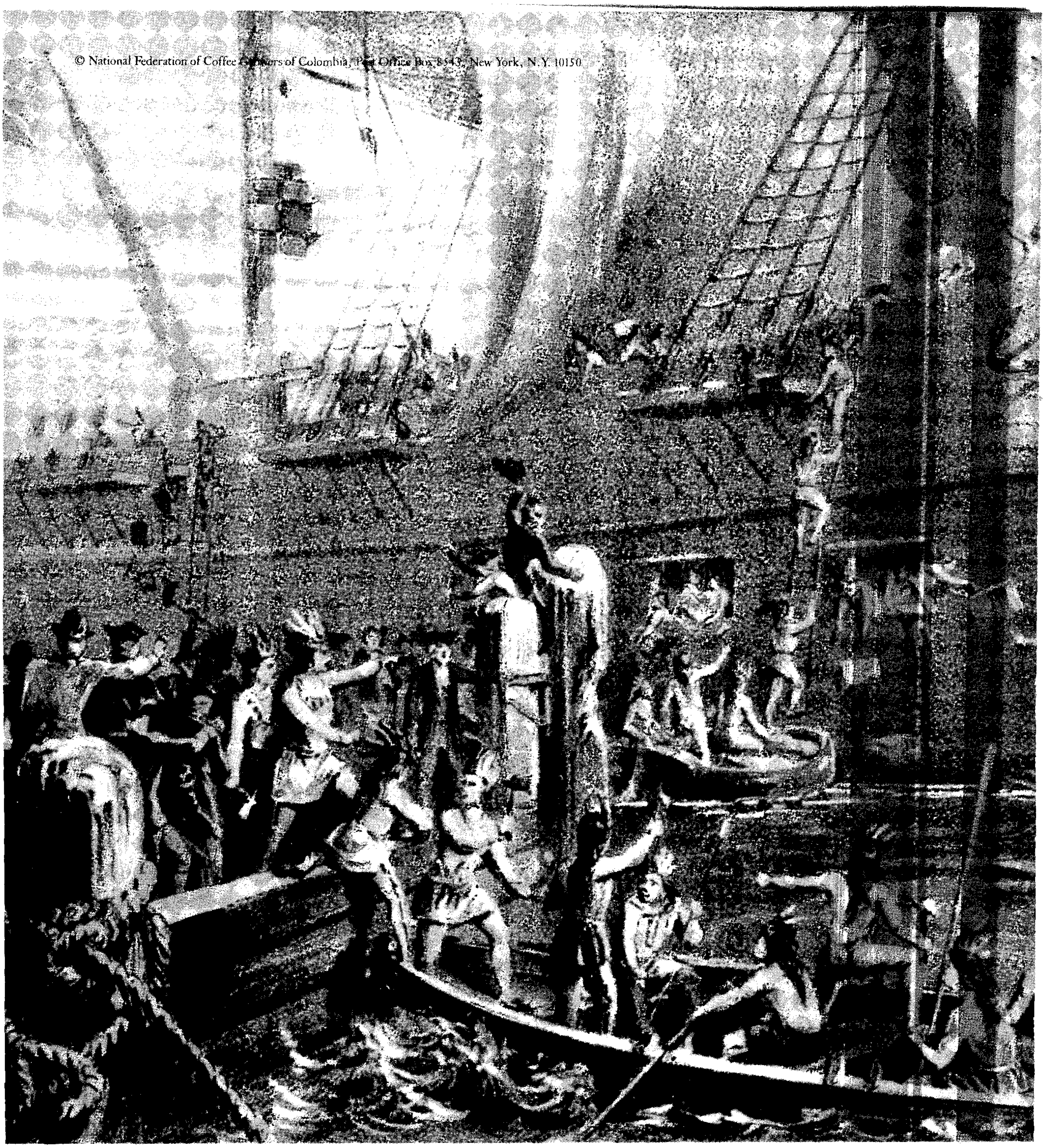

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